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SHALL THE POPE BE THE ARBITER OF NATIONS?

HERE is nothing new under the sun. The truth and the error, the virtue and the vice of modern times are the same now as they ever were. Some years ago, when the heart of humanity seemed swelling with benevolence, and we were congratulating ourselves on the progress civilization had made, when the Peace Tribunal of The Hague was promising an era of human fellowship, we were beginning to make ourselves believe that war had passed away forever into the dark regions of barbaric shadows. But alas for human prognostications! We have never had a war like this. Yet men continue to build their utopias, and dream their dreams of universal peace. Let us hope that some day the dreams will be realized, and that finally they will prove not to have been completely vain.

As war, in its history, goes back to immemorial times, thus the striving for peace is nothing new in the world. Antiquity had its Olympic games and Amphytionic councils that made for international harmony, but war went on all the same.

When the Prince of Peace came the world had a breathing spell, the doors of the temple of Janus were closed; but it was not for long. In the earliest part of her history the Divine Society He had founded had to struggle for her existence, while she scattered the seeds of love among the turbulent passions of mankind. Then followed her recognition by the State that for centuries had striven in vain to crush her. War was in the hands of Providence the

means to bring about this triumph; the battle of the Pons Milvius sealed the fate of Roman pagandom. The Church came forth from her obscurity, she grew to political power, she exercised an influence in the councils of nations, and that influence was for peace among the peoples that had bowed beneath her yoke. For that peace she has never ceased to pray. "*Ut pacem et veram concordiam donare digneris*" ("That thou mayest grant peace and true concord") is her constant supplication. She strove hard to promote peace, and when she threw her influence into the scales in favor of war it was because a principle, or the safety of Christianity, was at stake, as in the struggle against the barbaric conquerors or the inroad of Mahometanism.

Yet even here she performed the role of mediator which, in the case of the Saracens and Turks, would have been in vain.

In this paper I shall content myself with drawing the outlines of some attempts at peace made by the Church from Leo I. to Benedict XV., and blaze the way for any one desirous of entering more profoundly into the subject.

The period beginning with the latter half of the fourth century was disastrous for the Roman Empire. The Huns from the East, sweeping everything before them and uniting with members of the Gothic family, carried desolation into Gaul and across the Alps. Rome had not seen an enemy before its walls for 600 years when, in 408, Alaric the Visigoth for the first time laid siege to it. Two years later the city was sacked by the same chieftain, though with considerable moderation.

Forty-one years passed and a severe blow was dealt the Huns at the battle of Chalons-sur-Marne. Bishop Lupus had saved Troyes, and St. Genevieve, Paris. A *wolf* had driven back the barbarian; a *lion* was to meet him on the other side of the Alps.

Attila invaded Italy. The terror of his name drove the Emperor Valentinian to shut himself up in Rome. And now the *lion!* The great Leo, first of his name, then occupied the See of Peter. The Emperor dared not face the Hun, the Pope undertook an embassy. Read Prosper of Aquitaine, a writer of that delightful period so prolific in writers, writers filled with spirituality, yet so beautifully human.

Accompanied by Gennadius Avienus, a man of consular dignity; Trigetius, ex-Praetorian Prefect, and others, the saintly Pontiff traveled northward until he met Attila, on the banks of the River Mincius, near Mantua. A deep impression was made on the barbarian, who, persuaded by Leo, left Italy, and the proverb was born that only a *wolf* (Lupus) or a *lion* (Leo) could withstand Attila.

The same Leo exercised a second time a beneficent influence in

favor of Rome in 455. This time Genseric, King of the Vandals, appeared before the capital. St. Leo met him six miles outside the Porta Portuensis, and though he could not entirely prevent pillage, nor save many of the treasures of art, he prevented the torture and slaughter of the citizens and gained other concessions, such as the right of sanctuary for the great basilicas of St. John, St. Peter and St. Paul.

More than a century later Rome is again threatened. This time the enemy is nominally Christian. Agilulf, the Arian, King of the Lombards, marched on the city. Another great Pope then sat in the chair of Peter. The diplomacy of the first Gregory not only saved Rome, but, with the coöperation of the Queen Theodolinda, brought about the conversion to the Catholic faith of Agilulf. Such was the influence of St. Gregory at that period that he might have precipitated a general war against the Lombards, but he preferred to be a mediator. We have from him these remarkable words that the present rulers of the world might well take to heart : "What can be the result of continuing the contest other than the destruction of many thousand men who, whether they be Lombards or Romans, would be more usefully employed in tilling the fields."* St. Gregory, like other peacemakers, made enemies and he had to suffer calumny, but, in spite of opposition, he succeeded in concluding a peace between Agilulf and the Empire.

Nearly two hundred years later, Pope Zachary undertook a journey to Pavia to mediate with the Lombard king, Luitprand, from whom he obtained assurances of peace. When Luitprand had been succeeded by Rachis, and Rome was still threatened, the same Pope went to Perugia, persuaded the king to raise the siege of that city and, in consequence, saved Rome. Other negotiations were, a few years later, successfully carried on with the Lombards by Stephen II.

Among subsequent diplomatic triumphs of the Papacy must be mentioned the peace effected between Andrew, King of Hungary, and the Emperor, Henry III. Pope Leo IX., a German by birth, undertook a journey to Germany for the purpose, as King Andrew had besought his mediation—Leo IX. was a reformer at a time when morals were at a low ebb. He had made enemies in consequence. The Pope found the Emperor besieging Presburg. The latter was personally disposed to make peace, but some of his courtiers, who were hostile to the Pope, exhibited their opposition. Then the tide turned. The Emperor was forced to raise the siege, and King Andrew, seeming to gain the ascendancy, became the difficult party to manage. This episode was finally terminated by a peace

concluded through the mediation of Hugh, Abbot of Cluny, who acted in the Pope's name; it happened shortly after the middle of the eleventh century.

Victor II., also a German and, like Leo IX., a Benedictine monk, succeeded the latter in 1055. Finding himself guardian of the young Emperor, Henry IV., to whom he was related, he continued his efforts to bring about a peace for the purpose of which he had gone to Germany. The young Emperor, then under the guidance of his mother, Agnes, had inherited a war that existed between the empire and Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, allied with Baldwin, Count of Flanders. It was all owing to the marriage of Godfrey with Beatrice, widow of the Marquis of Tuscany, by which a considerable portion of Northern Italy had been joined to Lorraine. Pope Victor had the credit of conciliating Godfrey and Baldwin, making the desired peace and thus averting much bloodshed.

That was a lawless age; for innumerable feuds existed among vassals and their suzerains, as in the instance just cited, and among the great land-holding barons themselves. It was owing to the influence of the Church that these private feuds between families finally came to an end and that war gradually assumed a character exclusively international. One council after the other in France appealed to the people in favor of peace. Their appeal was not in vain. A public sentiment was created, the cry of "*Peace, Peace,*" rang throughout the land, and, as in our day, the hope began to prevail that the age of war and violence was passing and that an era of perpetual peace was dawning. That is nearly nine hundred years ago, and we seem to be as far from peace as ever.

However, something was gained. The temporary religious enthusiasm and fervor passed, but an institution remained that finally brought about a diminution of petty warfare, limiting it to feuds between nations, or States, as such. This was the *Treuga Domini*, or Truce of God which, extending from Wednesday evening until Monday morning, hemmed in violence and bloodshed within narrow limits, while the Peace of God shielded from violence sacred persons, places and times. The *Truce* was further extended to Advent and Lent, and its observance was sanctioned by severe ecclesiastical penalties. From France this beneficent institution passed to Germany and Italy, until by the end of the twelfth century it extended to the whole Church. By communicating its spirit to the secular powers it became a great force for the diminution of warfare. It was, no doubt, this spirit, born in the bosom of Christianity, that created those leagues between great chieftains and among the communes of the Middle Ages, that all contributed their share toward peace. The league of the Lombard cities, as well as the Hanseatic

League, I venture to say, were related to the impetus thus given in the eleventh century.

Among other Popes, Innocent III., one of the ablest statemen of his age, threw his influence into the scales in favor of the Lombard League that acknowledged him as suzerain. In his time civil war had broken out in Hungary between Emeric and Andrew, sons of King Bela. Andrew was the father of St. Elizabeth, Duchess of Thuringia. By his energy and tact, Pope Innocent brought about a cessation of hostilities between the two brothers. Andrew, in course of time, became King of Hungary.

Through the influence of the same Pope, a truce was concluded between Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France in January, 1198, that was to last five years, Cardinal Peter of Capuc being the Pope's legate on the occasion.

Honorius III., successor of Innocent, saved England from a French invasion when Henry III. had succeeded John Lackland, and, owing to his intervention, Louis, son of Philip Augustus, withdrew his claim to the English throne.

In the same century, Pope Innocent IV. mediated between Otto-car, Duke of Austria, and Bela, King of Hungary. His action in Portugal was decisive. While at Lyons he received from the prelates of that country complaints of the maladministration of King Sancho II. Admonitions and penalties were tried in vain, and, finally, the Pope, without pronouncing a deposition against the reigning monarch in accordance with the international jurisprudence of those days, appointed a regent in the person of Alfonso, Count of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and thus succeeded in pacifying that kingdom.

Nicholas III. was no friend of tournaments that had been condemned by several councils. This mimic, yet dangerous, warfare kept alive a martial spirit among Christian peoples, and the Pope strove to abolish it in France when it had reappeared in the thirteenth century.

John XXII., in the following century, had the satisfaction of calming domestic dissensions at the court of Portugal. His reign was marked by numerous wars; in fact all Europe was ablaze. However, the Pope did his best to bring about peace, regarding this as one of the noblest missions of the Roman Pontiffs, and, among his other works, he pacified England, exerting his influence for peace between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, of Scotland. His successor, Benedict XII., exerted a similar influence in favor of peace between Edward III. of England and Philip of Valois in France.

Some years later, Gregory XI. again tried, but unsuccessfully, to

bring about peace between England and France. He was more successful in the Iberian Peninsula, where, through his legates, he effected peace between Ferdinand of Portugal and the Kings of Castile and Aragon. He also induced Amadeus of Savoy to desist from his incursions upon the territory of Geneva, while the Italian States looked up to him as arbiter against the violation of treaties.

Nicholas V., that great patron of learning in the fifteenth century, was most active in favor of peace in Italy, and he exercised a beneficent influence along the same lines in Germany and Hungary. In fact he restored peace to Italy.

To Innocent VIII., in the same century, was due the treaty of peace between the Holy See, the King of Naples, the Duke of Milan and the Florentines. This was owing to his management before he became Pope, when he was Cardinal Cibo. As Pope he wrote in favor of peace to all the sovereigns of Europe, trying thus to unite them against the Turk, the traditional enemy of Christendom. He strove to put an end to the civil war between York and Lancaster that desolated England; he labored for peace in Moravia and Austria, and in fact throughout the whole of Europe.

After the discovery of America, both Spain and Portugal claiming absolute jurisdiction over the countries of the New World, a disastrous war was avoided by both contestants accepting the arbitration of the Pope. From this dates the famous line of demarcation of Alexander VI.

A more delicate act of arbitration was performed nearly a hundred years later, when Pope Gregory XIII. was appealed to by John Basil, Duke of Muscovia, in a dispute between himself and Poland. The Jesuit Father, Anthony Possevin, was the delegate of the Holy Father on this occasion. The Pope was thus chosen to mediate between a Catholic and Schismatic prince. However, the negotiations were successful, both Poland and Muscovia restoring what the one had taken from the other, and hereby peace was concluded.

Pope Urban VIII. may be mentioned among those who desired and contributed toward universal peace, not only by prayer, as in the extraordinary jubilee of 1628, but also by his supervision over the nations and especially by his intervention in the affairs of the Italian States.

The political power of the Popes had greatly declined since Boniface VIII., and the Holy Father gradually ceased to be the arbiter of the nations as he had been, especially since the whole of Northern Europe had broken its spiritual relations with the Papacy. However, as the Pope's spiritual children are scattered among the nations of the world, the Sovereign Pontiffs have always remained

a power to be reckoned with, and they continue to exercise a great influence, direct or indirect, over the affairs of nations. At even a comparatively recent period the Roman Pontiff has been resorted to as an arbiter in international difficulties.

In 1885 Germany and Spain were brought to the verge of war over a dispute concerning a group of islands in the Pacific. The Caroline Islands had been discovered by Spain and an attempt at colonization had been made, but, for a century and a half, they had been to all intents and purposes abandoned. In 1875 both Germany and England declared they would not recognize the sovereignty of Spain over islands that had grown to be a kind of no man's land. Spain did not at first reply, but when Germany began to move, then she took steps to assert her rights to the islands. The raising of the German flag over the Island of Yap precipitated an agitation which the world expected to see break out into a war that could not fail to be disastrous to Spain. The latter protested, and her population was very much excited.

At this juncture Germany declared her willingness to submit to arbitration, and the world was surprised when the Pope was named as mediator, and both contestants accepted his mediation. Leo XIII., the last of that great line of statesmen that had distinguished the nineteenth century, was much pleased to accept the office of mediator, "because he hoped thereby to serve the cause of peace and of humanity," as he declared in his allocution of January 15, 1886. The decision was trenchant and prompt. On September 24 it was known that the Pope had accepted, and on October 24, Cardinal Jacobini, the Papal Secretary of State, announced the Pope's decision, which, while acknowledging the sovereignty of Spain, left perfect liberty of colonization to the Germans on a footing of equality with Spanish subjects, together with a German naval station and freedom of navigation throughout the archipelago. The decision gave satisfaction to both nations, and a disastrous war was averted.

Alas! This step in the right direction was not followed by the nations of the world. When, a few years later, the Peace Congress was held at The Hague the Sovereign Pontiff was excluded from its deliberations. Had he been considered by Austria when the war cloud of 1914 was looming dark and ominous on the horizon; had the gentle voice of Pius X. been heard, and had the belligerent nations chosen him as mediator, following the example of Germany and Spain, how much bloodshed would have been spared the world! But it is evident that while peace was on the lips of men, war was in their heart. They said "Peace, peace, but there was no peace!"

We have heard the sighs, the prayers, the admonitions of our

present Pontiff in his reign of "*Religio depopulate*"; but the nations of the world are deaf. The gentle voice of the Representative of the Prince of Peace cannot sound above the din of arms and the tumult of passions, and the world, rendered drunk by blood, pays no heed to a "voice crying in the wilderness."

And yet who could be a more appropriate arbitrator than the Sovereign Pontiff? He has interests in all lands and special interests in none, but his interests are not of the temporal order. If any one can be expected to be guided by the love of truth and justice in international decisions it surely must be the one who has claimed for well-nigh twenty centuries to represent Incarnate Truth and Justice. Whatever the personal qualifications of a Pope may be, he has to aid him as efficient a body of co-workers as can be found in any country of the globe. He has at his beck and call men who have spent their life in the study of the law—civil as well as canonical, natural and positive, national and international. How few countries can exhibit statesmen like Gregory VIII., Innocent III., Sixtus V., Leo XIII.; or like a Pacca, a Consalva, an Antonelli, a Rampolla! By reason of its diplomatic corps, the members of which have been specially trained, as well as by its ramifications of Apostolic Delegates, the Holy See has been brought into the closest touch with every nation and with all peoples. No nation has such international traditions as Rome has; none possesses such rich archives, such incomparable documents, such a consecutive history for the study of precedents as she.

Not Catholics alone, but the most distinguished non-Catholic, or even anti-Catholic writers, have turned their eyes to the Vatican as to a source of international arbitration. Among these may be cited Guizot (*L'Englise et la Societe*) and Leibnitz. The latter writes: "My idea would be to abolish, aye, even in Rome, a tribunal (to decide controversies between sovereigns), and to make the Pope its president, as he really in former ages figured, as judge between Christian princes."

These distinguished writers, both Protestants—the one an historian, the other one of the greatest of philosophers—were not like those who would exclude the Pope from the peace councils of the world.

Lest in any way these writers be suspected of anything like partiality, let me cite one who is above suspicion, and whose anti-Catholic, or anti-Christian, bias is well known. The great French infidel of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, writes:

"The interests of the human race demand a check to restrain sovereigns and to protect the lives of the people. This check of religion could, by universal agreement, have been in the hands of

the Popes. These first Pontiffs by not meddling in temporal quarrels except to appease them, by admonishing kings and peoples of their duties, by reprobating their offences, by reserving excommunications for great crimes, would have been always regarded as the images of God upon earth. But men are reduced to have for their defence only the laws and morals of their country—laws often despised, morals often depraved."

Why do not nations which, after all, are only collections of individuals, apply to themselves the moral responsibility that weighs on individuals! Are not the teachings of Christ applicable to such nations? Truth, justice, forbearance, patience, self-denial, are, or should be, as much the virtues of nations and their rulers as they are of subjects and citizens. Nations, as well as individuals, are responsible to the Supreme Lawgiver for their actions. Why do they lose sight of this moral responsibility?

No one is a judge in his own case. When a nation considers itself aggrieved, when it permits itself to be carried away by the passions of pride and anger, it becomes blinded as much as an individual does. In the present war the fiercest passions have been let loose and an infernal hatred has taken the place of Christian charity. Even churchmen have been swept off their feet by the violence of the storm, and it is impossible to see clearly while the darkest clouds of passion and prejudice have settled over humanity.

In such cases a calm, unprejudiced judge would be of the greatest advantage to a suffering world. How much blood, what tears, what suffering and wretchedness would have been averted if such a judge had been appealed to! All that was needed was a little Christian humility, a Christian forgetfulness of self, a spirit of world brotherhood. Instead of plunging into the worst kind of barbarism, and rendering civilization a misnomer, an object lesson would have been given to posterity, and the nations of the world, so much in advance of their barbarous ancestors, would have covered themselves with immortal glory. Agriculture and commerce would not have been ruined, human lives would have risen in human estimation instead of being trampled upon and snuffed out like those of animals, science and the fine arts would have continued to advance, the monuments of bygone ages would have been respected, virtue instead of vice would have triumphed and to religion would have been given its due.

We are suffering hell on earth because we have no international tribunal, no sanction of international law; and, because the nations look up to no authority above themselves, the human race has been plunged into anarchy of the worst kind.

The evil will never be remedied until there is an international

union, a bond to link mankind together, a recognized principle of authority. For Catholic nations such a principle might easily be found in the Sovereign Pontiff, while those without the Catholic Church might be brought to recognize the inherent neutrality of the Roman See, venerable by past action, worthy to be looked up to for past decisions and glorying in an antiquity of which no government of to-day may boast. The names of Leo, Gregory, Innocent, Nicholas and Urban are surrounded by the triple halo of peace, prayer and prosperity, but it has been reserved for the fifteenth Benedict to behold religion depopulated and the world in utter desolation. "With desolation hath the earth been made desolate because there is no one who reflecteth in his heart."

A little thought, more reflection, less impetuosity and the fearful storm would not have burst upon us with such sudden force. The voice of the Holy Father, "as of one crying in the wilderness," drowned alas! in an ocean of tumultuous selfishness, has tried in vain to calm the passions of the multitude and to recall man to reflection ever since he succeeded the broken-hearted Pius.

Does the world fear a return of the Pope to medieval power, the then acknowledged power of deposing princes? There are worse evils for society than that; for this power of the Popes was seldom used, and only in the case of men who had proven themselves impervious to every admonition. Besides it was a safeguard of the rights of the people against tyranny. However, no one need be alarmed. In the present state of the evolution of nations there is not the slightest danger of such a return. Our present social, political and religious conditions would have to be completely revolutionized before such a thing could become possible. The world knows better than seriously to indulge such fears.

On the other hand, a league of nations with a neutral and unbiased power, like the Pope, as arbitrator is not an impossibility. Something like the Lombard League under Innocent III., or like Gioberti's dream of a United Italy might be of considerable advantage.

Whatever line of action the reconstituted nations may take, let us trust for the present at least that before mankind has drained the chalice to the dregs it may arrest its steps on the downward path and listen to the voice of reason. If at last the Pope can succeed in obtaining a hearing the cause is won. Oil will fall upon the troubled waters, and it will be possible to address the Sovereign Pontiff with the echoes of long ago: "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*"—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

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THREE DRAMATISTS.

THE seventeenth century was a time almost unparalleled in the history of England and of its literature. During this period the Tudors departed and a Stuart was called down from subordinated Scotland to take the throne of Great Britain; the nation passed through trying civil dissension in the clash of arms and in parliamentary debate; one king was beheaded and another fled in terror of his life, later to see his crown declared vacant and a foreigner who spoke no English invited to wear its regal splendor. In the field of letters, the seventeenth century counts in the roll of its prized advocates the names of Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden—three of the greatest writers of all time. In 1600 the splendid flower of Elizabethan literature was but just breaking into bloom; at the end of a hundred years the scent was gone, the flower was remembered as a wild excrescence of nature, and conventionalized decoration had taken the place of spontaneous design, for whatever else it did, the Restoration did not restore an art that had died slowly and gradually.

In Massinger there are many remembrances of the fine old strength of "rare Ben Jonson;" in Shirley there was enough of the former fire left for a modern critic to remark with justice that "The Cardinal" was "the last great play produced by the giants of the Elizabethan age,"¹ in D'Avenant the antique fashion is seen, but the new is making itself felt. "The old actors decay, the young sprout up."² But all was actually changing in the drama as well as in life.

"Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;
Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,
And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?
For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

"Where is the singer of the Faerie Queen?
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?
Long, long ago their quiet graves were green;
Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faerie Queen!
And yet their faces, hovering here unseen,

¹ Edmund Gosse.

² Massinger, "The Guardian" (1633).

Call me to taste their new-found œnomel;
 To sup with him who sang the Faerie Queen;
 To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.”³

This is a song which Massinger might well have sung. Shirley would have understood the sentiment, but would not have been so sorry. And D'Avenant would probably scarcely have understood. So it is that these three dramatists, taken in succession, well illustrate the trend of the English drama in these times.

There is, however, one other thing which they had in common: they were all converts to the Catholic faith. And, since this essay is but one of a series on English Catholic men of letters, it shall not be inopportune to pause a while and comment on this strange coincidence. Philip Massinger⁴ probably became converted to Catholicism while a student at Oxford. Whether or not this change in the opinions of this young man—who was possibly named for Sir Philip Sidney on account of his father's connection with the house of Pembroke—whether or not this change caused him to alter his ambitions and turn his pen from courtly success in distinguished circles to the art and business of playwriting we cannot say. The fact itself is obscure enough without inquiring into consequences. Indeed Professor Matthews has even gone so far as to call it a mere supposition based on passages in “The Renegade” and in “The Virgin Martyr.” The ground thus becomes more and more doubtful, for “The Virgin Martyr” (1620) was written in such close collaboration with Delker that we cannot attribute passages save on supposition, and that play furthermore—though depicting the Roman persecutions of Christians in the matchless Dorothea's story—is really not characterized by any distinctly Catholic sentiments. Suffice it then merely to record the fact of his conversion, a fact to which almost all scholars have given ready and reasoned credence.

The conversion of Shirley⁵ is less doubtful. Yet his latest biographer is not absolutely certain:

“Concerning his conversion to the Roman Church, we have only [the evidence] Dyce and other scholars [Gifford and Ward] have been pleased to discover in his dramatic works.”⁶

Most students have been quite willing to admit validity to the

³ Alfred Noyes.

⁴ Born, 1584; died, 1640.

⁵ Born, 1596; died, 1666, of terror and exposure resulting from the great fire of that year. He followed the Duke of Newcastle in the civil war, and then, after 1660, became a schoolmaster again.

⁶ Arthur H. Nason, “James Shirley,” p. 32. This scholar, though, shows himself throughout his monograph a little meticulous in rendering judgments.

tradition that, after stopping at Oxford and at Cambridge, he resigned (1624) a position as head master at St. Albans Grammar School on his conversion to Catholicism. A careful and thorough scholar has remarked:

"It may be said that a man who, in spite of attempts at dissuasion, enters the Church of England, and shortly after quits his profession and enters the Church of Rome, at a time when no possible advantage could accrue from his conversion, but, on the other hand, many inconveniences, shows a degree of thoughtfulness and conscientiousness which cannot help manifesting itself in his writings."⁷

And this same scholar has been at some pains to answer⁸ Charles Kingsley, who in "Plays and Puritans" attacks Shirley from "an evident desire to make out a strong case against the Anglican priest turned Papist and dramatist." Also it is not entirely fruitless to remark that Edmund Gosse says, "It would seem, from a passage in 'The Grateful Servant,' that he was connected, as a Catholic, with the Order of Benedictines," and that others have been ready to accept this connection as at least that between a Catholic and his confessors. In addition we must take into consideration the "rumors that 'The Traitor' (his next best play to 'The Cardinal') was not the work of Shirley, but of a certain Mr. Rivers, a Jesuit."

The judgment of the best scholar in the Elizabethan field must not be forgotten nor disregarded, that of A. W. Ward:

"He nowhere puts himself forward as a combative Papist; but he loses no opportunity of exhibiting his attachment to the doctrines and practices of the creed professed by him (see 'The Wedding,' 'The Grateful Servant,' 'Love in a Maze'; with perhaps 'The Sisters'), and ridicules the popular prejudice against Rome alongside of that against Spain.⁹ (See 'The Bird in a Cage')."

And yet "The Cardinal" (1641) was scarcely the picture of a devout churchman by a loyal worshipper; it was in fact such a play of horror and violence as Beaumont and Fletcher themselves delighted to write. But even in this Shirley, according to his usual practice, wars against "unjust acts" and "usurpation," and declares that in the Church can "only timely cure prevent a shame. Look on the Church's wounds!" These are not the words of an assailant, but the words of a reformer working from within. The situation

⁷ Forsythe, "Shirley and the Elizabethan Drama," pp. 29-30, who also says: "Shirley seems to have been a favorite of Queen Henrietta Maria, perhaps, like Massinger, on account of his religion."

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 57-59.

⁹ Thomas Heywood's "Game of Chess," for instance, catered to anti-Spanish sentiment so well that it elicited a formal protest from the Spanish Ambassador.

is almost comparable to that in which William Langland issued his warning to that in which a Pope had to advise restraint to an over-ardent Philip of Spain, to that in which another Pope later found need to warn James II. of England against a too great zeal. For, in my own mind, there is no more doubt about the Catholicism of Shirley than there is about his acknowledged Catholicity. He was in Ireland, probably from 1636 to 1640, under the patronage of George, Earl of Kildare, and though he wrote there for the same type of Protestant as at home, for an audience that, though it possibly contained "the matchless Orinda," was if anything more anti-Catholic than that in London, his chief work written for that Dublin stage was "St. Patrick for Ireland."¹⁰ And this was no British garrison drama! It is replete with miracles and conversions and the magic of Archimagus and the pagan priests and attempts to force St. Patrick from his missionary journey by means of poison and enraged snakes—all described with neat propriety. It is the tale of the coming of Christianity to Ireland:

"A man shall come into this land
 With a shaven crown, and in his hand
 A crooked staff; he shall command
 And in the east his table stand.
 From his warm lips a stream shall flow,
 To make rocks melt and churches grow,
 Where, while he sings, our gods shall bow,
 And all our kings his law allow."¹¹

In our opinion, it was not by chance that this play contains some of the bravest poetry and the finest songs that Shirley has written, or that St. Patrick's final words are set in phrases of lasting worth. These two extracts may stand as fair examples. Thus he arrives:

"I came not hither
 Without command, legate from Him before
 Whose angry breath the rocks do break and thaw,
 To whose nod the mountains humble their proud heads.
 The earth, the water, air and heaven is His,
 And all the stars that shine with evening flames
 Show but their trembling when they wait on Him;
 This supreme King's command I have obey'd,
 Who sent me hither to bring you to Him,
 And this still wand'ring nation, to those springs

¹⁰ Cf. Mason, p. 104.

¹¹ Act I., scene 1.

¹² Act I., scene 1.

Where souls are everlastingly refresh'd;
Unto those gardens whose immortal flowers
Stain your imagin'd shades, and blest abodes.”¹²

Thus he banishes the snakes and berates those who turned them against him by their magic art:

“In vain is all your malice, art, and power
Against their lives, whom the great hand of heaven
Deigns to protect. Like wolves, you undertake
A quarrel with the moon, and waste your anger;
Nay, all the shafts your wrath directed hither
Are shot against a brazen arch, whose vault
Impenetrable sends the arrows back
To print just wounds on your own guilty heads.”¹³

The third of our dramatists, Sir William D'Avenant,¹⁴ began his communion with the Church of Rome when in exile in France, in 1645. He was across the channel with the royal refugees, and it is not without interest to discover that, after the great rebellion drove him and other loyalists who fought for the King, he was appointed to succeed Lord Baltimore as Governor General of Maryland, presumably to strengthen the royalist cause in America.¹⁵ He sailed in 1650, but was captured by the soldiers of Cromwell and imprisoned successively in Cowes Castle and in the Tower, whence he was liberated in 1654. The facts here are so clear that none have bothered to search for corroboration within his plays, among the uncertain fields of internal criticism. And thus the three dramatists were all Catholics and converts to Catholicism.

But far more important than their Catholicism was their undoubted achievement in the drama.

All three of these men were already successful writers of plays when Ben Jonson died, and all three show the influence of his great thesis. In the age of the Fletcherian comedy of vile emotions and unexampled falsehood in morals, characters and action, they had learned some of the lessons that he taught. Although many of D'Avenant's early works are like those of Beaumont and Fletcher, there are at least three typically Jonsonian—“The Wits” (1634), “News From Plymouth” (1635) and “The Platonic Lovers” (1635), abounding in local character study almost verging on

¹² Act V., scene 3.

¹⁴ Born, 1606; died, 1668.

¹⁵ Cf. Remarks by Campbell in “Modern Language Notes,” December, 1903, vol. xviii., pp. 236 ff. This was only one of several official diplomatic missions with which he was entrusted.

caricature and displaying the follies of his own age and country rather than the crimes of other lands and times. Shirley also reveals something of this vein in "A Witty Fair One" (1628), in "Hyde Park" (1632) and in "The Gamester" (1633). Massinger, however, is perhaps the nearest in thesis and in manner, as well as in point of time, to the great assailant of outrageous "humours." "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" (1633) is not merely like "The Silent Woman" (1612), by Jonson, and "A Trick to Catch the Old One" (1607), by Middleton—from both of which it was separated by a long space of years—a comedy of London middle class intrigue; it is not merely an attack against the commercially minded *bourgeoisie* as represented in Sir Giles Overreach, "that's both a lion and a fox in his proceedings" and who held an unjust monopoly in the manufacture of gold and silver lace; it is in very intent a true Jonsonian comedy. And even though his play, "Believe As You List" (1631), had its scene in ancient Roman and Carthaginian times, it shows forth the struggle between the merchant and the prince, the middle class and the aristocrat, in such a manner that his audience could scarcely refrain from applying its situations to contemporary circumstances. But here he does not so much ridicule the commercial agents who were expanding the trade of the empire as he teaches potentates humility. His words concerning the ancients might well have been meant for an appreciation of the Merchant Adventurers themselves:

"These poor men,
These Asiatic merchants, whom you look on
With such contempt and scorn, are they to whom
Rome owes her bravery [outward splendor]; their industrious
search
To the farthest Ind, with danger to themselves,
Brings home security to you unthankful . . .
. . . These are indeed the nerves
And sinews of your war, and without them
What could you do?"

But more significant than this mere recognition of the economic and social surroundings was the very manner in which these matters and manners were depicted. It was not for nothing that Massinger and Shirley were the friends of Jonson, though we are not sure how closely they were "sealed of the tribe of Ben." From him they caught something of the dignity and the purpose of their art. In Massinger's play, "The Roman Actor" (1626), the author makes Paris defend on moral grounds both dramatic poetry and them-

"that search into the secrets of the time,"¹⁶ and assail with fervent vigor those men who

"yet grudge us
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice."¹⁷

Massinger, like Jonson, was a conscious craftsman with a serious as well as a sober intent. When Fletcher and Middleton and Thomas Heywood were making virtue a flimsy declamation and cared little for real moral distinctions, Massinger and Shirley bore plainly in mind the great gap between right and wrong, as between light and darkness, and continually recalled it to the public by frequent attempts to differentiate upright, and shall we say downright principles. Wickedness either dies absolutely or the wicked character dies. "In no play does wickedness go unpunished, if persisted in." Speaking of Shirley, Anthony Wood wrote him down only a few decades after as "the most noted dramatic poet of his time," and Forsythe more recently called this man "a writer who preferred morality (in the Caroline sense) and some degree of probability to originality and novelty." For, even though Shirley drew from literary convention rather than from life and ever found his source not in a single play, but in all the extravagant—and immoral—literature of his period he never stooped to the worst excesses of that decadent and vulgar age. He was too much of an artist, and also too much of a moralist. And if he maintained a consistent level, perhaps—to borrow a phrase from Mr. Chesterton—we should not inquire too closely if the great plain was due to the absence of valleys or to the absence of mountains.

At any rate, we know that attempts at seduction were indignantly resisted *usque ad aras*, and that Shirley's more or less set speeches in praise of chastity ring more true than the shallower ones of his other contemporaries. In Massinger, too, there is little ribald morality or unreal virtuosity. The vicious die or reform and become virtuous. In "The Guardian" (1633) even the bandits are good; in "The Fatal Dowry" (1632) a son goes himself to the debtor's prison to free his dead father's body for decent burial; and in "Believe As You List" (1631) Antiochus repels a courtesan even in prison. And when we consider the dates of these plays

¹⁶ Act I., scene 3.

¹⁷ Act I., scene 1.

as well as the clear sincerity of the sentiments therein expressed, the attitude of the writers becomes more praiseworthy. It is the strength of a great mind. When Arthur Symons said that "Massinger is the late twilight of the long and splendid day of which Marlowe was the dawn," he was paying a deserved compliment to the author of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Though the colors of sunset may make the world appear unreal, and though the strong light may be divided into the diverse rays of the spectrum, a great day usually ends gloriously, if not perfectly. And Shirley himself, the superb artist, whose tragedy, "The Cardinal," shall ever stand among the first of English dramas, has long since outlived what Mr. Gosse calls "the unjust sneers of Dryden." Shirley and Massinger were great tragedians—unquestionably!—and in the field of comedy they toned down the Jonsonian product to such sensible limits that it was able to delight the British public for almost two centuries in a succession of plays which culminated in the power of Wycherley and the sparkling wit of Congreve and in the broader humor of Colman, Mackin, Cumberland, Dibdin and Foster. And two centuries is not a short time.

D'Avenant, who catered to the public taste and so represents the changing fashions, has a literary history which extends in the annals of criticism all the way from the comedies of "humours" (which we have already mentioned),¹⁸ through the flamboyant mode of Fletcher to the heroic play of the Restoration and Dryden, who collaborated with him and acknowledged him as a pioneer and master, and to the artificial and epigrammatical speech of Congreve. But the most noteworthy thing about D'Avenant is that he bridged the gap from the closing of the theatres in 1642 to their opening in 1660, in facts and in thought. His "Love and Honour" (1634) was a pseudo-heroic play concerning exactly what its title says, love and honor: it is close to the Fletcherian type, but geographically located in the direction of the heroic play. When the actors were again allowed to perform in London, D'Avenant received one of the two patents that were issued and opened his new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields with both parts of "The Siège of Rhodes" (1661),¹⁹ true type of the heroic play in which the emphasis was changed:

"For honor shall no leader have but love!"

And in the introductory epistle "To the Reader" D'Avenant indicates how the growing restrictions of the stage and the rules

¹⁸ "The Wits" (1634), "News from Plymouth" (1635) and "The Platonic Lovers" (1635).

¹⁹ This had been acted in private in 1656.

of the drama have caused a change from its antecedent to the early chronicle history play to this type. He says: "The story represented is heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busy agitations of a hot siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the characters of vertue in the shapes of valour and conjugal love. . . . The main argument hath but a single walk." Thus, in one of the first plays to use scenery extensively and the first to have an English woman act in an English play, we get very nearly the true characteristics of the heroic comedy: the elevated tone,²⁰ the superior maiden, the valiant hero who is yet jealous ("weakness, sprung from mightiness of love"), the battle on the stage (which had been omitted during the Fletcherian period), and the fall of kingdoms as a result of combat, not (as in Fletcher) as a result of courtly intrigue. For these reasons the method is called heroic. It deals with large international problems, not with petty political ones:

Villerius—

"By armies, stor'd in fleets, exhausted Spain
Leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the main.
And still would more of the old world subdue,
As if unsatisfied with all the new."

Admiral—

"France strives to have her lilies grow as fair
In other realms as where they native are."

Villerius—

"The English lyon ever loves to change
His walks, and in remoter forrests range."

Chorus—

"All gaining vainly from each other's loss;
Whilst still the Crescent drives away the Cross."²¹

Villerius—

"Let us no more by honour be beguil'd;
This town can never be reliev'd;
Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,
Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost."

Chorus—

"Away, unchain the streets, unearth the ports,
Pull down each barricade
Which women's fears have made,

²⁰ "Wee'l for our crimes, not for our losses mourn."

²¹ Part I., act 2. Notice that the couplet is used.

And bravely sally out from all the forts!
Drive back the Crescents, and advance the Cross,
Or sink all human empires in our loss!"²²

The chief characteristic of this play, as contrasted with "Love and Honour," is typical of the changing taste. Now love is triumphant over honor, and honor is not so much a personal as a patriotic thing. It necessarily follows, then, that there should be some sort of a return to the genuine enthusiasm of former times. In closing, therefore, we shall quote some vibrant lyric passages:

"Faire Evandra, the pride of Italy,
In whom the graces met to rectifie
Themselves that had not cause enough to blush
Unlesse for pitty they were not so good
As she; think now the easterne spices sweet,
And that the blossoms of the spring perfume
The morning ayre; necessity must rule
Believe; let's strew our altars with them now,
Since she's imprison'd, stifled, and chok'd up
Like weeping roses in a still, whose inarticulate breath
Heaven [thought] a purer sacrifice than all our orizons."²³

Again:

"Give order that our troops march, march slowly on;
Our drums should now in sable cases beate,
Our collours foulded, and our muskets be
Reverst, whilst our dejected pikes we traile. . . .
O, Callandine! Evandra is in bonds!"²⁴

And finally, some words out of the mouth of the Moslem monarch, Solyman the Magnificent:

"Our crescents shine not in the shade of night.
But now the crescent of the sky appears.
Our valour rises with her lucky light,
And all our fighters blush away their fears."²⁵

FRANCIS PAUL.

²² Part I., act 4.

²³ "Love and Honour," act I., scene 1.

²⁴ "Love and Honour," act I., scene 1.

²⁵ "The Siege of Rhodes," part II., act 5, scene 4.

"THE VEINS OF ITS WHISPER."

Porro ad me dictum est verbum abseconditum, et quasi furtive suscepit auris mea venas susurri ejus.

—Job iv., 12 (St. Jerome's Vulgate).

Now there was a word spoken to me in private, and my ears by stealth as it were received the veins of its whisper.

—Challoner's revision of the Doway Version.

1.

LOOKING at the Book of Job simply as a masterpiece of literature, there are doubtless but few critics who would dissent from the view of Lord Byron that it is the most sublime poem in the world. It is equally probable that all would cordially agree with the estimate of one of the most recent commentators on Job,¹ that the series of verses beginning with the one quoted above (the 12th to the 21st verse of the fourth chapter) exhibits for us "one of the most wonderful passages in literature." Eliphaz the Themanite is describing to Job the revelation which he had received by stealth and hurriedly "in the horror of a vision by night," as he graphically puts it. Our commentator analyzes the literary power of the passage as follows: "The secrecy, the hush, the sudden panic, the breath that passes over the face, the hair erect with horror, the shadowy figure whose form he cannot discern, the silence broken by the voice, all combine to produce the impression of terror, and terror not of the definitely known, but of the vague and mysterious, leaving the imagination full play to heighten it." This is a striking analysis. But indeed the whole speech of Eliphaz, with which the long discussion between Job and his friends was opened, is one of "great beauty and power," as another recent commentator remarks.²

Both of these commentators were elucidating the text of the Authorized Version, and it may properly be pointed out here that they could not well comment upon one striking element of literary style which the Authorized Version of course omitted, but which is embodied in the Latin of the Vulgate and in the Doway Version. In translating the Hebrew, St. Jerome used the strange expression, "venas susurri ejus," in reference to the "word" that was spoken to Eliphaz in private. The Doway Bible literally renders

¹ A Commentary on the Holy Bible. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M. A., Queen's College, Cambridge. New York, 1914.

² The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version (A. D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary. Edited by F. C. Cook, M. A. Vol. IV. New York, 1875.

the phrase by "the vaines of its whispering," and Challoner revises this into "the veins of its whisper." The King James translators lost much of the poetry of language when they rendered the verse into: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof." The expression, "a little thereof," is self-explanatory, while the Hieronymian "venas susurri ejus"—"the veins of its whisper" (as the Doway Version revised by Challoner has it)—is undoubtedly obscure in meaning. But it remains true that the very obscurity of the language heightens the general effect of the whole wonderful passage which it thus mysteriously introduces.

Catholic mysticism seized on the peculiar expression with obvious delight. What, indeed, might not "the veins of God's whisper" symbolize.³ The fourteenth century mystic, Walton Hilton, closes his "Scale or Ladder of Perfection" with a passage which includes our mysterious phrase. A brief quotation from him will lead us directly to the purpose of the present paper. "All this lovely dalliance," he says, "of private conference betwixt Jesus and a soul may be called a hidden word; of which Scripture saith thus: 'Porro ad me dictum est verbum absconditum, etc. Moreover, to me there was spoken a secret word, and the veins of His whispering mine ear hath perceived.' The inspiration of Jesus is a hidden word, for it is privily hid from all lovers of the world and shown to His lovers; through which a clean soul perceiveth the veins of His whispering, that is the special showings of His truth; for every gracious knowing of truth felt with inward savour and spiritual delight is a privy whispering of Jesus in the ear of a clean soul. He must have much cleanliness and humility and all other virtues, and must be half deaf to the noise of worldly janglings, that will wisely perceive those sweet spiritual whisperings, that is, the voice of Jesus."⁴

Here, then, "the veins of His whispering" is understood to be "the special showings of His truth." And Walter Hilton forthwith reminds his readers that if they are to hear this gentle and sweet whispering, they "must be half deaf to the noise of worldly janglings."

Thus does Hilton, the English Augustinian mystic of the fourteenth century, anticipate the thought, and almost the words, of Thomas à Kempis, the German Augustinian mystic of the fifteenth

³ The "ejus" in the Latin of Job iv., 12, refers to the "verbum" of the preceding hemistich. But mediæval commentators and ascetical writers appear to have understood it of God, judging that the revelation made to Eliphaz was divine, not fictitious or diabolical.

⁴ Dalgairns' edition of Hilton's Scale or Ladder of Perfection, pp. 809, 810.

century.⁵ Hilton is discursive and leisurely in his style. Thomas à Kempis is direct and concise, and in his "Imitation of Christ" gives us the brief declaration: "Blessed are the ears that receive the veins of the divine whisper, and take no notice of the whisperings of this world." (Bk. III., chap. i., 1.)

Our present concern is with the expression in the fourth chapter of Job, "the veins of its whisper," because this chapter is the ultimate source of the "veins of the divine whisper" as found in the Imitation: "Beatae aures quae venas divini susurri suscipiunt, et de mundi hujus susurrationibus nihil advertunt." But if the whole verse of Thomas à Kempis were here under consideration, instead of merely the first hemistich (and particularly the phrase "venas divini susurri" contained therein), it would be proper to question whether "whisperings" should be considered an adequate rendering of "susurrationibus." At present it is enough to say that just as Walter Hilton contrasted the "sweet spiritual whisperings" of Jesus with "the noise of worldly janglings," so does Thomas à Kempis contrast the "veins of the divine whisper" (susurrus) with "this world's" susurrationes. How shall we translate "susurrationibus?" To render it, as Challoner and others do, by "whisperings," is to nullify the contrast obviously intended between the divine "susurrus" and the worldly "susurrationes." But to render it by "the noises and tumults of the world," as some translators (English and Continental) do, is to overstate the contrast. I think Walter Hilton's word ("janglings") excellent for our purpose—and therefore am I the more inclined to surmise that Thomas à Kempis borrowed from Hilton the idea suggested by "susurrationibus"—but I also think that "janglings" might mislead us if we understand it in its modern meaning. In Hilton's day "jangling" meant babbling, chattering, talking loudly or too much. Thus Chaucer, in the *Parson's Tale*, defines it for us: "Jangling is whan man speketh to moche before folk, and clappeth as a mill, and taketh no kepe what he seith." The word has therefore no necessary implication of great noisiness, but merely of great talkativeness. This idea would constitute adequately the contrasting quality of "susurratio" with "susurrus." God whispers to us. The world chatters to us. If we give any ear to the chatter, we shall fail to catch the whisper. And so the thought of Walter is more neatly echoed in the words of Thomas.

It would not be an improbable assumption that Hilton's "Scale

⁵ Hilton (d. 1395 or 1396) was the head of a house of Augustinian Canons at Thurgarton. Thomas à Kempis was also a Canon Regular of St. Augustine. A Canon Regular was not a monk or a "friar" (as some biographers of à Kempis style him). Cf. Scully, *Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis*, pp. 117-121.

or Ladder of Perfection" was a treatise familiar to the thoughts of à Kempis whilst the latter was composing the Third Book of the Imitation ("On the inward speech of Christ to the faithful soul"). The Imitation appeared anonymously, it is true, in the first third of the fifteenth century. But many circumstances are favorable, I think, to my conjecture that this was the case. Hilton's work was most popular in its original tongue (English), and was even translated into Latin early in the fifteenth century. It was in high favor with the Carthusians, who in the Low Countries were the spiritual directors of Gerard Groot, the founder of the Brothers of the Common Life. One of the main activities of the Carthusians took the form of translating and spreading abroad books of piety and religion.⁶ Through the Carthusians to Gerard Groot, and through him to the Brothers of the Common Life, we come finally to Thomas à Kempis, the biographer of Groot and the author of the Imitation. And the transcription of books of piety was very dear to Gerard the Great and to the Brotherhood he founded. Thomas à Kempis took special delight in this kind of manual and mental labor, and his Community owed to his elegant calligraphy a splendid copy of the Missal, of the Bible (in whose transcription he spent twelve years) and of many other books.

If from circumstances such as these we may properly assume that Thomas had read the work of Walter, we might with greatest assurance further assume that "the veins of the divine whispering" conveyed the same meaning to both—that the Englishman's thought was shared by the Teuton. If the Scriptural expression stood alone in the "Ladder of Perfection" and in the "Imitation of Christ," the argument would perhaps have much less force. But in both cases

⁶ Although not a Carthusian, Walter Hilton was much favored by that splendidly active and edifying body of religious. He "had evidently a great devotion to the Carthusian Order. . . . On the other hand, we shall presently see that the devotion of the Carthusians to Walter Hilton was no less great." Thus Dalgairns, in his prefatory essay on "The Spiritual Life of Mediæval England," p. vi. Hilton died in 1395 or 1396, and the Imitation first appeared anonymously in the first third of the fifteenth century—in 1418, thinks Amort, while others assign a somewhat later date. Sufficient time was thus allowed for my conjecture that Hilton's work had fallen into the hands of à Kempis, whether in manuscript form or in Wynkyn de Worde's printed edition (1494), in that early English which was not greatly alien to Dutch, or in a Latin translation. Dalgairns tells us that "Walter Hilton's treatise evidently had a wide circulation. The number of existing manuscripts scattered through various cathedral and other libraries bear witness to its popularity. . . . It was in high repute with the Carthusians, and this in itself is a guarantee of its being extensively read. No order was so respected in England and other Teutonic countries as the Carthusian. . . . They were spiritual directors of Gerard Groot in the Low Countries, and of Colet, More and Fisher in England" (p. 38).

there is an original addition to the Scriptural expression. Hilton adds to his interpretation of the sentence taken from the Book of Job a caution that we "must be half deaf to the noise of worldly janglings," and Thomas adds—in similar fashion—his caution that we should "give no heed to the whisperings (or babblings) of this world." The parallelism is quite complete.

There is a distinction in the use of the Biblical expression in these two cases. Hilton professedly refers to the Scripture in his remark: "Of the which Scripture saith thus: 'Porro ad me dictum est verbum absconditum,' etc." And he proceeds immediately to translate the whole twelfth verse of the fourth chapter of Job (which heads the present paper) from Latin into English. Thomas à Kempis, on the contrary, extracts only a portion of the Latin text, and alters this portion to suit his own purposes. The readers of Hilton's Ladder could hardly fail to find the Biblical quotation. The readers of à Kempis's Imitation have mostly failed to find it. Even the translators of the Imitation have, it is quite plain, generally done their work in ignorance of the author's use of the curious Biblical expression concerning the veins of a whisper. And the very few who have traced the phrase of the Imitation back to St. Jerome's Vulgate have failed to notice the remarkable similarity of use, by both Walter and Thomas, of this phrase in connection with the warning against the janglings and the whisperings (or babblings) of this world.

Meanwhile, it is quite possible that Thomas à Kempis took his phrase immediately and directly from the Vulgate, either when he was lovingly and laboriously transcribing the Bible in four splendid volumes, or when he heard our verse solemnly chanted, each year, in choir. Either supposition might account for the impression which so mystical-sounding a phrase would make on his mind, even if the Imitation did not assure its scholarly readers that its author knew his whole Bible by heart ("totam Bibliam exterius," to use his own famous expression⁷) for that the text of the Imitation seems to be almost a catena of Scriptural expressions.⁸

Shall we then go back to St. Jerome's Latin interpretation of the mind of Eliphaz the Themanite for an elucidation of "the veins of the divine whisper?" Let us compare the words of St. Jerome

⁷ The Imitation of Christ, I., 1., 3.

⁸ Pohl (1904) gives over six hundred Biblical references in illustration of this Third Book alone of the Imitation. He gives more than eleven hundred for the four books of the Imitation. If the Imitation first appeared in 1418, we have in the Imitation, which after the Bible itself is the most widely spread book in the world, an interesting sidelight thrown on the Protestant legend of Luther's "Discovery of the Bible." The Third Book of the Imitation runs through the Bible, from Genesis to Apocalypse, a century before Luther's revolt (1517).

and Thomas à Kempis and capitalize those that are found in both passages:

Job iv., 12: SUSCEPIT AURIS mea VENAS SUSURRI ejus.

Imit., III., 1: AURES quae VENAS divini SUSURRI SUSCIPIUNT.

The capitalized words comprise the same "venas susurri" in both passages, and this is the curious expression that has caused bewilderment to readers of the English Catholic Bible and of Challoner's translation of the *Imitation* into English.

In two preceding articles I have illustrated the vast variety of renderings which translators of the *Imitation* into various languages have given to the Latin phrase. Most of the translators were evidently unaware of the Scriptural origin of the curious expression. The few who, in recent years, made it clear by a formal reference to Job iv., 12, that they were cognizant of the Scriptural source, varied greatly in the rendering they gave to the phrase as it occurred in the *Imitation*. Thus we found "venas" translated by "runlets," by "pulses," by "breath," by "murmur." A reader naturally wonders what relation these mutually exclusive interpretations bear to the original expression in the Latin Vulgate.

The Authorized Version translated into English from the Hebrew, as St. Jerome had translated into Latin from the Hebrew. The former gives us this rendering of the verse: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof." St. Jerome's "venas susurri ejus" is in the King James Bible "a little thereof." In that sense, Father Thaddeus turned the "venas" of the *Imitation* into "at least a faint sound."

Before accepting this as satisfactory, we may note that the splendid edition of the *Imitation* in Latin and Italian, published at Turin in 1761, gives the exact Latin words of Job iv., 12, in a footnote both to the Latin and to the Italian text, but nevertheless renders *venas* by "the sweet murmur" (*il dolce mormorio*).⁹

We have at hand, therefore, and at the very outset of our search, three variant interpretations of the veins of a whisper, by three men who were thinking of the verse in Job. For Walter Hilton, in the fourteenth century, it meant "the special showings of His truth."¹⁰ For the Italian translator of the *Imitation*, in the eighteenth century, it meant "the sweet murmur of the divine inspirations." For Father Thaddeus, in the twentieth century, it meant "at least a faint sound of the divine whisper." On the principle that a sick man must often get worse before he can get better, it is per-

⁹ Cf. the REVIEW, Oct., 1916, pages 676-7, for some notice of this translation into Italian.

¹⁰ As already observed, "ejus" was understood to refer not to "verbum," but to God.

missible to add to the tangle of interpretations before we can hope to straighten it out.

And so we shall go back to the sixteenth century, when St. John of the Cross (d. 1591) composed his commentary on his own "Spiritual Canticle of the Soul and the Bridegroom of Christ." His Canticle was a paraphrase of the Canticle of Canticles, and was written during his imprisonment of nine months (1577-1578) in Toledo, in a stifling cell which was made more unendurable by the addition of punishments meet only for great criminals. And yet both the Canticle and its Explanation are things of wondrous light and beauty. Commenting on the last line ("The whisper of the amorous gales") of his fourteenth Stanza:

My Beloved is the mountains,
The solitary wooded valleys,
The strange islands,
The roaring torrents,
The whisper of the amorous gales—¹¹

he says (amongst many other things) the following:

"There is a passage in the Book of Job . . . which is as follows: 'To me there was spoken a secret word,' saith Eliphaz the Themanite, 'and as it were by stealth my ear received the veins of its whisper. In the horror of a vision by night, when deep sleep is wont to hold men, fear held me and trembling, and all my bones were made sore afraid: and when the spirit passed before me the hair of my flesh stood upright. There stood one whose countenance I knew not, an image before mine eyes, and I heard the voice as it were of a gentle wind.'

"This passage contains almost all I said about rapture in the thirteenth stanza, where the bride says: 'Turn them away, O my Beloved. The 'word spoken in secret' to Eliphaz is that secret communication which by reason of its greatness the soul was not able to endure. . . . Eliphaz says that his 'ear as it were by stealth received the veins of its whisper.' By that is meant the pure substance which the understanding receives, for the 'veins' here denote the interior substance. The whisper is that communication and touch of the virtues whereby the said substance is communicated to the understanding. It is called a whisper because of its great gentleness. And the soul calls it the amorous gales because it is lovingly communicated. . . ."

This exposition is highly mystical, and I do not pretend to un-

¹¹ The translation of this stanza, as also of the commentary on it made by St. John of the Cross, is taken from the translation of David Lewis, "The Dark Night of the Soul, A Spiritual Canticle, and The Living Flame of Love. . . . Second Edition, Revised" (London, 1891), pp. 252, 253. I quote but a slight portion of the long commentary or explanation of the saint.

derstand it. Nor perhaps is it necessary for our purpose that every portion of it should be quite intelligible. The soul is communicated with and touched with gentleness, as it were by a soft whisper. That which is thus communicated is "the interior substance" which is metaphorically styled "the veins."

What seems clear is that to our previous interpretations of the "venas susurri" of St. Jerome we can add still another, and so perhaps feel more strongly the desirability of a satisfactory exegesis of the twelfth verse of the fourth chapter.

II.

In a previous article¹² I noted the curious fact that Challoner, in his translation of the *Imitation*, rendered literally the Latin, "venas divini susurri," into the English, "the veins of the divine whisper," and appended no enlightening note or reference; as who should say that every reader could of course glean the meaning of the expression. Upon looking up many other translations, however, into English and foreign tongues, I found that the expression must have puzzled all the translators; for the renderings were most variant and often distinctly fanciful. Thus the Latin word *venas* was rendered variously by veins, accents, pulses, throbbing, breathings, distillings, beginning, approach, sweet murmur, subtle fineness, soft breath, at least a faint sound, and so on. It became thus quite evident that instead of being a self-explanatory metaphor, the expression (*venas susurri*), whether in the Latin or in a modern vernacular and literal rendering, was really very obscure; and that readers might naturally hesitate to assign to it any definite meaning.

As we have just seen, the Latin expression is borrowed from the Vulgate rendering of Job iv., 12. An inquirer will immediately consult the Doway Version or Challoner's revision in order to gather the real meaning of the curious Latin phrase. Again he will be disappointed, for the phrase is literally rendered into English, and he will once more confront "the veins of its whisper." As in the case of the *Imitation*, he will begin to wonder if he alone is unintelligent, while every other reader can forthwith grasp the meaning of the metaphor. The inquirer may recall, however, the most prominent characteristic of our Catholic Bible, namely, that it vindicates to itself the right to have interpretative and explanatory remarks, and that it utterly repudiates the Protestant contention that the Scriptures should go "without note or comment." Challoner's edition of the Bible has its appropriate notes and comments; but it has none for Job iv., 12. How stupid the inquirer must feel himself to be! With his confidence somewhat diminished by this first failure, he may next consult (if he can find it) Haydock's

¹² Cf. the REVIEW, Oct., 1916, p. 673 and p. 679.

Catholic Bible. He will be rewarded with a footnote commenting on the word "private" and concluding with a quotation of the Authorized Version's rendering, but he will find no special comment upon "the veins of its whisper." Perhaps he will then recall that Archbishop Kenrick's edition of Job has critical and explanatory notes. Kenrick does indeed comment upon our verse, but does not attempt to explain "the veins of its whisper" except by noting, first, that the eminent Orientalist, Ernest Frederic Rosenmueller, approves St. Jerome's Latin translation of the verse; and, secondly, that St. Gregory the Great "explains it of secret inspirations, which Eliphaz claims to have received." But why "veins" should have been employed by St. Jerome is not hinted at.

All such partial results as I have just indicated have not greatly enlightened our inquirer. Must he conclude that the metaphor is plain to all but himself? Do the translators of the Vulgate into other languages recognize no difficulty here? Are they content, like the Doway Bible and Challoner's revision of it, simply to present a literal rendering of the verse into the modern vernacular tongues?

Happily, it is not necessary for the inquirer to make an exhaustive (and, by consequence, an exhausting) search for an appropriate answer to the question. A few illustrations will suffice as a basis for a practical generalization, provided they be chosen at haphazard and be fairly presented. If our inquirer be satisfied with the generalization, he will conclude that the verse is admittedly very obscure; for the translators into other languages than the English have wrestled manfully to elucidate its meaning either by interpretative rendition or by helpful notes.

There is, for instance, the translation of the Vulgate into French by Le Maistre de Sacy. We have already come upon the name in a previous paper,¹⁸ as the real translator, under the pseudonym of Le Sieur de Beuil, of the *Imitation of Christ*. His translation of Job renders the second half of our verse as follows: "Et à peine en ai-je entendu les foibles sons qui se déroboient à mon oreille." The "en" refers to the "word" spoken to Eliphaz, in the first hemistich of the verse. Here, then, the word "venas" is not literally rendered, but instead an interpretation is given: "And scarce heard I thereof the faint sounds that stole past mine ear." This interpretation was evidently approved by Father Carrières, for (with the wholly immaterial inversion, "et j'en ai entendu") he repeats it in his own edition of the French Bible. Carrières did an unprecedented thing in his popular Commentary. "Taking Le Maistre de Sacy's translation as a framework, a few words of paraphrase are here and there used to explain difficulties or clear

¹⁸ Cf. the REVIEW for Jan., 1917, p. 36.

up obscure places. These simple and short additions, inspired for the most part by Vatables, Tirinus, Menochius, Bonfrère and Jansenius, and printed in italics, are at first glance discernible from the text itself, with which they are at the same time so amalgamated as to form but one continuous narrative."¹⁴ Father Thaddeus, O. F. M., quotes a note from this Commentary in his edition of the *Imitation*. In Migne's edition of Cordier's *Elucidation of Job*, also, the rendition parallels the Latin text in column form. Here, then, "venas susurri" becomes "the faint sounds," and a literal rendering is simply avoided. In a note,¹⁵ however, Carrières explains as follows: "Venas susurri, i. e., *parum ex eo*." And so "venas susurri" means "a little thereof" (as the Authorized Version has it). Why it should have been chosen by St. Jerome to mean this is not anywhere indicated.

Archbishop Martini's celebrated Italian version similarly avoids the "veins:" "Or un arcana parola fu detta a me, e quasi di fuga il mio orecchio ne intese il debil suono" ("Now a hidden word was spoken to me, and as it were by stealth my ear heard a faint sound thereof").

A translation of the Vulgate into Spanish by P. Phelipe Scio, in its second edition published at Madrid in 1795, has this: "Y mi oreja, asi como a hurtadillas, percibio una parte de su zumbido" ("And my ear as it were by stealth perceived a portion of its murmuring"). There are two footnotes, one of which, after the fashion of the time in interpreting the Hebrew original, declares the Hebrew equivalent to "algo de ello," that is, "a little thereof." Another footnote calls attention to the "venas" of the Vulgate, but does not explain it.

Allioli's translation of the Vulgate into German interprets the "venas susurri" as "the passing of its whisper." He avoids a literal rendering of the Latin phrase: "Und wie verstohlen nahm weg mein Ohr den Hingang seines Saeuselns" ("and my ear as it were by stealth received the passing of its whisper"—or "sighing"). Arndt, who professed to have compared Allioli's version with the Hebrew original, does not improve notably upon him, for he merely changes Hingang (passing) into Inhalt (contents). Both Allioli and his editor, Arndt, avoid a literal use of "veins."

Another translation of the Vulgate into German was made by Drs. Loch and Reisehl in 1869. It renders "venas susurri ejus" by "das Nahen seines Fluesterns" ("the approach of its whispering"). Again, the "veins" is avoided.

It would appear from these quite casually collected illustrations that translators of the Vulgate into foreign tongues frankly recog-

¹⁴ Souvay, in the Catholic Encyclopedia, s. v. Carrières.

nized the obscurity that envelops "venas susurri." Only one translation, so far as I am aware, uses the literal rendering of "venas." It is the "Sainte Bible de Vence en Latin et en Français" (fifth edition, Paris, 1829). The second half of our verse is thus rendered: "Et mon oreille a saisi comme à la dérobée, des veines de son léger murmure." Here, at last, we have "veines" literally rendering "venas." However, this example is not really an exception to my list of illustrations, but rather its happiest crowning. For in the Bible de Vence¹⁶ the Latin text is placed in column form beside its translation into French, and if (as its editor appears to have foreseen) a reader should fail to gather any clear idea of the meaning of "des veines," he is immediately remitted to a footnote which explains the meaning as follows: "Hebr. Une parole . . . et mon oreille en a entendu une petite partie." Here we have "une petite partie," the "algo de ello" of Scio, the "little thereof" of the Authorized Version. But just why "veines" should be considered equivalent to "une petite partie" is not indicated. In respect of clearness and fullness, however, a reader should feel well satisfied with such editorial labors. Perhaps he would be an over-exacting critic who should complain that no reason is assigned why St. Jerome chose to render the Hebrew word "shemets" by "venas susurri." An over-exacting critic, indeed; for who has given us a clear reason, either before or since the Bible de Vence?

Before proceeding further, it should be noted that the Doway translators did not originate the English tradition of a literal rendering of "venas" by "veins." We have already found Walter Hilton, in the fourteenth century, directly quoting the initial words of the Vulgate Latin of Job iv., 12, and literally translating the verse thus: "Moreover, there was spoken to me a secret word, and the veins of its whispering mine ear hath perceived." In the same fourteenth century two English translations of the Vulgate were in fairly wide use.¹⁷ One of these renders the verse literally

¹⁶The footnote referred to takes each phrase of the Latin verse in order and briefly restates its meaning in Latin.

¹⁷Cf. Souvay, loc. cit.

¹⁷These two versions are given in "The Holy Bible . . . in the earliest English versions made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers. . . . Edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden, K. H., F. R. S., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Vol. II. Oxford University Press, 1850." I give the title to illustrate the rather preposterous claim it makes for Wycliffe and his followers. The claim is mildly rejected by the Rev. Charles Bigg, D. D., canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, in his "Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History," issued by Longmans in 1906: "Wycliffe retired to Lutterworth. . . . To these two or three years are generally ascribed his translation of the Bible into English, and his creation of the order of Simple Priests, but it is doubtful if either of these works belongs to him . . . he nowhere claims to have made the translation which is commonly regarded as his; he nowhere appears to use it, and some translation seems to have been in general use some years before" (p. 127).

as follows: "But to me is seid a woord hid, and as theefli myn ere toc the veynes of his gruching." The other translation has: "Certes an hid word was seid to me, and myn ere took as theuli the veynes of privy noise thereof." Of this second rendering, another manuscript has for "as theulie" the fuller expression "as it were theuli," and for "noise" has "speking." But it would appear that all the manuscripts have "veynes." In view of this old English tradition, no one will properly quarrel with the Doway translators for their retention of "vaines," or with Bishop Challoner for refusing to change it, as he changed so many words and phrases of the Doway Version in his laboriously careful revision of it. A reader may nevertheless justly expect an enlightening footnote, if the science of exegesis can furnish it, after the fashion of the *Bible de Vence*.

III.

None of the popular commentaries thus far examined does more than interpret the verse in Job for its readers. If we agree with Carrières, Scio and the *Bible de Vence*, "venas susurri" means "a little" in the strict sense of the Hebrew original, "shemets." But a reader of the *Imitation of Christ*, who is puzzled either by its Latin phrase, "venas divini susurri," or by Challoner's and Mayr's¹⁸ literal rendering of it, and who attempts to translate the curious verse (III., i., 1) in this sense, will be disappointed; for he would obtain this result: "Blessed are the ears that receive a little of the divine, and heed not the whisperings of this world." The adjective "divine" must go without a substantive, for the phrase "venas susurri" seems (according to the above-cited authorities) to mean "a little." If the reader be a man of some leisure, he will seek further enlightenment. First of all, he will consult the *Vulgate* of Job iv., 12. The verse can be divided into two parts:

1. *Porro ad me dictum est verbum absconditum,*

2. *et quasi furtive suscepit auris mea venas susurri ejus.*

Although the first half, especially in its "verbum absconditum," has had some influence upon the interpretation given to its second half (especially in connection with the words "quasi furtive"), it is desirable to economize both space and attention by a consideration here only of the second half, which contains the puzzle of the "venas susurri ejus."

Now the Hebrew original of the verse was probably as much of a puzzle to St. Jerome as his rendering of it has been to the commentators of the *Vulgate*. For the Hebrew here contains a word which is found only twice in the Bible, and both of these

¹⁸ George Mayr, S. J., translated the *Imitation* into Greek (1615) and rendered "venas" literally by "tas phlebas."

times in the Book of Job. The word has been variously transliterated as "shemets" and "semets." Of the hidden word brought to Eliphaz, he caught "shemets." The Authorized Version of 1611 translates the second half of the verse: "And my ear received a little thereof." Shemets was understood to mean "a little." When it occurs again in xxvi., 14, the A. V. renders it by "a little portion." Catholic and Protestant commentators alike took this view, and exhausted the Latin synonymy in their endeavor to express the same thought without baldly copying one another's words. Thus we find them using these synonyms of littleness: *parum*, *pusillum*, *tantulum*, *pauxillum*, *pauxillulum*, *paululum*, *modicum quid*, *tenue quiddam*, *quidpiam*, *particula*, *pars*, *aliquid*.¹⁹ There was evidently a general agreement on the meaning of "shemets." The agreement both antedated and followed the time of the King James collaborators.

St. Jerome translated "shemets" by "venas susurri." In his great commentary (1707) on the Bible, Calmet, the famous Benedictine scholar, shrewdly remarked that the Vulgate rendering of our hemistich appeared to follow the Greek version made by Symmachus in the second century ("My ear received a whisper of it"). As we have seen, the translations of Carrières, Scio and the others compromised by giving "whisper" in various forms (such as "faint sounds") in the text and by referring to what they considered the literal meaning of the Hebrew in a footnote.

The second edition²⁰ (1842) of Gesenius' Thesaurus gave its meaning as "sonus raptim prolatus, sonus festinans et fugax furtivusque et clandestinus,"²¹ and added immediately "susurrus (ein leises Fluestern)." Ein leises Fluestern—a soft whisper—of which, by implication (perhaps) one catches but "a little." Finally, the Hebrew Lexicon edited by Drs. Brown, Driver and Briggs (1906) gives only "a whisper" for Job iv., 12, and "a (mere) whisper of a word (something wholly inadequate)" for Job xxvi., 14.²² And

¹⁹ I might add to this list the curious rendering of our verse in the translation of the Book of Job from Chaldaic into Latin, published in Rome in 1508. The "aliquid" commonly used is here replaced by "minorem se:" "Et mihi sermo redditus est et suscepit auris mea, ut minorem se." Thus the "Libri Justi Job ex Chaldaeo, sive Syro idiomaticum in Latinum nunc primum interpretatio . . . a Victorio Scialac Accurenst, Maronita a Monte Libano. . . ."

²⁰ I have not consulted the first edition, and do not pretend to give a historical résumé of the variations of interpretation of "shemets." A few instances ready at hand suffice for my purpose of a most hasty review.

²¹ "A sound hurriedly uttered, a hasty, passing and furtive and hidden sound." All this is based on a supposedly equivalent or cognate Arabic word which Castell interpreted in his great dictionary as meaning "sonus raptim prolatus."

²² It omits entirely all reference to a hurried and hidden sound (cf. preceding footnote, 21). The preface to this new Hebrew lexicon remarks: "The need of a new Hebrew Lexicon of the Old Testament has been so long felt that no elaborate explanation of the appearance of the present work seems called for."

so, instead of "a little thereof," as in the Authorized Version of 1611, we now find "a whisper thereof" in the Revised Version of 1885. In a new Catholic translation into French (1905),²³ based on the original languages of the Bible, the "shemets" is rendered by "the soft murmur" (iv., 12) and "scarce a soft murmur" (xxvi., 14).

We recall that the Doway Version gave us "the vaines of its whispering," and whispering implies a continuation of a whisper. Was this the thought suggested in Langer's translation?²⁴ He renders "venas susurri ejus" by "den Inhalt seines Gefluesters." Hontheim (1904)²⁵ gives us simply "ein Gefluester."

IV.

It would doubtless be beyond the interest of my readers, as it would assuredly be beyond my competence, to dilate learnedly upon an obscure point of exegesis. The one important thing in our discussion is to illustrate the depth of the obscurity that shrouds the verse of the Imitation. Not one of the many translations of this golden book into English and other languages has—so far as can be inferred—elucidated its meaning. The inquirer at length finds that the phrase is radicated in the Book of Job. He consults his Catholic English Bible, and finds his puzzle simply staring him in the face as it had done in the Imitation. He goes to translations of the Vulgate into foreign tongues, and finds indeed elucidation of the Biblical verse, but hardly such as will also enlighten him upon the verse in the Imitation. He accordingly goes to the great commentators on the Book of Job, and he obtains peculiarly varying results. It would be an endless task to set forth the words of the innumerable learned commentators. But we may complete a hurried journey by (as it were) leaps and bounds adown the few centuries that mark the history of modern exegesis.

The story of modern Biblical exegesis starts with Nicholas of Lyre, who died in 1349 and left behind him a reputation for scholarly treatment of the Bible which has endured to the present day. He was proficient in Hebrew studies. Upon the words of the Vulgate, "suscepit auris mea venas susurri ejus" ("my ears received the veins of its whisper") he comments most briefly: "Quia talia

²³ *La Sainte Bible, traduction d'après les textes originaux, par l'Abbé Campion. Edition revisée par des Pères de la Cie. de Jesus . . . 1905.*

²⁴ *Das Buch Job in neuer und treuer Uebersetzung nach der Vulgata, mit fortwährender Berücksichtigung des Urtextes, von I. Langer. Dritte Auflage. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1889.* He renders Job xxvi., 14, by "kaum Fluester."

²⁵ *Das Buch Job, als strophisches Kunstwerk nachgewiesen, übersetzt und erklärt von Joseph Hontheim, S. J. It forms one issue of Biblische Studien of Herder's (IX. Band, 1.-3. Heft).*

revelantur secrete nec capiuntur perfecte." That is to say, revelations such as Eliphaz received are made in a secret manner and are not perfectly understood. He does not indicate why this idea should have been suggested by St. Jerome in the expression dealing with the veins of a whisper. Lyranus was interpreting his Hebrew rather than his Vulgate, I suppose.

Emmanuel Sa, in his brief but literal notes (Cologne, 1593) on the whole Bible, refers to "venas susurri" as "paululum" (translating the Hebrew) or "aliquid" (translating the Chaldaic). That is, Eliphaz heard "a little" or "something" of what had been said to him in the hidden word. Later on, Menochius commented: "Venas susurri in Hebraeo est 'parum ex eo'"—again, "a little of it." I have already given the large synonymy employed by various commentators to express the idea of littleness. I may add to the list the following of Lucas Brugensis: "Venas susurri eius (Heb., schemetz), levem seu tenuem auditum, auditulum, sonum seu murmur, qui leviter aures ferit, sed auribus percipitur."

Let us glance at the results thus far obtained. Nicholas Lyranus understands by "venas susurri" an imperfect understanding of the revelation made to Eliphaz. Sa, and very many others, understood it as meaning "a little"—so that Eliphaz heard only a little of the revelation. Lucas Brugensis understands by the phrase a very thin sound or murmur which strikes the ear but lightly, and is nevertheless perceived—as who should say (I presume) that Eliphaz heard the whisper or murmur fully, but only with great effort and (so far as the circumstances of the affrighting vision would permit) with great concentration of mind.

Pineda, in his extensive commentary on Job (Cologne, 1733) says of the second hemistich of the verse, that it means nothing more than that the voice heard by Eliphaz was exceedingly faint and such as could be perceived only, or scarce at all, even with the greatest attention, inasmuch as the revelation had passed by his ears very rapidly and had faded away—for thus we read in the Hebrew "parum de eo." He commends the interpretation made by St. Gregory the Great (d. 604) in his "Moralia," understanding the saint to compare the sound heard by Eliphaz to the faint murmur of water flowing through pipes.

I have understated the simile; for Pineda speaks of water flowing through "hidden" pipes (in the ground or within a wall-space?). The exceedingly faint murmur can be heard, he says, only by an ear that is placed near the water-pipes. This is very like the thought of Lucas Brugensis (Venice, 1749), who compared the "venas susurri" to a sound which strikes the ear very faintly, but is nevertheless heard ("leviter aures ferit, sed auribus percipitur").

A great leap brings us down to E. F. Rosenmueller (1821), who translates the Hebrew into: "Percepitque auris mea susurrum ejus" ("My ear perceived the whisper thereof.") We have thus left behind us the elaborate list of synonyms for "a little"—the *parum ex eo*, the *paululum*, the *paxillum*, etc., etc., as also the faint sound of water flowing through its pipes hidden in ground or in wall, as also the sound which faintly strikes the ear yet is withal perceived, as also the paraphrase of Lyranus. We have left them behind us, and have returned to Jerome's word, *susurrus*. And so the phrase "a little thereof" in the Authorized Version of 1611 has been changed into "a whisper thereof" in the Revised Version of 1885. Our English Catholic Bible, however, still uncompromisingly faces us with "the veins of its whisper."

This last fact brings up the question: "Why the veins?" What commentator has clearly explained why St. Jerome should have gone to the trouble of expressing the idea of a "whisper" by the elaborate phrase "the veins of its whisper?" Doubtless this thought has struck all the commentators as it struck Cordier. But in his "Job Elucidatus" (1646) Cordier frankly admits the difficulty and remarks that the Hebrew word (understood by him as equivalent to "pusillum"—that is, "a little") expresses the meaning more clearly (clarior) than did the Vulgate, which, he says, "styles 'venas susurri' the thin and faint, confused and obscure hissing of a broken voice which utters nothing clearly, but is burdened with a kind of confusion, in such fashion that you hear indeed a sound but, inasmuch as it is not formed articulately, you hardly understand it." He goes on to declare that the metaphor is taken (not, as Pineda had complimented St. Gregory for supposing, from water-pipes, but) from rivers and rivulets that flow onward with a quiet murmur (*tacito murmure*) and leave in the ears only a formless sound.

Another meaning is declared by Delitzsch in his Commentary on the Book of Job. He quarrels with St. Jerome's rendering of Job xxvi., 14, and incidentally remarks that "venas" in iv., 12, is used tropically for "parts." This is a clear declaration of the meaning of "venas," clearly set forth; but why "vena" should here be understood as a "part" is not explained to the reader.

I have already noted that Allioli translates "venas" by "passing" and that Arndt corrects this into "contents," while still other present-day exegetes render it by "Geflüester," by "murmur," and so on.

The inquirer may thus choose among the following interpretations of the "venas:" something minute, something faint, a murmur as of water flowing through hidden water-pipes or adown nature's water-courses, the inner subtlety of a message (which is one of St. Gregory's interpretations), the purport or content of the message,

a portion of it, a little of it, or simply a "whisper" indistinguishable mentally and logically from "the veins of a whisper."

"*Devine si tu peux, et choisis si tu l'oses!*"

With this not wholly clear assemblage of interpretations confronting him, our inquirer might be pardoned for expressing his surprise that E. F. Rosenmueller, who drops the "venas" wholly from his own rendering of the Hebrew into Latin, should have so highly complimented St. Jerome upon his ancient Latin rendering of "shemets" by "venas susurri." St. Jerome, he says, rendered excellently the sense of the whole Hebrew verse: "Sensum autem omnium optime Hieronymus expressit." And Father Knabenbauer pays a similar tribute to St. Jerome, in his *Commentary on Job* (Paris, 1886): "Optime sensum dedit Hieronymus." Our inquirer will of course not question the praise thus given to St. Jerome's knowledge of Hebrew and his skill in expressing that knowledge in excellent Latin phrase, but may be pardoned for still wondering "why?"

V.

If the Vulgate of Job is to help us in interpreting the *Imitation*, we must first have grappled with a peculiarity of English diction. Shall we translate "venas" into "the veins" or simply into "veins?" The Doway Version chose "the veins." On the other hand, the *Bible de Vence* chose simply "veins" (partitive: "des veines.") The implications of the two renderings are very different, for they suppose different interpretations of the Latin original. If "vena" is to be understood metaphorically as suggesting the soft murmur of water as it flows through hidden water-pipes or adown its natural earth-channels; or if it suggests the subtle character of a message, as St. Gregory thought; or if it merely implies the "content" (*Inhalt*) of Arndt, without any special suggestion of subtlety; if, in brief, it reflects the idea of softness or thinness and not the idea of fragmentariness, the English definite article should be used before "veins." But if we believe with Delitzsch that it implies that only "parts" or fragments of the whispered message were heard by Eliphaz, obviously a translator ought to omit "the" and render "venas" simply by "veins." Latin idiom offers many such ambiguities to a translator, but the context will generally supply the correct selection of an English equivalent of the original. Our verse of the *Imitation*, however, stands alone—"like an Alp, retired, apart"—in the context.

If we follow Delitzsch in his uncompromising declaration that "venas" means "parts," or if we side with the large number of commentators who use less descriptive words, such as *parum, pauxil-*

lum, aliquantulum, aliquid, and so on through an extensive Latin synonymy of littleness, we should render the Vulgate verse as follows: ". . . my ear by stealth as it were received veins [that is, parts or fragments] of its whisper." But if we follow St. Gregory, Pineda (and the preceding commentators whose views he shared and expressed) or Arndt, we should translate: ". . . my ear by stealth as it were received the veins [that is, the full content, the subtle inner meaning, of the message, how softly soever that message may have been whispered] of its whisper."

As we have seen in a previous paper, translations of the *Imitation* into English have, with the single exception of Father Thaddeus's rendering, employed the definite article. They place "the" in front of whatever word they choose in English as an equivalent for the Latin word "venas." And so we have "the sound" of Father Anthony Hoskins (who may have borrowed this word from the "sonitum" of Castalio's translation of the *Imitation* into classical Latin, and who thus would have found an equal source of ambiguity in the "venas" of Thomas à Kempis and the "sonitum" of Castalio). A long line of English translators followed the lead of Father Hoskins, as we have already seen. When Bishop Challoner concluded to stick more closely to the original Latin, he literally rendered "venas" by "veins," but nevertheless begged the question now at issue by prefixing the definite article, thus giving us "the veins of the divine whisper." I think it is fair to say that he begged the question by prefixing "the," for until we have some notion of what is meant by "veins," we can not properly settle the difficulty of the inclusion or the omission of the word "the." If "veins" means "parts," it follows that "the" should have been omitted. If "veins" means "contents," it follows that "the" should be used. Challoner stood alone in his literal rendering of "venas." The translators who used some other word than "veins" placed an interpretation on the Latin original, and were not begging the question when they used the definite article. Thus we have "the soft echoes" of Canon Benham, "the runlets" of Dr. Bigg, "the pulses" of various translators, "the instillings" of Kegan Paul, and so on.

A curious illustration of the lack of any helpfulness given by the use of "venas susurri" in Job to a seeker after its meaning in the *Imitation* is found in the fact that even those translators who were aware of the Hieronymian origin of the phrase prefix "the," although the commentators on Job have, with such wonderful unanimity, understood the phrase in Job in a partitive sense. Father Thaddeus, however, following the partitive "parum" of Menochius (as employed by Carrières), renders the Latin phrase of the *Imita-*

tion by "a faint sound." He rejects "the" and uses "a" before "faint sound."

While we are on the subject of the Doway Version and Challoner's Revision, it may not be amiss to call attention to a significant alteration which Challoner made, doubtless without adverting to the fact, in his text. The alteration is most interesting in its relation to the *Imitation of Christ*. A separate paragraph may be properly devoted to it.

The Vulgate uses the singular number, "auris mea." The Doway translators rendered it also in the singular number, "mine ear." Challoner had before him both the Latin text and the Doway Version. It is fair to assume that in the case of the puzzling verse of Job he had recourse to the wording of the Authorized Version,²⁶ which also uses the singular number, "mine ear." But what did Challoner do? He rendered the expression in the plural number, "my ears!" It was an oversight, of course, for nothing was to be gained in respect of clearness, or of correctness, or of idiomatic English, by the pluralizing of the original "auris mea." It is evident also that Challoner took much pains with this verse. He changed the Doway "vaines" into "veins," and its "whispering" into "whisper." He did not therefore overlook the verse in haste or forgetfulness. Why did he change "ear" into "ears?" The reason seems to me quite obvious when once we recall that the pious and laborious Dr. Challoner was a great lover of the *Imitation*, a constant reader of it, and that he translated it into English with the same literalness ("the veins of the divine whisper") as the Doway Version renders Job ("the vaines of its whispering"). St. Jerome used the singular number, "auris mea." But Thomas à Kempis used the plural number, "beatae aures," and this plural number was doubtless singing in the memory of Challoner when he came to translate, or to revise, the Vulgate rendering of the Doway translators. By a curious freak of the imagination—a veritable ocular illusion—he saw the plural of the *Imitation* instead of the singular of the Vulgate, the Doway Version, and the Authorized Version. In brief, he was thinking of the *Imitation* while he was revising the verse of Job.

VI.

The reader's attention has been called several times to the English

²⁶ Burton, in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner" says (I., p. 281): "His method in regard to the text, roughly speaking, was to take the Douay Bible as the groundwork. When he met with a word or phrase which seemed to him to need simplifying, he usually, or at least very frequently, had recourse to the Authorized Version, always avoiding, however, a very close reproduction and seeming of set purpose to retain minor differences."

translation of the *Imitation* by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M.²⁷ This translator and editor approached his task with a clear knowledge of its many difficulties and with a splendid determination to spare himself no labor of research that might throw some light on the difficulties. In his "Remarks" appended to the translation we read: "It has often been said, and seemed to be universally admitted, that none of our English versions of 'The Imitation' are satisfactory. But this amounted to no more than a general assertion and a vague notion; nobody came forward to point out the particular defects or the bad renderings. And even had this been done, very much, yea, almost all, would still have been wanting; for to know the evil is one thing, but to apply the remedy is of still more consequence." He confesses himself "surprised at the incompetence of some translators, even among Catholics, not to mention others, who ought to have known better," and proceeds to give some startling illustrations of mistranslations due to over-hasty acceptance of one out of several meanings of a Latin word, or to misapprehension of the language of mediæval mysticism or of fifteenth century scholastic terminology, or to ignorance of the fact that the *Imitation* contains many Dutch idioms rendered literally in the Latin phrase of à Kempis; and finally, by way of fuller illustration, he gives two pages of selected renderings from "the English rendering of Sir Francis Cruise, M. D., D. L., because his is the most recent Catholic translation, and almost the latest edition that has appeared in English."

It may be esteemed a very curious and interesting fact that Father Thaddeus omits any such special mention of the "venas divini susurri" and its multiform and multifarious, and in many instances mutually exclusive, phraseology of rendition into English and foreign languages. He nevertheless translates the phrase anew and in a wholly new manner. Relying on what Carrières (who appears to have followed Menochius) had to say about the meaning of the original Hebrew, he frankly attempts to incorporate into his version of the *Imitation* the meaning which he understood to be that of Job iv., 12. Accordingly, this is his rendering of the verse of the *Imitation*: "Blessed are the ears that catch at least a faint sound of the divine whisper, and hear nothing of the whisperings of the world." In his "Notes and References" he accounts for this rendering by simply saying (p. 307): "A faint sound of the divine whisper, Job iv., 12. Cf. Carrières. *Venas susurri*, i. e., *parum ex eo*."

Now it is clear that Father Thaddeus has not merely translated the phrase in what he conceives to have been the sense of it in

²⁷ Cf. the REVIEW, Oct., 1916, p. 696, for some notice of this translation.

the original Hebrew, but that he also edits that sense in order to make it fit in at all with its context in the *Imitation*. His editing consists in the interpolation of the words "at least" before the English rendering of the phrase; and the words "at least" are to be found neither in the Hebrew nor in the *Imitation*, and they do not occur in the Vulgate Latin or in its vernacular renderings. Where did Father Thaddeus come upon the phrase "at least?" He was compelled to invent it, in order that "a faint sound of the divine whisper" might prove intelligible to his readers. For Thomas à Kempis would hardly account the ears blessed that heard only "a faint sound" of the inward speaking of Christ to the soul. That is not his ideal, although conceivably it might be his minimum requirement (the "at least" of Father Thaddeus). But the whole context of that first chapter, and indeed of the whole book, is against any such labored interpretation. For the whole book gives in greatest minuteness of detail the extended converse between Christ and the Faithful Soul.

Our long journey through the English translations, supplemented by those in foreign tongues, has not helped us to an understanding of the phrase. Neither, we may properly judge, has our painful consultation of the modern commentators on *Job* served to clear up our difficulty. There remains, I think, but one thing to do, namely, to see what mediæval writers had to say about "the veins of God's whisper." This we shall do in a following paper.

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THE SUCCESSORS OF COLUMBUS.

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

II.

IN our last article we left Balboa rejoicing in the success of his expedition and filled with gratitude to God for having permitted him to discover the great Pacific Ocean. His next step was to descend from the mountain-top from which he had seen that boundless sea, and, with his companions, seek the regions of reputed wealth that were supposed to lie along its shores. He entered the province of Cheapas, a warlike Cacique, who, seeing the small number of the invaders, came out to meet them, at the head of his warriors, and forbade them to enter his territories. Balboa had already learned that the policy of "frightfulness" was the only one to be depended upon in dealing with the natives. He immediately ordered his arquebusiers to the front, and poured volleys upon the enemy and then let the bloodhounds loose. The flash of arms, the noise of thunder and the clouds of smoke filled the Indians with terror, and they fled in confusion.

Balboa commanded his men to refrain from unnecessary slaughter; he made many prisoners, and, on reaching the village, sent a party in search of the Cacique. They soon found him and made it clear to him that while the Spaniards possessed "supernatural powers" and could "exterminate their enemies with thunder and lightning," they were kind and beneficent to all who submitted to them and advised the Cacique to seek their friendship. The Cacique, finding that he had no choice, yielded reluctantly, and appeared before the Spaniards trembling with fear and bringing with him, as a peace offering, 500 pounds of wrought gold. He had already learned the effect such an offering would have upon his captors. Needless to say that Balboa received the Cacique with great kindness and "graciously" accepted his offering. In return he "generously" gave him beads, hawk balls and looking glasses, making him as happy with the presents he received as the Spaniards were with their gold.

Friendly relations being now established and there being nothing to fear of a hostile nature, Balboa sent out three scouting parties to explore the surrounding country and ascertain the best route to the sea. Alonzo Martin, after two days' journey, came to a beach, where he found two large canoes lying high and dry, but no water was to be seen. While the Spaniards stood lost in wonder that these canoes should be so far inland, the tide, which rises to a great height on that coast, came in very rapidly and

floated them. Seeing this, Alonzo Martin stepped into one of the canoes and called upon his companions to bear witness that he was the first European to embark upon that sea. Blas de Etienza followed his example, and also called upon his companions to testify that he was the second.¹

Balboa, being now rejoined by the men he had sent for from Quarequá, took with him twenty-six well-armed men, and on September 29, 1513, set out to explore the coast. He soon arrived on the shores of a large bay, to which he gave the name of San Miguel, having discovered it on the feast of St. Michael. The tide being out, Balboa seated himself under a tree to wait until it should rise. No sooner had the waters of the mighty ocean, with its great impetuosity peculiar to that region, reached the place where the Spaniards were reposing, when Balboa took the banner on which was painted the Holy Child and His Blessed Mother, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon, and drawing his sword and with his shield upon his shoulder he waded out into the sea. Waving his banner, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Vivan! the high and mighty sovereigns, Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, rulers of Castile and Leon and of Arragon, in whose name and for the royal crown of Castile I take real and corporal and actual possession of these seas, and lands and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed; and of the kingdoms and provinces which do, or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, or by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present or to come, without any contradiction. And if any other prince or captain, Christian or infidel, or of any law, sect or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these lands and seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, to whom belongs the empire and dominion over these Indias, islands and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the Arctic and Antarctic Poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind."

This not over modest declaration meeting with no contradiction, Balboa called upon his companions to bear witness of the fact of his having duly taken possession. All present declared themselves ready to defend his claims to the very last, as became true and loyal subjects of the Castilian sovereigns. A notary now drew up the necessary document for the occasion, to which all affixed their signatures.

¹ *Herrera, Hist. Ind., d. I., lx., cap. 2.*

Their next step was to advance to the margin of the sea, stoop down and taste the waters. Finding that, though separated by intervening mountains and continents, they were salt like the seas of the north, they were convinced that they had indeed discovered an ocean, and they again gave thanks to God, who had crowned their efforts with such signal success.

Not satisfied with this, Balboa, with his dagger, cut a cross on a tree which grew within the water limit, and cut two other crosses on adjacent trees in honor of the Blessed Trinity and in token of possession.²

Such was the singular mingling of chivalry and religious devotion with which the Spaniards took possession of the mighty Pacific Ocean and all its lands. It was a scene strongly characteristic of the nation and the age.

We have said that Balboa made his headquarters at the village of the Cacique Chiapes, and it would have been well for him had he listened to the advice of that Cacique in some things. During his stay, Balboa foraged the country and obtained quite a quantity of gold from the natives. He now determined to explore, by sea, the borders of a neighboring gulf of great extent. The Cacique warned him against the danger of venturing on the sea during the stormy season that prevails in those latitudes during the last three months of the year. He told him that he had seen many canoes swamped in the angry waves and whirlpools which at this time render navigation in the gulf almost impossible. But Balboa, elated by his recent successes, expressed his belief that God would protect him, inasmuch as his voyage was devoted to the propagation of the faith and the increase of the power of Christian monarchs over pagan peoples. Indeed, this beautiful reliance (sometimes carried so far as tempting Providence) on the protection of heaven seems to account for the remarkable daring of the Spaniards in those days, whether their expeditions were against the Moors or the natives of the New World.

In spite of all Chiapes could say, Balboa insisted on following out his own ideas. The Cacique volunteered to accompany him, and on October 17 (1513), Balboa, with sixty picked men in nine canoes manned by natives, the expedition set out. They had not gone very far when the wisdom of the Cacique's remonstrance was verified. A sudden storm came up, and the canoes were tossed about on the breaking crest of the waves. The Indians finally succeeded in fastening the canoes in pairs, side by side, so as to prevent them from being overturned, and thus managed to keep afloat until evening, when they reached a small island. Here

² Many of these details are from Oviedo's "Historia de las Indias."

they landed, and having secured their canoes, sought much-needed rest upon an elevated and dry spot. But their trials were not over yet. The rapid rising tide, so sudden and frequent in those latitudes, drove them from one rock to another, and it was not long before the water was up to their waists. The situation became desperate, but fortunately the wind lulled and the sea became calm; the tide had reached its height and began to subside. When the morning dawned they went in search of their canoes. Some were broken to pieces, others yawning open in many parts. The Spaniards looked about them in despair; their clothing and supplies had been washed away, and the canoes contained only sand and water. The Spaniards were weak and tired out; they were without food, and famine stared them in the face. Hard work awaited them even if they should escape with their lives. Balboa realized the situation; he rallied their spirits and set an example by his own cheerful exertions. His men now set to work repairing such of the canoes as were fit to repair, and finally embarked. After being tossed about upon the waves, in deeply laden canoes, and enduring the pangs of hunger and thirst, at nightfall they reached a corner of the gulf near the house of a Cacique named Túmaco. Balboa left part of his men here to guard the canoes, and with the others started for the Indian village. Here new troubles awaited him. The hostile inhabitants were on the alert to defend their homes, but the firearms and dogs of the invaders soon put them to flight. The village afforded provisions in abundance. In addition to this, the Spaniards obtained a considerable amount of gold and a great quantity of pearls, many of them of great value. They found in the house of the Cacique several huge shells of mother-of-pearl and four pearl oysters quite fresh, which indicated that there was pearl fishing in the vicinity. This fact inflamed the Spaniards with a desire to learn the source of this wealth. Balboa immediately sent several of Chiapas' Indians in search of the Cacique. They traced him to a wild retreat among the rocks. Túmaco was induced to send his son as a mediator to the Spaniards. He returned to his father loaded with presents and full of praise for the kindness of the extraordinary beings who had shown themselves so terrible in battle. By the mutual exchange of presents a friendly intercourse was established. The Cacique gave Balboa "jewels of gold weighing six hundred and fourteen crowns, and two hundred pearls of great size and beauty, excepting that they were slightly discolored in consequence of the oysters having been opened by fire."

The wily Cacique, when he saw the value the Spaniards set upon these pearls, and anxious to preserve their good will, sent

a number of his men to gather more of them. Some of the Indians were trained from their youth for this work and became very expert pearl divers, and they returned with quite an abundance, and a goodly number of the shellfish and their pearls were sent to Spain.

Balboa made further inquiries as to the country beyond where they were, and learned that the coast which stretched to the west continued onwards without limit. He, moreover, learned that far to the south there was a province abounding in gold, and that the inhabitants made use of four-footed animals to carry burdens. The Cacique went so far as to mould a clay figure to represent these animals. The Spaniards supposed this figure to represent a deer, or a camel, or even a tapir. As yet they had never heard of the llama, the South American beast of burden. This was the second hint that Balboa received of the "great empire of Peru."

We cannot follow Balboa and his companions in all their expeditions. Suffice it to say that having accomplished all he had set out to do, he returned to Santa Maria de la Antigua.

From what we have said in the foregoing narrative we can readily perceive that this last expedition was one of the most remarkable of those undertaken by the early discoverers. The courage of Balboa in forcing his way with a mere handful of men so far into the interior of a wild and mountainous country, inhabited by wild and hostile tribes; his skill in carrying his men, rough adventurers as they were, stimulating their courage, enforcing their obedience and still holding their regard and respect, prove him to have possessed all the qualities of a great leader. He shared the trials and dangers of the humblest of his followers; he treated all with the greatest consideration, "watching, fighting, fasting and laboring with them." He visited and consoled the sick and disabled and divided all the spoils with fairness and liberality. He has, it is true, been accused at times of acts of bloodshed and injustice, but it is also true that these acts were imperative as measures of safety and precaution. He certainly offended less against humanity than most of the early discoverers; less even than some of the warlike nations in this glorious and cultured twentieth century, and the unbounded friendship and confidence reposed in him by the poor natives, when they learned to know him intimately, attest most strongly in favor of his kind treatment of them when it was in his power to do so. His recent discovery seemed to have given him a certain nobility and grandeur of character. He no longer considered himself a soldier of fortune, but a great commander conducting an immortal enterprise. "Behold," says old Peter Martyr, "Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, at once

transformed from a rash royster to a politic and discreet captain." Does it not seem true that men are often made by their fortunes? Their latent qualities are brought out and shaped and strengthened by events, and by the necessity of every exertion to cope with the greatness of their destiny.

In a former article we spoke of charges sent to Spain intended to bring Balboa into disfavor with his sovereign. Balboa now flattered himself that his discovery was of such importance as to silence all his enemies at court and to raise him to the highest favors with the king. He wrote letters giving a detailed account of his discoveries, and in addition to the royal fifths of the profits of his expedition, he did not forget to send a "present" to his sovereign, in his own name and that of his companions. It consisted of the largest and most precious pearls they had secured. These were sent by a trusted and intelligent envoy, Don Pedro de Arbolancha, an old friend who had shared many of his toils and dangers, and who was well acquainted with all that had been done.

Unfortunately, the vessel which was to carry the messenger to Spain was delayed, and this delay proved fatal to the fortunes of Balboa.

We have told how the Bachiller Enciso had gone to Spain full of wrongs and indignities. He was not without friends at court to assist him in obtaining an early hearing, and he was not slow in availing himself of this fact. He was eloquent in his denunciation of Balboa; charged him with usurpation and described him as governing the colony by force and fraud. The Alcalde Zamudio, the old-time friend and envoy of Balboa, vainly endeavored to speak in his behalf, and the King decided to send a new Governor to Darien with authority to investigate and remedy all abuses. This new Governor was Don Pedro Arias Davila, commonly called Pedrarias (but by English historians he is generally known as Davila). He was a native of Segovia, was really brought up in the royal household and had distinguished himself in the wars in Granada and in Africa. He enjoyed the confidence of Bishop Fonseca, possessed qualities which captivated the soldiers, but was also revengeful, cruel and bloodthirsty, and proved eventually the implacable and merciless persecutor of Balboa.

Scarcely had Don Pedrarias been made Governor of Darien when Cayzedo and Colmenares arrived on their mission from Darien to announce the news received from the son of the Cacique Comagre, concerning the Southern sea beyond the mountains, and

to ask for the one thousand men Balboa desired to enable him to make the discovery.

King Ferdinand was easily aroused by this news. He saw visions of wealth pouring into his coffers, and at once resolved to send a powerful fleet with twelve hundred men under the command of Pedrarias to accomplish the enterprise. This force was afterwards increased to fifteen hundred, and Oviedo tells us that "through influence, entreaty and stratagem upwards of 2,000 eventually embarked." Artillery and ammunition were procured in Malaga, and muskets and cross-bows, swords, pikes, lances and Neapolitan shields were supplied in abundance. Santa Maria de la Antigua was elevated into the episcopal city of Castilla de Oro, and a Franciscan Friar, Padre Juan de Quevedo, was appointed Bishop, with faculties enabling him to decide all cases of conscience. A number of Fathers accompanied him, and all the necessary vestments and sacred vessels for a chapel were supplied.

A rather singular regulation was made barring all lawyers from the infant colony, as their influence at Hispaniola and elsewhere was deemed detrimental to the welfare of the settlement, as they were too fond of "fomenting disputes and litigations." The judicial affairs were to be limited to the *Licenciado* Don Gaspar de Espinosa, who was to act as *Alcalde Mayor*, or Chief Judge.

Don Pedrarias had orders to use great indulgence towards the people of Darien, but towards Balboa alone the royal favor seemed to be almost entirely withheld. Pedrarias was to depose him from his assumed authority, and to call him to strict account before Don Gaspar de Espinosa for his treatment of the Bachiller Enciso.

A splendidly equipped fleet of fifteen vessels weighed anchor at San Lucar on April 12, 1514, and swept proudly out of the Guadalquivir bound for the Castello de Oro, or Golden Castle. Had it delayed a few days longer how different had been the fortunes of the heroic Balboa. Hardly had this fleet reached the blue waters of the Atlantic when Pedro Arbolancho, Balboa's messenger, arrived in Spain. He was received at once by the King, who listened with astonishment and delight at the announcement of Balboa's great discovery and looked with unbounded pleasure at the pearls and golden ornaments laid at his feet. King Ferdinand's imagination was filled with anticipations of countless wealth. Peter Martyr, who had received letters from his friends in Darien, and additional information from Balboa's messengers, wrote to Pope Leo X. in exulting terms. "Spain," he said, "will hereafter be able to satisfy with pearls the greedy appetite of such as in wanton pleasures are like unto Cleopatra and *Œ*sopus, so that henceforth we shall neither envy nor reverence the nice fruit-

fulness of Trapoban or the Red Sea. The Spaniards will not need hereafter to mine and dig far into the earth, nor to cut asunder mountains in quest of gold, but will find it plentifully, in a manner, in the upper crust of the earth, or in the sands of rivers dried up by the heats of summer. Certainly the reverend antiquity obtained not so great a benefit of nature, nor even aspired to the knowledge thereof, since never man before from the known world penetrated to these unknown regions.”⁸

Needless to say that all Spain was wild in its laudations of Balboa. He was no longer a lawless, desperate adventurer, but a worthy successor of Columbus. The King regretted his harshness and ordered Bishop Fonseca to take steps towards rewarding Balboa’s “transcendent services.”

In the meantime Balboa was exerting all his energies towards bringing the neighborhood of Darien into such a state of cultivation as to make it independent of Europe for supplies. The town itself now could boast of a population of 513 Europeans, all men, and 1,500 Indians, men and women. Orchards and gardens had been laid out, vegetables were cultivated, and everything gave promise for the future. European holidays were celebrated, and everything was done to strengthen his friendly relations with the natives, so much so, indeed, that his men might go singly about the country with perfect safety. His own followers had grown devoted to him, both from admiration of his exploits and from the hope of being led by him into new fields of adventure. Peter Martyr (December 3) in his letter to Pope Leo X. speaks in the highest terms of these “old soldiers of Darien,” the remnants of those well-tried adventurers who had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Nicuesa and Balboa. “They were hardened,” he says, “to bear all sorrows, and were exceedingly tolerant of labor, heat, hunger and watching, inasmuch as they merrily make their boast that they have observed a longer and harder Lent than ever your Holiness enjoined, since for a period of four years their food has been herbs and fruits, with now and then fish, and very rarely meat.”

Such was the condition of the colony when, in the month of June, Don Pedrarias Davila and his fleet arrived in the Gulf of Uraba.

The followers of the new Governor longed to set foot on shore, that they might see this land of wealth and wonders. The wily Pedrarias, knowing the resolute character of Balboa and the devotion of his men, was not without misgivings as to the manner of his reception. He dropped anchor about a league and a half

⁸ Peter Martyr, Dec. III., chap. 3.

from the settlement and sent a messenger to announce his arrival. This messenger, having heard so much about the adventures of Balboa and the wealth of the Golden Castile, expected to find a "blustering warrior," living in barbaric splendor in the government he "had usurped." He was not a little surprised to find this famous hero "a plain, unassuming man, clad in a cotton frock and drawers, and hempen sandals, directing and assisting the labor of several Indians who were thatching a cottage in which he resided."

The messenger approached him respectfully and announced the arrival of Don Pedrarias as the new Governor of the country.

Whatever may have been the effect of this announcement upon Balboa, he controlled his emotion and answered the messenger with calm discretion: "Tell Don Pedrarias that he is welcome, that I congratulate him on his safe arrival, and am ready, with all who are here, to obey his orders."

A feeling of indignation broke out among the men when they learned that a new Governor was to take the place of their beloved chieftain. The more hot-headed among them were ready to go out, sword in hand, to drive out the intruder, but Balboa's words restrained them. He prepared to receive the new Governor in a becoming manner.

Pedrarias landed on June 30, 1514, and made a formal entry into the embryo city, accompanied by his wife, the Bishop of Darien and a train of youthful cavaliers in glittering armor and brocade. All this pomp and splendor formed a striking contrast with the humble state of Balboa, who came forth to receive his successor unarmed and in the most simple attire. His retinue consisted of his councillors and a handful of the "old soldiers of Darien," in garments much worn by long and rough usage and carrying no weapons.

Balboa extended the hospitality of the place, such as it was, consisting of roots and fruits, maize and casara bread. The only beverage was water from the river. We can imagine what a sorry banquet this must have appeared in the eyes of cavaliers who had come to the Golden Castile. It was not long, however, before an abundant supply of provisions were landed from the ships, and temporary abundance was distributed through the colony.

A few days after his arrival at Darien Pedrarias had a private conference with Balboa in the presence of Oviedo, the historian and public notary of the colony. The Governor assured him that he had been directed by the King to treat him with "great favor and distinction," to consult him about the affairs of the colony,

and to obtain from him all information relating to the country, expressing at the same time the most friendly feelings on his own part and a desire to be guided by his counsels in all public affairs.

Balboa, who was of a frank and confiding nature, was overwhelmed and surprised at this unexpected courtesy, dropped all caution and reserve and made known all his plans and aims. Pedrarias took advantage of this confidence, and obtained from his victim a statement in writing, detailing the condition of the colony, all information available concerning different parts of the country; the routes by which he had crossed the mountains; his discovery of the great ocean, the situation and reputed wealth of the Pearl Islands; the rivers and ravines that produced the largest quantity of gold, together with the names and territories of the various caciques with whom he had made treaties.

Having obtained all the information he desired, the unscrupulous Pedrarias dropped the mask and proceeded to a judicial inquiry into the conduct of Balboa and his officers. The chief judge at this inquiry was the Licentiate Don Gaspar de Espinosa, an inexperienced lawyer, who had recently left the University of Salamanca. He lacked firmness and was inclined to favor those around him, and for a time was inclined to be guided by the wisdom of Dr. Quevedo, Bishop of Darien. Balboa had not been unmindful of this prelate's influence in the colony, and he had secured his good will by his profound deference and respect. Under the Bishop's influence, the Alcalde began his investigation in the most favorable manner, going largely into an examination of the discoveries made by Balboa and of the nature and extent of his services. Pedrarias was not at all pleased at the turn the inquiry was taking, as if continued on these lines it would result in the very opposite to what he desired. To counteract this result he set on foot a secret and invidious course of questioning of the followers of Nicuesa and Ojeda, to elicit testimony to support the charge against Balboa of usurpation and a tyrannical use of power. When the Bishop and the Alcalde heard of this inquiry, carried on secretly and without their consent, they entered a strong protest, as they regarded it as an infringement upon their rights, they being recognized as coadjutors in the government. They spurned the testimony of the followers of Ojeda and Nicuesa as dictated and discolored by former enmity. Balboa was therefore acquitted by them of all charges made against him.

Pedrarias was highly displeased at Balboa's acquittal, and insisted upon his guilt, and went so far as to threaten to send him to Spain to be tried for the death of Nicuesa, and for other offenses which he had trumped up against him.

Bishop Quevedo, however, was decidedly opposed to Balboa's leaving the colony. He represented to Pedrarias that Balboa's arrival in Spain would take the form of a triumph rather than a disgrace, as by that time the fame of his discoveries would far atone for his faults, and he would probably be sent back to the colony invested with new dignities and powers.

Pedrarias now found himself not a little perplexed as he realized the force of the Bishop's suggestions. Even his wife was strong in her sympathy for the man he would wrong. The unscrupulous Pedrarias now changed his tactics, and adopted a more moderate if less honest course. He allowed Balboa to remain at Darien, though under a cloud which he hoped would soon impair his popularity.

Pedrarias now turned to an examination of Balboa's report on his explorations, and was anxious to establish a line of posts across the mountains between Darien and the South Seas, and he was desirous of doing this before any order should arrive from the King in favor of Balboa. Before these plans could be completed, unexpected misfortunes came upon the colony which made it necessary for every one to think only of his own safety.

The marshy condition of the surrounding country and the intense tropical heat began to affect the health of the Spaniards, and many of the recent arrivals were carried off by disease. Pedrarias fell sick and had to be removed to a more healthy place in the interior. Provisions which his ships had brought from Spain were found to have been greatly damaged by the sea, and what was usable was so scanty that the men had to be put on short allowance, and this only added to the debility of the men and increased the ravages of disease. With the increase of the famine came desperation, and in the short space of a month seven hundred of the young men who had embarked with Pedrarias perished, and their bodies remained for days unburied because their friends were too weak to bury them. Unable to give relief, Pedrarias permitted his men to shift for themselves. A shipload of starving men went to Cuba and enlisted under the banner of Diego Velasquez, who was colonizing that island; others made their way back to Spain.

Pedrarias, having recovered, decided on sending expeditions in different directions to forage the country and secure treasure. He ignored Balboa entirely and entrusted these expeditions to favorites who were inexperienced and who proved unsuccessful. But a brighter day was dawning for Balboa. Dispatches arrived from Spain which were written after news of the discovery of the South-

Sea had been received. In a letter to Balboa the King expressed great admiration for his merits and services and appointed him Adelantado of the South Sea and Governor of the provinces of Panama and Coyba, though subordinate to the general command of Pedrarias. A letter to Pedrarias informed him of this appointment and ordered him to consult Balboa on all public affairs of importance. As all letters from Spain were first delivered to Pedrarias, he held back the one addressed to Balboa until he could decide upon what course he would adopt. But Balboa discovered the fact, as did also his friend, the Bishop of Darien, and the latter was not slow in denouncing the interruption of the royal correspondence, even from the altar, as an "outrage upon the rights of the subject and an act of disobedience to the sovereign."

Pedrarias at once called the council of his public officers and asked their opinion as to the propriety of recognizing the dignity granted to Balboa. It was decided to postpone all recognition of Balboa's new office until the King should be informed of the charges against him. This aroused the indignation of the Bishop, who charged the council with presumption and disloyalty to their sovereign. Pedrarias was alarmed at the Bishop's honest wrath, and pretended to yield, and it was finally agreed that the titles and dignities should be immediately conferred on Balboa. Oviedo, the historian, was present at this gathering, and he tells us that he "wrote down the opinions given on this occasion, which the parties signed with their own hands."

It will be readily understood that under existing conditions harmony was not to be expected, but just at this critical juncture Antonio de Garabito, Balboa's agent, arrived on the coast in a vessel loaded with arms and ammunition and seventy resolute men. He anchored some eighteen miles away, and secretly notified Balboa of his arrival. In the meantime Pedrarias learned that a "mysterious vessel" full of armed men was in secret communication with his rival. Filled with jealous fears as to its mission, he ordered Balboa to be arrested and confined in a wooden cage, but on the Bishop's vigorous protest Pedrarias relented, and consented to examine the matter with calmness and deliberation. It was soon evident that the expedition had been set on foot with no treasonable intent.

The Bishop of Darien, Monseñor Quevedo, encouraged by the success of his intercession, tried to induce Pedrarias to permit the departure of Balboa on his expedition to the South Sea, but his jealousy was too great to permit this. While aware of the importance of the expedition, he feared to increase the popularity of Balboa, and placed the expedition under the command of Gaspar

Morales, a relative of his own, who was to be accompanied by Francisco Pizarro, of Peruvian fame. They visited the Pearl Islands, securing some very valuable pearls, some weighing as much as three drams, and not a small quantity of gold. Their conflicts with the natives were attended with disaster, and disgraced by unnecessary massacres. The Spaniards, after a series of incredible hardships and sufferings, returned to Darien in a battered condition.

Pedrarias was now perplexed by complicated evils and envious of the sustained popularity of Balboa. He dreaded representations of the state of the colony under his administration, which he knew had been sent to Spain. Bishop Quevedo took advantage of this condition of the Governor's mind, and sought to bring about a reconciliation between the two rivals. He made it clear to him that his treatment of Balboa was shameful in the eyes of the people, and was sure, in time, to draw upon him the disfavor of the King. Then he added: "Why persist in driving a man to become your mortal enemy whom you make your firmest friend? You have several daughters—give him one in marriage; you will then have for a son-in-law a man of merit and popularity, who is a hidalgo by birth and a favorite of the King. You are advanced in life and infirm. He is in the prime of life and active and vigorous. You can make him your lieutenant, and while you rest from your labors he can carry on the affairs of the colony. All his achievements will redound to the advancement of your family and the splendor of your administration."

Pedrarias and his wife were impressed favorably with the proposition, and a contract of marriage was drawn up between Balboa and the Governor's eldest daughter. The young lady was in Spain, and the marriage never took place. Bishop Quevedo, imagining that he had performed his duty as peacemaker, departed shortly afterwards for Spain, and Balboa lost his best friend.

Balboa was now, once more, on the road to prosperity (as he imagined). His implacable enemy had, to all appearances, become his best friend. An expedition was immediately organized to explore the Southern Ocean. On reaching Alcala, two hundred men were placed under the command of Balboa. Four brigantines were built and transported across lofty ridges of mountains by the aid of Indians, many of whom sank by the way. Much time and trouble and many lives were sacrificed in this arduous undertaking. Famine was soon added to the hardships of this journey. Finally Balboa had the satisfaction of seeing two of his brigantines floating on the River Balsas. The first cruise was to the Pearl Islands. Having passed about twenty leagues beyond the Gulf of San

Miguel, and steered for the mainland, he went ashore with his men in the province of the Cacique Chuchamá. The natives, who had suffered from previous visits of the Spaniards, sallied forth to defend their homes. They were routed with great loss, and Balboa reembarked and returned to Isla Rica.

In the meantime the enemies of Balboa were at work, and it was not long before Pedrarias was filled with jealousy, and all his former suspicions were revived. Andres de Garabito, whom Balboa had regarded as a trusted friend, proved a traitor and inflamed the mind of Pedrarias against Balboa. Hernando de Arguello, who had invested the most of his fortune in Balboa's expedition, immediately wrote to him, informing him of the treachery of Garabito and of Pedrarias' state of mind and urged him to put to sea without delay. He would be sure of the protection of the Jeronimite Fathers at San Domingo, who were at that time all powerful in the New World, and who regarded his expedition as calculated to promote the glory of God as well as the dominion of the King. Unfortunately this letter fell into the hands of Pedrarias, and he became convinced of the existence of a plot against him. Arguello was immediately arrested and plans were made for the capture of Balboa. Concealing his suspicions and intentions, Pedrarias wrote a friendly letter to Balboa requesting him to go at once to Acla, as he desired to confer with him about the impending expedition. In the meantime Pizarro was ordered to muster all the men available, and seek and arrest Balboa wherever he might be found.

While awaiting the return of Garabito, Balboa was, on a calm and beautiful evening on the shore of Isla Rica, gazing at the starry heavens, when he recalled to mind a prophecy made by a Venetian astrologer. Turning to his companions he remarked with a smile, "Behold the wisdom of those who believe in soothsayers and, above all, in such an astrologer as Micor Codro! According to his prophecy I should now be in imminent peril of my life; yet, here I am, within reach of my wishes; sound in health, with four brigantines and three hundred men at my command, and on the point of exploring this great Southern Ocean."

The next morning he received the hypocritical letter of Pedrarias, summoning him to a conference at Acla. Balboa was far from suspecting the treachery practiced upon him, and leaving his ships in command of Francisco Campanon, started for Acla to meet Pedrarias, unattended. The messengers who had brought the letter to Balboa were, for a time, reticent as to what had taken place at Darien, but gradually their regard for their old commander got the better of them, and they made known to him the true state of affairs. Balboa, though astonished at what he heard,

unconscious of any wrongdoing on his part, could not believe that such a change could have, so suddenly, come over the Governor, and continued his journey, soon to be undeceived by meeting Pizarro and his band, who immediately proceeded to arrest him. "How is this, Francisco," he asked, "is this the way you have been accustomed to receive me?" The disappointed man offered no further resistance and was conducted in chains to Acla, where he was thrown into prison, and the command of his ships was given to Bartolome Hurtado.

The hypocrisy of Pedrarias went so far as to lead him to visit Balboa in his prison and to pretend deep regret at the turn events had taken and to throw the blame upon the treasurer, Don Alonzo de la Puente, whose accusations left him no alternative, and made it incumbent upon him to order an investigation, but his deception went still further. "Be not troubled, my son," said the base deceiver, "an investigation will, no doubt, not only establish your innocence, but make your zeal and loyalty to your sovereign all the more evident." While uttering these soothing words to his victim, Pedrarias was urging Espinosa, the Alcalde Mayor, to proceed against him with the utmost vigor of the law.

The charges against Balboa may be summed up as follows: treasonable conspiracy to cast off all allegiance to his sovereign and to assume independent dominion over the borders of the Southern Sea. The chief witness was an eavesdropping sentinel, who on a certain night was driven by the rain to "seek shelter under the eaves of Balboa's house, where he overheard a conversation between the commander and certain of his officers, wherein they agreed to put to sea with the squadron on their own account, and to set the Governor at defiance."

Las Casas tells us that this evidence was the result of a "misconstruction on the part of the witness, who only heard a part of the conversation concerning their intention of sailing without waiting for orders in case a new Governor should arrive to replace Pedrarias."

Pedrarias followed the course of the trial from hour to hour, and when he found, as he supposed, the time had come for his action, threw off the mask of hypocrisy and boldly upbraided his prisoner. "Hitherto," said he, "I have treated you as a son, because I thought you loyal to your King and to me as his representative; but, since I find that you have meditated rebellion against the crown of Castile, I cast you off from my affection, and shall henceforth treat you as an enemy."

We can readily imagine the indignation with which Balboa repelled the charge, and pointed to his conduct as a proof of his

innocence. "Had I been conscious of guilt," he said, "what could have induced me to come here and put myself in your power? Had I contemplated rebellion what would have prevented me from carrying it out? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command and an open sea before me. I had only to set sail and press forward. There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond your reach. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly at your request, and my reward is slander, indignity and chains."

Far from producing any effect on the prejudiced mind of Pedrarias, the noble words of Balboa only exasperated him more than ever against his victim, and he ordered his chains to be doubled. The trial proceeded with renewed vigor, old charges were trumped up; but, in spite of all this, the trial was attended with many delays. The Alcalde seemed conscious of the injustice of the whole matter, but finally gave a verdict against Balboa, at the same time recommending him to mercy on account of his great services; he even went so far as to suggest that he might be permitted to appeal. To this Pedrarias vehemently objected. "If he has merited death," said he, "let him suffer death"; and immediately ordered him to be beheaded, along with several of his officers, who were accused of being implicated in the alleged conspiracy. The traitor, Garabito, was rewarded for his perfidy with a pardon and his liberty.

The effect of the shameful action of Pedrarias upon the colony was most depressing, and a feeling of the deepest sorrow prevailed on the day when Balboa and his companions were led out to execution. Although the great majority of the people regarded Balboa as the victim of a jealous tyrant, yet so great was the dread inspired by the vigorous measures of Pedrarias that no one dared to raise his voice in protest.

The public crier walked before Balboa in the sad procession to the block proclaiming: "This is the punishment inflicted by command of the King and his lieutenant, Don Pedrarias Davila, on this man, as a traitor and an usurper of the territories of the crown."

On hearing these words, Balboa turned indignantly and replied: "It is false! Never did such a crime enter my mind. I have served my King with truth and loyalty, and did all in my power to increase his dominions." Although fully believed by all who heard them, this declaration was of no avail.

The execution took place in the public square, and the historian, Oviedo, who was in the colony at the time, tells us that the vile

and treacherous Pedrarias witnessed the execution from a place of concealment, hardly "twelve paces from the block."

Balboa was the first of the victims to suffer death. Having received the last Sacraments, he mounted the scaffold with a firm step and calmly laid his head upon the block. It was severed from the body in an instant. Three of his officers, Valderabano, Botello and Hernan Muños, were led, one after the other, to the block, and the shades of night were gradually drawing their mantle over the bloody scene. One victim still remained; it was Hernando de Arguello, who had written the intercepted letter. The populace were sick of the bloody scenes which had disgraced the day, and though they refrained from asking mercy for Balboa, knowing how useless their appeal would have been, now implored the Governor to spare the life of a man who was in no way implicated in the alleged conspiracy. The light of day was fading away, they urged, and it seemed to them that God, out of compassion, had hastened the darkness to prevent another execution.

The stony heart of Pedrarias was not to be touched. "I would sooner die myself than spare one of them." Poor Arguello was led to the block as the twilight giving way to the gathering gloom of night partially concealed the bloody work on the scaffold. When the stroke of the executioner told that the cruel work was done, the people went slowly to their homes with heavy hearts, and the day of horrors was followed by a long night of lamentations.

But the savage vengeance of Pedrarias was not content with the murder of his victim. Nor was he content with confiscating his property; he dishonored his remains by causing his head to be placed upon a pole where, Oviedo tells us, it "was exposed for some days."

Thus ended the life of a generous and fearless explorer, in the forty-second year of his age, in the full vigor of his days and in the full blaze of his glory, and almost, we may say, at the foot of the mountain from the summit of which his eyes rested on the great Southern Sea.

His fate may be said to remind us how vain are our fondest hopes, our brightest triumphs. We have seen the heroic and honest Balboa betrayed into the hands of his most cruel and invidious enemy, and the very enterprise that was to have crowned him with glory wrested from him by a crime. His fate reminds us of that of his renowned and eagerly maligned predecessor, Columbus, and makes us believe that it is sometimes dangerous to deserve too much.

MARC F. VALLETTE.

SOME DOMINICAN MYSTICS.

THERE was a group of Dominican Mystics in the fourteenth century whose headquarters appear to have been in Strasburg. They were members of that society called the Friends of God, the most notable of whom were Meister Eckhart, B. Henry Suso, Dr. John Tauler and the great Flemish mystic, Jan van Ruysbrock, who was a Friend of God, although not a Dominican.

It is with some of the lesser known of this group that we propose to deal here, and first with Father Nicolas, of Strasburg, which town was his birthplace. Very few details of his life have come down to us, and these are mostly gathered from his writings and from the headings to his sermons or from incidental mention of him in the lives of the above named mystics. He was vicar general of his province, in which at that time there were no less than fifty odd Dominican monasteries, and in Strasburg alone there were then seven convents of Dominican nuns, and it was to some of these nuns that the few sermons that have been preserved from Father Nicolas' pen were originally preached. They were written in the Low German of the period, which Herr Pfeiffer,¹ who first unearthed and published them, has for philological reasons preserved, unfortunately for English people, but he has had the grace to provide a glossary and notes of explanation, which simplify the matter to some extent, but it is very tedious work deciphering them, although the piety and originality of the author well repay the labor.

The following details concerning Father Nicolas were gathered from Herr Pfeiffer's Preface unless otherwise stated. The oldest literary historians are silent about him, and his name is not once found in Quètif Echard's "Dictionary of Writers of the Order of Preachers." He was a Lector at Cologne, and some of his sermons were preached to the Dominican nuns at the Convent of St. Agnes, Freiberg, and others to those at Adelhaus, a town near Freiberg.

In his excellent work on John Tauler, Carl Schmidt has interesting notices of Father Nicolas. He tells us that in 1326 Pope John XXII. gave him the office of Nuncio and the oversight of the Dominican monasteries in the German provinces. As a proof of his competence to undertake this office, Nicolas dedicated to the Pope a Latin work on "The Coming of Anti-Christ and the Second Advent of Our Lord," wherein he endeavored to show with as much reason as learning that the many prophets afloat in those days were

¹ Deutsche Mystiker des Vierzehnten Jahrhunderts von Franz Pfeiffer. 1845.

very little to be trusted, since from Holy Scripture one could not decide accurately concerning the time and hour of the end of the world, and that to know this was neither necessary nor useful.

This work on the Advent of Christ is still unprinted and likely self a nuncio and minister of the provincial in the German provinces to remain so under existing circumstances. In it Nicolas calls him of the order, and "one less worthy than the Brothers and Sisters of our order accredited to me."

The book consists of three parts. In the first part he brings forth the heathen authorities from Latin authors who rejected the Old as well as the New Testament. In the second part he goes through the principal Jewish writers and refutes their anti-Christian teaching; in the third part, which concerns anti-Christ and the end of the world, are contained extracts from the prophecies of St. Hildegard, Joachim and others. In this work Nicolas shows an extraordinarily wide reading among the Jewish authors of the Middle Ages as well as in the classics. It was written about 1326, as that year is spoken of as the present year. Herr Pfeiffer considers that his sermons are the work of a pure, Christlike, pious mind, but that we seek in vain for any new or deep ideas. We do not ourselves agree with this criticism; on the contrary, we think that Father Nicolas is occasionally very original, and must certainly have had the gift of arresting the attention of his hearers by introducing, as he often does, anecdotes and amusing illustrations.

Herr Pfeiffer thinks his mysticism shows itself in his efforts to allegorize, but that he does so more in the manner of the preachers of the twelfth century than in that of his friend and contemporary, Meister Eckhart. We agree that he is nothing like so bold in speculation as Eckhart, and he is certainly more comprehensible to the ordinary reader and more familiar, more popular than the other mystics of this group.

His language, although it is characterized by great simplicity, is not without charm, and he knows how to introduce, every here and there, examples to enliven his discourse. He has a claim on our notice because he belongs to the older school of mystics, and the little that has been preserved of his books, which is thirteen sermons and the work already mentioned, do not take up much space. The sermons appeared for the first time in print in Herr Pfeiffer's edition of 1845, in the old German dialect, which, as far as we know, has never been translated into English.

A favorite rhetorical device of Father Nicolas was to stop and ask questions of his audience, to arrest their attention, and then to proceed to answer them himself.

In the first sermon, which was preached to the Dominican nuns at St. Agnes' Convent, Freiberg, and was on "The Union of the Divine and Human Nature in Our Lord," he does this in a rather remarkable manner. After saying that Our Lord had three schools and that we were all His scholars and that we were in the infant school, where He teaches and advises us with the counsel of the Holy Ghost, he stops and asks: "Now tell me, where does He take us to Him? Where is He? We do not see Him." He then answers himself: "He is here, there and everywhere, in all places after His Godhead—in the fields, in the streets, and wherever He is, there He is always after His Own form. But if I stand here and my spirit is before that altar, I am not still then here after my own form. And if I were the prior of this monastery, my power would be in the dormitory and in the refectory and in the chapter-house and as far as the enclosure went, but after my own form I am still here. But it is not so with God; where He is, there He is after His Own form always, with power and wisdom and with all His strength."

In the second sermon, which is on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, he stopped suddenly and asked one of his pertinent questions. "How is it that Lazarus had a finger and a tongue when a spirit has neither flesh nor bone? That will I tell you. There is a spiritual power in man which gives their works to all the bodily powers. It gives the eyes the power of seeing, the ears the power of hearing, the mouth the power of speaking and it gives to all the senses their work."

In this same sermon he tells one of his stories to illustrate the point, and unconsciously to give a clue to where it was preached, for this is not certainly known, but as the manuscript was preserved in a house of the canons of St. Augustine and this story is taken from a letter of St. Augustine, it seems rather probable that the sermon was preached to Augustinians.

The story tells us that there was once a very charitable man, who was so full of pity for the sufferings of others that he scarcely ever allowed any poor person to go away from his door unconsoled. In the course of time this man began to have doubts as to whether there was any life after this life. He yielded to the temptation and put aside his charity and said to himself: "I will pamper myself and give myself good things, since there is no life after this one;" and he gave no more alms for Christ's sake. But Our Lord, Who always has mercy upon the merciful, pitied him and sent an angel to him in his sleep, who took him away and showed him many beautiful things and a very beautiful city, which was made of pure

gold, and the pillars and all that was in it. And when he woke up, he thought it was a dream and did not believe it and said what a beautiful dream he had had. But Our Lord would not leave him thus and sent another messenger to him, who also led him away and showed him this beautiful city as before and said to him, "Do you know who I am?" "Yes," said the man; "it was you who led me away to the beautiful city the other night." The angel then questioned him as to whether he could hear and see him and where he was going and where his body was. And the man answered that he could see and hear the angel and that he was going with him and that his body was lying in his bed, and that his eyes and ears and lips were closed and his feet resting. The angel then explained to him that Our Lord had had mercy upon him, because he himself had been merciful to the poor, and that He had sent this angel to him to prove to him that he had spiritual senses as well as bodily senses, and that while the latter were asleep, his spirit was awake and able to see and hear, speak and walk spiritually. The man then begged to go and remain in this beautiful city, but the angel said, "No, it is Paradise, and no one is there but Enoch and Elias. Go and exercise yourself again in works of charity, as you did before, and in thirty days you shall come to the city of eternal joy."

The third sermon is very short and appears to be only notes, which do not call for any further notice.

In the fourth sermon he speaks of our eternal reward, which he says will be in the body and in the five senses and will last eternally and lead to the company of the angels and the saints and to the humanity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, where we shall have so much pleasure and immeasurable joy that nothing is like it here.

This reward will be the vision which leads also to touch and speech, "that I may touch the saints and seize St. Nicolas if I like and say, 'Ah, God be praised that we are here and not with the damned.' It leads also to taste and hearing that we may hear a sweet, joyful song, there with all the saints praising God in the kingdom of heaven."

In the middle of this sermon he asks his hearers if the saints in heaven hear our prayers, and if they pray for us and if they know us, and he answers, "Yes, the soul of the youngest child that is just born and has been baptized and dies immediately after is so wise that it knows all creatures, grasses, plants, the sand of the sea and the smallest stars that are in the heavens and is as wise as the soul of a thirty-year-old man." This is in accordance with the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas, that men will rise in the full strength of their powers, both bodily and mental, which is reached at the age

of thirty years, because Our Lord when "He began to be about thirty years of age" began His public life and ministry.

In the fifth sermon, preached to the Dominican nuns of St. Agnes' Convent, in Freiberg, on the Saturday in the third week of Lent, the subject of which is the parable of the prodigal son, he explains at some length, but in a colloquial way, what mortal sin is and how it is to be distinguished from strong temptation, to which the will does not fully consent. In the course of this sermon he speaks of the great love of our Blessed Lord for our souls, and says that the least good thought to which the will consents, the least Ave Maria that we may say, will meet with a good reward.

The sixth sermon, which was preached to the same nuns on the following Saturday, is on the "Widow and the Prophet Eliseus" and the cruse of oil, which story he interprets mystically, but at too great length to quote here. Incidentally we gather his opinion of woman's place in creation, for in answer to the question which he puts to his audience, "Who is this woman whose husband is dead?" He replies that the husband is the higher power of the soul, and the widow is the lower power, and the true Eliseus is Our Lord, to whom, after falling into mortal sin, the higher power or the husband being dead, the lower power or the widow calls for mercy. This is the gist of the whole of this discourse.

The seventh sermon is on how man should come to God, and was preached to these same nuns in Passion Week. He begins by saying that we come to God in three ways. Those in the first way run towards the goal; they are the people who are improving and are called "improvers." Those in the second way are those who are near the goal; these are the perfect people. Those in the third way are those who possess the goal; that is, those who have reached eternal life. But those who are in Purgatory also still run towards the goal. Christ only ran towards the goal and possessed it at the same time. He possessed the Beatific Vision from His Mother's womb. Later on in this sermon Father Nicolas dwells on how from the first moment of His Conception Our Lord knew all that He would have to suffer for us. Those familiar with the writings of the Flemish mystic, Jan van Ruysbrock, will trace his influence in this classification of improvers, proficients and attainers.

The eighth sermon is described as a "kind of meditation preached by Father Nicolas to the nuns at Adelhaus on the Thursday before Palm Sunday." The subject of it was Simon the Pharisee and St. Mary Magdalen. Here he touches on the sacrament of penance and says: "The guilt of sin is taken away with the penance that is given; this makes the sacrament whole, namely, that you should

go with a humble, obedient will to your confessor and tell him all that you have done that you can remember, and then you shall willingly and obediently fulfill whatever he gives you as penance, even if he gives you great things to do. If you go in such an obedient will as this and he gives you only a Paternoster, it would be sufficient for a hundred mortal sins, for the confessor is a channel through which the sacrament flows on us, forgiving guilt."

The ninth sermon is entitled "How God Will Glorify Us," and was preached to the same nuns on the text, "This is My beloved Son. I have both glorified Him and will glorify Him again." In the course of this sermon the preacher in a very original way explains the first verse of the "Magnificat" thus, asking first one of his questions: "Could Our Lady's soul magnify God?" To this he answers: "No; it is to be understood in this way. We see that if the sun shines only a little, it is still a more powerful light than any other upon earth. Now suppose a rope were hanging in the sun and I were to climb up it higher and higher. And the nearer I came to the sun, the greater would be its power in my eyes. Is that the sun's fault? No, it is my fault that I have gone so close to it. And so it was with Our Lady when she said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' He cannot be made greater in Himself, but He can in her understanding, for in that He was better understood and more perfectly known than He ever was before in any of His creatures, and no creature ever came so near to God with its understanding as Our Lady. So she might well say, "My soul does magnify the Lord."

The tenth sermon is on the Passion of Our Blessed Lord, and was apparently preached in Holy Week, because he says in it: "To-day we read of the Passion of Our Lord, and I will speak to you of what increased His sufferings, which was that He was the noblest and the most delicate child that ever was born; therefore, His sufferings hurt more than any other man's, because the more delicate a man is, the more all pain hurts him."

This sermon is a very long one, but enlivened by the following story, which he tells to illustrate how we can best climb onto the cross of Christ. "A cat and a fox were once going across a field, and the fox said to the cat: 'Well, cat, and what can you do?' And the cat said, 'I can climb trees.' 'Ah,' said the fox, 'what a thing that is to call an art.' 'Well, Mr. Fox,' said the cat, 'and what can you do?' The fox replied: 'Truly I am very cunning. I have here a sack full of arts. If I untie that, no one can compare with me in cleverness.'"

As they were talking there came a fox hound wanting to kill the

fox. The cat immediately ran up the tree and said to the fox: "Now, Mr. Fox, untie your sack, untie your sack; it is time." "Oh, dear cat," said the fox, "I didn't value your art, but now I would rather have it than all the wisdom that I ever learnt."

This fable is founded, according to Herr Pfeiffer, upon an old poem by Stricker. The preacher having told the story, then explained to the congregation that the cat typified simple people, who trust only in the cross of Christ, and the fox stands for clever people, who trust only in their own learning.

The eleventh sermon was preached to the nuns at Freiberg and is on the Blessed Sacrament. Father Nicolas opened his discourse by asking why Our Lord gave Himself to us under the appearance of bread—why not under the appearance of an apple, or of something else, that we might see the change? He answers by saying that He did it to strengthen our faith. He goes on to say that He is as truly in the chalice as in the Host, and in both He is the same, true God and Man, as when He hung upon the cross.

He dwells much upon the fact that if a Host is broken, Our Lord's Body is perfect in each part, and yet if a communicant received two broken pieces, he would still only receive one Host. He illustrates this by saying that if a mirror were broken into twelve pieces, a man could see himself whole in each piece, but if the mirror were joined together again, there would be only one mirror and one reflection.

The twelfth sermon is on the creation of heaven and earth and all creatures, and was preached on Holy Saturday. In it he asks: "Did God make heaven and earth in six days or did He do it in a moment?" He answers: "Yes, He certainly did it in a moment; yes, in one moment only. He did not need any time to do it in. But nevertheless we must always believe that He did it in six days. Either the time of the days was a moment, so that He made one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, or they were spiritual days, but we are not bound to believe either of these; but that they were six days, that we must believe. An angel might understand that these were six spiritual days, but an angel does not understand one thing with one thought as we do."

He then proceeds to illustrate this by a comparison which he interprets in a very mystical manner. "Suppose there were a large mirror hanging on a wall in this place, and I were to go into the town and bring back several horses and stood them before this mirror, and if I could then make the horses immaterial, so that their images remained in the mirror, and if I then went out and brought in all kinds of creatures that God ever made and placed them also before the mirror, so that their reflections remained in

it. If, then, the mirror could look into itself, so would it see in itself whatever kind of creatures it would. So does the angel when he looks into himself, so does he see in himself whatsoever kind of creatures he will. Now take the six days spiritually in the angel. Now if the angel looks into himself, he sees only one creature after the other. That is the evening light. But if he sees the Godhead in the mirror, he also sees comprehensive pictures of all creatures in one picture; that is the morning light. Now the morning and the evening light is one whole day. So may the six days happen spiritually in an angel; when he looks into himself, that is the evening light; when he looks into the mirror of the Godhead, that is the morning light."

It is interesting in showing how Father Nicolas was influenced by St. Thomas Aquinas to quote in this connection the passage from his treatise in the "Summa Theologica" on the angels, where he explains this morning and evening knowledge thus:

"The expression morning and evening knowledge was devised by St. Augustine, who interprets the six days wherein God made heaven and earth not as six ordinary days measured by the solar circuit, since the sun was only made on the fourth day, but as one day, namely, the day of angelic knowledge as directed to six classes of things. As in the ordinary day morning is the beginning and evening the close of the day, so their knowledge of the primordial existence of things is called morning knowledge, and this is according as things exist in the Word. But their knowledge of the very existence of the thing created, as it stands in its own nature is called evening knowledge, because the existence of things flows from the Word as from a kind of primordial principle, and this flow is terminated in the existence which they have in themselves."²

The last sermon is on the two disciples from Emmaus, preached in Easter week. The heading of this sermon says that it is on "the resurrection of the two disciples from Emmaus, whereby we may recognize whether we have risen with Christ, and also if we ought to rise with Him." In one part of this discourse the preacher very cleverly applies the qualities attributed by the Church to our risen bodies, to the souls of those living beings who have truly risen with Christ. He takes each of these four qualities of the risen body, namely, agility, subtility, impossibility and clarity in turn and applies them spiritually to the soul.

Thus he says that the body which was before a burden will then be so agile that none of God's commandments will grieve it; the man will fulfill them all through God; that is in a divine way. Again

² *Summa Theo. Pars. I. Q. LVIII., A. 6.*

it will be so subtle, in other words so humble and small in its own eyes, that it will seem reasonable that no one should honor it. It will be impossible, for what God allows it to suffer it will seem that it is unworthy to suffer and the man will suffer it in a divine manner. It will also be so light and transparent that the man will be enlightened with God's grace in his understanding, so that he will know God's will in everything. These four qualities the body will share with the soul after the last day.

These sermons were preached towards the close of Father Nicolas' life, but the dates of his birth and death, like those of Meister Eckhart, are not certainly known. That of Father Nicolas is given by Heimbucher, a very reliable authority, as about 1327 in his "History of the Religious Orders of the Catholic Church." We know from other sources that in this year Father Nicolas defended his friend Meister Eckhart from the charges of heresy, brought against him by Archbishop Henry. Probably the trouble these accusations caused them both shortened their lives, for the passages subsequently condemned after Meister Eckhart's death were wrested from their context in the Archbishop's charges.

Father Nicolas, like all this group of learned Dominicans, was of course greatly influenced by St. Thomas Aquinas, whose "Summa Theologica" was the text book used by the Dominicans at St. Jacques in Paris, and also by Dionysius, the pseudo-Aeropagite, whose speculative mysticism is to be traced more or less in all the Friends of God. His knowledge of Jewish history and Rabbinical lore may well have been derived from the great Dominican Hebrew scholar, Raymond Martini, who was a contemporary of St. Thomas Aquinas. Martini was so well versed not only in Biblical Hebrew, but also in Rabbinical literature, that he was capable of refuting Jewish arguments drawn from their own writings. He was superior in his knowledge of the celebrated "Midrash Rabba de Rabba," than some of our modern Hebraists, as a recent controversy, in which a statement of Martini which had been questioned was proved to be correct shows. He is not alluded to in Herr Pfeiffer's work, but we think there can be no doubt that Rabbini was the source of his inspiration when treating of Jewish controversy.

Leaving Father Nicolas, we now turn to two Dominican nuns who were mystics and friends of the Friends of God, if they did not actually belong to them. In all mystical movements women have always played a considerable part, their temperament rendering them keenly susceptible to its influence, for mysticism is largely temperamental. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that there existed in the beginning of the fourteenth century at Töss, in the

north of Switzerland, a convent of Dominican nuns celebrated for their sanctity, the austerity of their lives and their mystical experiences. The most celebrated of the community was the Prioress Elsbeth or Elizabeth Staglin or Stagel, a great friend and correspondent of B. Henry Suso, whose correspondence with her forms memoirs in the shape of letters, just as the letters of the Friend of God, Henry of Nordlingen, to the other Dominican nun just referred to, Margaret Ebner, in the convent of Maria Medingen, also form a biographical sketch of this mystic.

Töss was originally only a small house for some nuns founded by a nobleman named Von Herten, enriched by Count von Kiburg and then raised to a monastery. At first the Sisters followed the Augustinian rule, but in 1247 Töss was placed by the Pope under the provincial of the Dominicans. In the beginning of the fourteenth century it was a large and rich convent, standing near or on the bridge of the Töss river.

Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew III., King of Hungary, became a nun here in 1312, when she was fourteen, which increased the income of the convent. She was the heiress of the King of Hungary and for twenty-eight years she lived at Töss as a humble Sister, sometimes visited by her stepmother, Queen Agnes, and her family. She had been betrothed to her step-uncle, Duke Henry, and he was so angry at her becoming a nun that on one occasion he visited her and tore the veil off her head. She appeared to Queen Agnes after her death, and in consequence large offerings were made to her splendid tomb at Töss.

About this time Elizabeth Stagel became prioress, with a hundred nuns under her care. Little is known of her exterior life. She came from Zurich and belonged to an old Zurich family, which from the thirteenth century had for its crest the head of a wild goat. Her father, Councillor Rudolph Stagel, and her mother, Margaret, dwelt near the cattle market in Zurich, and Rudolph and his two elder sons carried on the trade of a butcher. Elizabeth, who seems from her letters to have been of a very affectionate nature, needing love and bestowing it upon her family, was evidently much loved by them in return. Though very delicate from her youth up, she denied herself in food and bodily comforts. She is said to have had an angelic disposition and to have led a most holy life.

In the convent she busied herself particularly with writing and copying books, as was the custom in those days in monasteries. She copied what she thought would be useful to her and others from books; apropos to this, her friend and confessor, Blessed Henry Suso, said of her: "Like the bees she gathered honey out

of manifold flowers. In the convent where she lived as a mirror of all the virtues, she carried away with her weak body a good book wherein is recorded among other things of the past how holily the Sisters at Töss lived and what great wonders God worked in them, which is very charming for the contemplation of good-hearted men."

This book was called "The Life of the Sisters at Töss." The original is lost, but a copy is contained in a manuscript of St. Gall of the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was Elsbeth's first literary work. It opens with the words, "You should be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect," and goes on to praise God for His power, which He has revealed to His saints, and especially to St. Dominic and his order. She then goes on to relate the circumstances of the foundation of the convent, and then gives short biographies of some of the nuns, from 1250 to 1350, some of whom were noble matrons of well-known families.

The writer says she had pleasure in serving Our Lord in these His friends by writing of them. "And as I sat writing one day of our blessed Sisters, the virtuous Sister Elsbeth Bachlin came to me." (This Sister had long been dead, be it noted, so it was an apparition). "Now I had long wanted to know something of her very much, and with well considered words I so managed it that she related it to me." The visions, fanaticism and penances of these nuns reveal the mind of the authoress at the same time, as they show the spirit of the age in which they lived. Most of them had, as so many of the mystics have done, to endure hard struggles with the devil, who appeared to one of them, Matilda von Steinz, as a piper and drummer. He threatened to throw another nun, Ida von Teugen, out of the window into the Töss. To withstand his attacks the nuns performed all kinds of penances—they slept on stone, wore chains, took such severe disciplines that as one passed the chapter-house, cruel sounds were heard. One nun for thirty years never went near a window and for five years never entered a warm room. Adelheid von Frauenberg tended a poor leper, while some of their austerities can only be characterized as fanatical in the extreme.

The objects of their contemplation were the passion and person of Our Lord.

The King of Hungary's daughter was only known as Sister Elsbeth der Ofen, and was only known in the monastery by her torn and ragged dress and her readiness in waiting at table. Another nun wrote on her spinning-wheel in German:

"The more ill thou art, the dearer thou art to Me:
The more despised thou art, the nearer thou art to Me:
The poorer thou art, the more like Me thou art."

In spite of all their asceticism, perhaps because of it, cheerfulness and also industry characterized their lives; spinning and writing and of course prayer were their chief occupations.

Elizabeth's biographical sketch of Blessed Henry Suso is the first example of a biography in German literature. The preface to the first part was written by Suso, who says speaking of himself: "There was a priest in Germany, by birth a Swabian, who desired to become a servant of the Eternal Wisdom. He made acquaintance with a holy, enlightened, suffering creature, a woman, who desired of the servant that he should tell her something of suffering from his own experience, that her suffering heart might be strengthened, and for this reason she spent much time with him, since she derived consolation from conversing with him. And she wrote down all he said for her own and others' benefit, and did it unknown to him. Afterwards when he was aware of this spiritual robbery, he punished her for it and made her give it all to him and he burnt all that concerned himself. And when he got hold of the other part of the book, he would have done the same, but a messenger from God stopped him and so the rest remains unburnt, just as she had written it with her own hand for the most part."³

Very little is really known of Suso's origin, He took his mother's name of Süse or Seuse and Latinized it, rather than his father's, who was a knight, named Von Berge. He was a wild, rough soldier, while his mother was a gentle, pious woman. In his thirteenth year he was received, against the rule, by the Order of Preachers at Constanz and received the name of Amandus, by which he appears to have been known in Germany, for the title of one of the books from which this information is derived is "Ein Mystiker Paar des 14en Jahrhunderts Schwester Elsbeth Stagel in Töss & Vater Amandus Suso in Contanz." When he went to study at Cologne, he came under the teaching of Meister Eckhart; later he was elected prior of Constanz and he was also a lector. During the interdict he was obliged to take refuge at Ulm. Here he wrote his well-known work, the "Little Book of Eternal Wisdom," which he submitted to the judgment of Hugo of Vauceman, a former master of the order. It was intended chiefly for the convents he had to visit. He was prior during the last two years he spent at Ulm, and died there in 1366, on January 25.

Elizabeth at this time of her life fell into speculations as to the nature of the Godhead and of all kinds of high things, under the influence of Meister Eckhart, and apparently got quite out of her

³ Vetter. *Ein Mystiker Paar des 14 Jahrhunderts.* S. Elsbeth Stagel in Töss und Vater Amandus. (Suso.) 1882.

depth and she appealed to Suso to help her back into the right way, and she followed his guidance. He told her in one letter to leave all such high questions alone and consider such as are compatible with her understanding and not to dip too deep into philosophical problems. "Thou seemest still a young and inexperienced daughter, and therefore is it more useful to you and your like to know elementary things." She submitted, saying, "My desire is not for clever words, but for a holy life, and I have the courage to lead it, be it to suffer or to die or what it may."

Suso was astonished that she who had drunk at Eckhart's nobler spring should show herself so thirsty for the draught of the Little Servant of God, as he called himself, but he rejoiced and let her begin a new life as he himself had done with a general confession. She wrote it and sent it to him on a great wax tablet, concluding with these words: "My gracious Lord, now fall I at your feet and beg that you with your faithful heart will bring me again into the Divine Heart, and that I may be called your child in time and in eternity."

Then began a spiritual correspondence between these two holy souls. Suso, who at one time had ruined his health with his terrible austerities, forbade her to copy his penances. He allowed her to help him in writing his "Little Book," and when she had an illness from which she never wholly recovered, in his first distress he resolved that he would not write any more, and that he would even deny himself his morning prayer unless she recovered. He visited her in her illness and gave her further and more intimate details of his convent life, since she was not strong enough to bear more earnest teaching. These details she afterwards put into his biography. Among them we read how he as a youth consecrated all his daily actions and trivial events, such as hair-cutting, blood-letting, etc., by offering them to God; how he crowned a statue of Our Lady with spring flowers, how he made a circuit in going in and out of his cell so as to pass the chapel and greet the Blessed Sacrament, because, he said, "any one who had a friend in a certain street would gladly go out of his way for the sake of a kiss of love." She wrote down all he told her secretly and kept it in a locked box, in which we are told one of the nuns saw in a dream an angel with a stringed instrument, which has the merit of being a poetical idea suggestive of Suso's prose-poetry.

Many false accusations and reproaches were brought against him on account of his manifold intimacies with women and he naïvely tells her all about it. He warns her not to make too much of trifles, for "who will bear God's burden must not grieve over a lost needle."

He told her that the text, "Black am I, but beautiful," in the Canticles, applied to her in her suffering. He tells her how he at the flax-harvest sought out and saved from suicide and won for the heavenly bridegroom a sister who had formerly led an irregular life. He also tells her of his troubles as prior during the hard times and scarcity of food in 1343-1344, and how generous gifts to the monastery saved the situation. Elizabeth put into German the mottoes and rhymes with which Suso had decorated his chapel, taken from the Fathers and his own book of Eternal Wisdom.

The last eight chapters of this book of Elizabeth's⁴ were apparently written by Suso after her death. They contain an account of her initiation into the highest questions of religion. Suso tells her that now she is like a piece of wax, ready melted by fire to receive the impression of a seal. Now changing his metaphor, he says she must fly out of the nest of figurative consolations, and like a fledged eagle, spring up to higher teaching. He now leads her to the highest problems and the knowledge of divine things through reason and revelation, such as the Being of God, His where and how, His emanations and the sanctification of man.

The following are a few of his sayings:

"If you would be useful to all creatures, retreat from all creatures."

"Turn from all, remain in thyself."

"God and the devil are both in man."

"He who always lives alone by himself wins a rich fortune."

"Remain on nothing that is not God."

In one of his last letters to her he tells her to let herself be taught by God alone. Elizabeth wrote her book on the Sisters of Toss in 1340. How long she lived after this is not certainly known. Suso survived her and he died in 1365. His "Little Book of the Letters" consists of eleven letters to Elizabeth from which we have been quoting.⁵ More is known of the sisters Ebner, both of whom were mystics and contemporaries of Suso, and the other Friends of God, to whom they belonged, and Margaret Ebner was a Dominican nun.

Margaret Ebner was born in 1291 at Donauwerth, of noble family. She entered the Dominican convent of Medingen, about eighteen miles north of Dillingen. There she lived until she was twenty without any very deep knowledge of herself, but she always realized God's fatherly protection. In 1312 she was seized with severe illness, which confirmed her in the resolution she had previously made, always to submit to the will of God in all things. This illness

⁴ E. Stagel, *Das Leben der Schwestern zu Töss*. Berlin, 1906.

⁵ Seuse Heinrich, "Die Urschrift."

lasted three years. In it she recognized the insufficiency of all human skill, which was exercised often and always in vain on her, which does not say as much for the skill of the doctors of her time as it does for her resignation. She saw, too, that she was now avoided on account of her illness by those who had been kindly disposed to her previously. She therefore became more and more reserved, and in the beginning showed no desire to join the Friends of God.⁶

Her life, poor thing, was one of continual suffering, and more than once she was brought to death's door. From 1314 to 1326 she was bedridden more than half the year. Towards the end of this time (1324-5) she was obliged to return to her family on account of the war, when Louis of Bavaria, with whom she sympathized, besieged the town of Burgau, which was near Medingen. Others of the community were also forced to flee from the convent. Margaret now showed herself more than ever estranged from the world; she was more inaccessible to her family than she had ever been when in her convent, where she preferred loneliness to everything else, and for a long time seems to have had interior intimacy with only one Sister.

It is not known exactly when she went back to Medingen, but now God's favors were heaped upon her. The nearer He drew to her in love the greater became her sufferings, but she felt them less because of her interior peace. A new trouble arose in the death of one of the nuns to whom she was most closely drawn. This occurred on February 25, 1332. This nun had acted as her nurse for some time and at her death Sister Adelheid took her place. To honor the memory of this Sister, Margaret kept silence for certain days and times. It was long before the pain of her loss was mitigated, not until Henry of Nordlingen, in October, 1332, met Margaret at Medingen, when his consoling words comforted her. On this first visit Henry made a great impression upon Margaret. She had expected nothing from the visit, but through it she was bound all the more closely to Henry. The similarity of their natures bound them firmly together, and Margaret soon became the soul-friend and spiritual daughter of Henry, with whom she shared all the favors she received from Almighty God, but which feeling herself unworthy she deplored.

Margaret called Henry her teacher given her by God for her consolation; to him alone she confided her divine consolations, and he at every visit knew how to give her fresh help and encouragement in her many sufferings.

⁶ *Margareta Ebner und Heinrich von Nordlingen* von Philip v. Strauch. Freiberg, 1882.

In 1334 Sister Adelheid also died, and Margaret said that Henry was "God's dear angel in the light of the truth," who again by his wise words took from her all sadness. It was to her as if God had sent this good priest from heaven to help her, and, says her biographer, "she felt herself through his presence so buoyant, spiritually and bodily, that she seemed to be snatched from earth, and in these circumstances she felt no need for food or drink." The later visits of Henry became for her constantly a time of refreshment and strength in her suffering life. She frequently received from God revelations of the graces bestowed on this priest.

In her revelations, which by his counsel she wrote down in the form of a diary, she gives an account of her sufferings and of her spiritual experiences. They are monotonous and contain many repetitions. Her style is interlarded with rhymes and assonances, but the diary is interesting, inasmuch as it gives an idea of the mystical life in women's convents of the period and also of the state of their education. Herr Strauch says they are characterized by weakness of sentiment, inborn modesty and resignation to the will of God and were penetrated by the deepest love of truth and peace.

Once only did her sufferings cause Margaret to doubt God's mercy; then she was sick nigh unto death, and she doubted whether it was truly God's work which worked in her revelations. This was only a transient experience and soon passed away. She did, however, frequently mistrust her revelations, and was especially skeptical of her dream-visions. She only trusted them if she remained for a long time after them in a state of great grace, in which she shows her wisdom. She was constantly troubled lest the visions she received were in part only her own longing after God, which made her believe that God Himself had appeared to her.

She sought to suit her exterior life to her interior. She was very ascetic; the convent food always seemed to her of the very best, and if the other Sisters complained of it, she never did. She abstained from fruit, although she liked it, as well as from meat and fish. She tasted no wine for thirty years; water tasted so sweet to her that she could not understand why all men did not prefer it to wine or any other drink. She gave up baths, but could not bear any uncleanness in clothing or food. She disliked all ornaments in others as well as in herself. Her bed was most simple. Once when she was ill and the Sisters gave her a pillow, she thought God disapproved of it and heard Him say that it was not seemly for the bride of Christ to sleep on feathers."

Her friendship with Henry was a great interest in her life, and the letters he wrote her were, says his biographer, almost like love

letters, so great was his admiration for her holiness and his affection for her. There is no mystical teaching to be found in his letters to her. He was eminently practical, and only a mystic by hearsay; but from his intimacy with so many mystics as Tauler, Suso, Rulman Merswin and Margaret and her sister, Christina Ebner, and his knowledge of their writings, he had a mystical manner of preaching which was listened to by the public with enthusiasm, for mysticism was then in the German air, especially in certain districts, and was the fashion among women. He was specially a woman's preacher, for he had a childlike mind; he was pious, gentle and loving and all this appealed more to women than to men. He was not learned except in the best of books, the Bible; he also frequently quoted St. Augustine, St. Gregory and St. Anselm, which he may well have done from his Breviary without a deeper acquaintance with their writings. He was, moreover, influenced by another mystic, Mechtilde of Magdeburg, as well as by all the Friends of God.

When he first knew Margaret he was a secular priest at his home in Nordlingen, where he lived with his mother and sister, both very devout women, and there he was surrounded by other pious women. At Engelthal he met Margaret's sister Christina, and later he stayed a long time in her convent. At Maria Medingen, Margaret's convent, he was a highly honored guest, and often said Mass there in 1334. The following year he went to Avignon on account of the struggle between the Emperor of Bavaria and the Pope, and he begged Margaret to work zealously in his absence for the mystical life at Medingen.

He stayed a year at Avignon, and for a long time Margaret heard nothing of him and concluded that he was dead, because she saw him in a vision with other departed souls. When she found that he was alive, she had another vision in which it was revealed to her that he had said Mass for them. Soon after he sent her two alabaster statues from Avignon to decorate her altar—one of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus and the other of St. Catherine and her wheel.

Henry, unlike Margaret, was true to the Pope, and although himself a Bavarian, he always spoke of the Emperor as "the Bavarian." He was now threatened with death, and wrote and told Christina Ebner so. She was terribly grieved, when the command came from Nürnberg to her convent to admit only those priests to sing and say Mass who followed the Emperor and obeyed his laws. Christina replied that if she were free she would rather leave Germany than do it.

Henry's position now became more critical. He went to Augs-

burg and wrote and told Margaret in Biblical language that "trembling and fear had got hold upon him, strangers had risen up against him and sought his soul. He waited three weeks in Augsburg, uncertain what would become of him but for his two protectrices there, the Countesses of Graisbach. He had such faith in Margaret's revelations that he waited for her to tell him what to do and what to leave undone, and begs her to send her revelations to him by a messenger. When we remember that Margaret was an adherent of the Emperor, this seems all the more remarkable.

All their letters were written in the Low German of the period, which is very difficult to read. From them we learn that Henry was very grateful to these Countesses, for the trouble they took to help him, but in 1338 he was obliged again to leave his home, as he could not obey the Emperor's laws and remain faithful to the Pope at the same time. He now went to Constantz, but as the Emperor's laws were followed there also, he could not remain there. He met Henry Suso there.

He then went to Basle, where he preached daily, sometimes twice a day, and crowds of people went to hear him. Here he met Dr. Tauler, who had left Strasburg for the same reason as Henry had left Nordlingen and taken up his abode in Basle. Henry called him his "dear and beloved Father Tauler." Tauler took him under his protection and got him a refuge and work in a hospital, where he looked after the spiritual welfare of the inmates and preached constantly, and priests, monks, the nobility and the poor—all classes of men, and especially of women, flocked to hear him. He also became a popular confessor, for all these people would gladly have confessed to him if he had had time to hear them, and he became the most sought for priest of the time. Appointments were offered him and several religious orders sought him as a member. Rich people gave him presents, and his time was so taken up that he wrote to Margaret complaining that he had no time for contemplation. Margaret seems to have known better than he did that this busy life was not the right one for him. The other clergy became envious of people running after him and he had much to suffer on account of his popularity. He pours out all his griefs to Margaret and begs her to pray for him and for his enemies. He longs to see her, and as soon as "the Bavarian" departs he hopes to do so. Tauler and others now beg Margaret through Henry to let them share her revelations, especially those about the state of Christendom, and about those of her friends who were suffering much under it.

In the autumn of 1339 Henry's mother, who had been staying

with Margaret, came to Basle, but now he could not get away so easily as he had hoped to do and was obliged to postpone his promised visit to Margaret at Maria Medingen. In November, 1341, he saw Margaret again after a long separation, and he afterwards wrote and told her that his heart was wonderfully moved and in great misery when he took leave of her. In his place as her confessor and friend he gave her Brother Conrad, of Kaisheim, and begged her to give this priest her full confidence. He visited her again in 1344 and made her promise to write down her revelations connectedly.

In 1345 the interdict for the Diocese of Basle was partially removed; Mass was permitted to be said at Easter, and all might go to confession and Communion. For fourteen years Communion had been denied them. In this year Henry went to Strasburg and made the acquaintance of Rulman Merswin, the former banker and Friend of God.

At last in 1350 he returned to Nordlingen, but the plague broke out there and he did not long enjoy his nearness to Margaret, for she died soon after his return on June 20, 1351, aged 60.

Henry now began a wandering life and went first to Engelthal to see Margaret's sister, Christina, a nun there, but she died three weeks after he reached Engelthal, aged 74. In her visions many things were revealed to her about Henry, which she wrote down. She was told that both Henry and Tauler were greatly loved by God.

From this visit to Engelthal we lose sight of Henry, for it is not known when and where he died. He was a true friend of Margaret, and loved her deeply and longed to bear her sufferings, and was, as we have seen, intimate with most of the Friends of God.

Before leaving the subject we must not omit to mention for the benefit of those interested in the Dominican Order that in 1904 a book⁷ was published in Germany on this Dominican convent at Töss, in two volumes, the first dealing with the history of the convent, the second with its buildings and the pictures on its walls.

DARLEY DALE.

⁷ Sulzer. *Das Dominikaner Kloster Töss* in 2 Bände. J. B. Ralm. Zurich, 1904.

A CRITIQUE OF THE HISTORICAL ELEMENT IN THE NOVELS OF ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

THE five historical novels of Monsignor Benson deal with periods of English history which were of vital importance to the Catholic cause. "The King's Achievement" begins with the crowning of Anne Boleyn, covers the dissolution of the monasteries and takes us up to the fall of Thomas Cromwell. "The Queen's Tragedy" is a novel of the reign of melancholy Mary Tudor, a history of existing conditions in England, but particularly a study of the Queen as a woman. "By What Authority" and "Come Rack! Come Rope!" are Elizabethan novels dealing with persecutions of the Jesuits and the religious conditions of that time, while "Oddsfish," the last written, is a chronicle of the times of Charles II., ending with a picture of the famous deathbed scene of the King and his conversion to Catholicism.

In analyzing the historical background of these novels we must bear in mind that Monsignor Benson was in no sense a technical student of history; his brother, Arthur Christopher Benson, says of him:¹ "I do not think that Hugh had ever any real interest in social reform, politics, in causes, in the institutions which aim at the consolidation of human endeavor and sympathy. He had no philosophic grasp of history, nor was he a student of the psychology of religion. Always accurate as to detail, he would steep himself in the atmosphere of the particular period he was studying, taking endless notes and reading every historical book which he could find bearing on the subject." This same brother says of him:² "I have before me a large folio sheet of paper on which he has written very minutely hundreds of picturesque words and phrases of the time, to be worked into the book." Robert Hugh was neither a scientific student of history nor an original investigator; he was rather a literary artist, whose work was to express moral beauty and whose great gift was the power to present religious emotion. Above all, we should never forget that his works are all written to make clear the Catholic attitude, for when he was finally convinced of its value, he felt that it was the only subject worth writing about and the one great thing in life. His historical novels, therefore, are simply chronicles of events from the Catholic point of view.

It is well that Monsignor Benson took it upon himself to accomplish this work, for a really successful attempt to portray the Cath-

¹ Hugh, p. 134, "Memoirs of a Brother."

² Hugh, p. 115.

olic side of the English Reformation had never been made before. The general reader, the man in the street, who constitutes the larger percentage of our British and American public, has, at best, only a superficial knowledge of history. He has no time for anything but general impressions firmly implanted in his mind in school days or gathered from a more or less hasty perusal of such sterling but prejudiced historians as Macaulay, Froude, etc. Naturally his view of the pre-Reformation Church in England, the monasteries, Catholicism in general, and the Jesuits in particular, is apt to be somewhat biased. Some may consider Monsignor Benson is equally biased. If he is so, he has at least opened up vistas of a "via media" for the aforesaid man in the street.

THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT.

In "The King's Achievement" we follow the fortunes of a Master Ralph Torridon, older son of the Torridons of Overfield, a loyal Catholic, who went to London and became the right hand man of Thomas Cromwell. A quick, eager, very ambitious and not too scrupulous fellow, Ralph grew to be his most trusted agent, whose task it was to feel the pulse of the land and report dissatisfaction; gradually he came under the influence of Cromwell's tremendous personality, his character was completely vitiated and he not only forsook the religion of his ancestors, but became deadened to all considerations of honor, pity or loyalty in carrying out the immense spy system of Cromwell's English Terror.

It was the age of the early Tudors then, "an age of dignity abruptly broken here and there by violence. There were slow and gorgeous pageants followed by brutal and bestial scenes, like the life of a peacock who paces composedly in the sun and then scuttles and screams in the evening."³ The great political characteristic of this period was the practically unlimited power of the King and the building up of the Tudor despotism which rode at will over council, courts and parliaments. In a period of great changes, of ever-growing nationalism and dislike of foreign control, Henry with characteristic shrewdness realized that the people would not resist, but would be apt to view with complacency any change which placed the civil power over the ecclesiastical. Cromwell was the able henchman to carry out the King's purpose, and the divorce question which had brought about Wolsey's ruin was settled by the crowning of Anne Boleyn and the work of the Reformation Parliament. In 1532 and 1534 the "Acts of Annates" passed by this Parliament struck at the bonds between the Church of England and the Papacy. The "Act of Appeals," the law for the nomination

³ "King's Achievement," p. 157.

of Bishops by the King, and finally the "Act of Supremacy" followed one after another, until, in 1535, the English Church stood separate and apart, a distinct national organization, with Henry Tudor its supreme head on earth.

As the policy of the King ended with a complete rupture with Rome, the foremost Englishman of his time, Sir Thomas More, the finest exponent of the New Learning, had withdrawn without comment from the Ministry, but his silent disapproval and complete loyalty to the Papacy were a stumbling-block in the paths of Henry and Cromwell, and they were resolved to be rid of him on the first plausible pretext. "The King's Achievement" begins at the time when Cromwell was seeking to discover the existence of a conspiracy back of the ecstatic prophecies of Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent. Thomas More, as well as Bishop Fisher, had been found to have been in correspondence with her, though there had not been the slightest question of any treasonable intention. Part of the contemptible Ralph Torridon's work was to become intimate with the More household, to engage Sir Thomas in frequent conversation in the effort to entrap him to say something which might bring him to the block. Not the least valuable of the historical pictures in the novel is that of Master More, the great scholar, "with his wise, twinkling eyes and strong humorous mouth,"⁴ who loved his dogs and his cool gardens, to whom a classical quotation was like wine, and who had the utmost terror of displeasing his dignified wife. Monsignor draws a charming picture of More's household, of Sir Thomas romping with his dogs, "his pleasant, brown face all creased with laughter,"⁵ of Margaret Roper and her Terence. We see him unshaken as the clouds gather about him. He was asked to take the oath of succession passed in 1534, which declared valid the marriage of Anne Boleyn, annulled the claim of Catherine's daughter, Mary, and declared Anne's children the only lawful heirs to the throne. So much he would subscribe to because of his respect for the civil authority of Parliament; but in the preamble was an acknowledgment that the first marriage was void from the beginning. As this involved a refutation of the power of the Pope to grant dispensation, no loyal Catholic could subscribe to it. As More's refusal to swear to the act of succession only involved misprision of treason, to bring his life within the reach of the law, he was asked to take the oath of supremacy of the King over the Church, and this refusal cost him his life. The novel gives a vivid and unforgettable description of his death, brave, smiling and loyal to the last. Bishop Fisher, the venerable prelate

⁴ "King's Achievement," p. 176.

⁵ "King's Achievement," p. 74.

created Cardinal by the Pope, had preceded him to the block for refusing to take the oath, and there is a touching scene which describes the old man's last days in the Tower, wasted and emaciated, still keeping his loyalty to Henry, his former pupil. He would blame the King's counsellors, not the King, and so unfaltering he went to the block, reading for the last time in the Scriptures.

"Here is learning enough for me," he said, "to my life's end."

Arthur Christopher Benson dislikes historical novels, which he calls "webs of imagination hung on pegs of fact."⁶ He thinks the combination is incongruous, and that a historical novel should be like a memoir. Robert Hugh thought far otherwise. He felt that "pegs of fact" stay longer and stick better if they have a few "webs of imagination" artistically woven about them, and it was his conviction that these imaginative webs entice many an unintellectual general reader into a genuine appreciation of historical truth.

The second part of the "King's Achievement" deals with the suppression of the monasteries. Monsignor Benson in dealing with this subject aimed, first of all, to make us realize from the personal experiences of Chris the inner meaning and spiritual beauty of monasticism. It was a great institution for the carrying on of the spiritual commerce of the world, and the whole routine was directed to one end, the praise and service of God. The theory of the religious life was that men sought it not merely for the salvation of their own souls, but for that of the world. From the time when they rose at midnight, that the sleeping world might not be dumb to God, until the tired good-night song to the kind and tender mother of monks, an endless stream of sacrifice and prayer ascended on high. Monsignor Benson so states it. "It was the manufactory of grace where skilled persons were at work, busy at a task of prayer and sacrament which was to be at other men's service. If the father of a family had a piece of spiritual work to be done, he went to the monastery and paid a fee for the sustenance of those he employed, as he might go to a merchant's to order a cargo and settle for its delivery." For as Tennyson says: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. . . . For so the whole round earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

It was this English citadel of prayer, grown vicious, and corrupt, some say, that Cromwell proposed to attack.

There follows a very vivid description of the visitation of the monasteries, which were made plundering grounds for the brutal visitors, Legh, Layton and Aprice. The dissolution of the monas-

⁶ Hugh, p. 177.

teries was not completed till 1540. In 1536, on receipt of the cunningly contrived report of Cromwell, who had done his work well, Parliament passed a law confiscating the property and dissolving more than three hundred of the smaller houses. The larger abbeys were then dissolved, many on the ground of treasonable conduct, while still others, terrorized into submission, handed over their property to the Crown.

Monsignor Benson does not look on the visitations in any other light than that of wholesale unjustifiable robbery, which it undoubtedly was as far as the results were concerned. So great was the spoil that the King promised never again to call on the people for subsidies. The royal treasury was overflowing with the treasures of the monasteries; the stone, lead, glass, were sold as building materials and the lands of the monks were seized to the Crown or were sold away to Henry's favorites. Insolence, extortion and unprecedented brutality accompanied the visits of the Commissioners. Nothing was too sacred to become the objects of their coarse jests, and the greed of the countryside was fanned by the promises of a share of the monastic wealth. Monsignor will not grant that there is an atom of truth in the reports of corrupt monastic life. As Cromwell's Commissioners undoubtedly were instructed to bring back sufficient charges to justify the suppression, he considers the entire mass of condemnatory tales of immorality and greed unbelievable. An irreligious, mercenary age had revolted against spiritual authority and was only too eager to lull its conscience by seizing upon Cromwell's lying charges. Monsignor Benson's idea is a tenable one in the absence of sufficient evidence.

The Rev. Charles Moberly says of this period: "But it is not to be supposed that the Record Office contains a huge 'mystery of iniquity' in documents which escape publication by being too bad for it. It is to be feared that historians will always be reduced, in the absence of sufficient evidence either way, to acquit or condemn these institutions rather by their own notions of the probable than on any quite convincing arguments."⁷

As to the feelings of the English people in regard to these changes, Monsignor Benson tells us that they were dazed and hardly knew what to think. The sixteenth century was not a religious age; the interests of Englishmen lay in trade, manufacturing, art, the new learning. Only in the North was the religious fervor found which led men to cling to the old faith at all costs and to undertake the pitiful pilgrimage of grace with its tragic ending. Cromwell knew his people and how to appeal to them. On the worldly

⁷ "The Early Tudors," p. 193.

side, the hope of low taxes and a share in the plunder was held before the masses. On the spiritual side Cranmer and his Bishops laughed at the claims of the Old Church and did all they could to discredit them. "It was impossible for the unlearned to know what to believe; new manifestoes were issued continually by the King and clergy, full of learned arguments and persuasive appeals, and the professors of the old religion were continually discredited by accusations of fraud, avarice, immorality, hypocrisy and the like. They were silenced, too, while active and eloquent preachers like Latimer raged from pulpit to pulpit, denouncing, expounding, convincing."⁸

Though Englishmen are naturally of a conservative religious temper, the endless controversies, the loosening of all bonds that bound them to the past and the discrediting of all that they had been taught to hold sacred had its logical result. The Reformation drifted out of the King's control and went far beyond his intentions. The excesses of the Protestants caused Henry to lose confidence in Cromwell, and the unfortunate matter of the Anne of Cleves marriage convinced the King that he had been tricked and that his Minister was plotting against him. "The King's Achievement" ends with the fall of Cromwell and the complete "achievement" of the ambition of the Tudors. Parliament was a tool of the King, the royal will was supreme in the law courts, his was the last word in all spiritual matters, and the forms of worship, even the essence of what one "must believe to be saved," could be altered from day to day by a whimsical royal master. His immense power dazzled the imaginations of his subjects, and the Englishmen of that time were politically, like the Germans of to-day, "docile house servants."

It was unfortunate for the Catholic cause in England that, although two great opportunities presented themselves for the restoration of a Catholic England after Henry's time, first in Mary Tudor's reign, secondly and lastly, in the reign of James II., the personalities of the Catholic sovereigns, on whom so much depended, were so hopelessly lacking in the tact, the intelligence and the statesmanship that were necessary to reinstate a religion which already to the minds of many Englishmen was coming to be identified with foreign domination and suppression of national ambitions. There never was a time when the personality of the sovereign counted for more than during the reigns of the Tudors, and there never has been a ruler more utterly unsuited in character, temperament and aims to rule over the English people than the unhappy woman who has gone down to history as Mary Tudor.

⁸ "King's Achievement," p. 372.

THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY.

"The Queen's Tragedy" is the story of Mary Tudor's life as Queen as seen by a young gentleman who comes into her service shortly after the Spanish marriage and remains with her until her death. The tale of the lonely, unhappy woman unrolls itself like a bright many colored canvas. Benson's historical descriptions have been compared to Flemish pictures because of the vivid clearness and picturesqueness of his details. There are a series of brilliant scenes in "The Queen's Tragedy" that remain long in the memory—the arrival of Philip in the evening at the English court and his first interview with Mary, the wedding pageantry which united the mightiest thrones in the world, the great day in Parliament, when Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, restored England to the Catholic fold while the people fell on their knees and Mary's lifelong dream of a loyal Catholic land seemed realized.

Then darker scenes unfold themselves. The Queen did not understand the temper of her people. If she had been content to wait and be tactful, everything would have come her way in the end. The sympathy of the English was with her when she began to reign, in the rebellion of Northumberland, even in the insurrection of Wyatt. Outside of London, where Protestant sympathy ran strong, the people would have been glad enough to return to the religion of their forefathers. The married priests were driven from their parishes and the statues were restored. England had been comparatively untouched by the religious fervor of the Reformation, but Mary's unrelenting persecutions of "heretics" created ten heretics for every one that was burned. Englishmen can never be driven.

Monsignor Benson shows Mary born to be unhappy with the intense, ardent Spanish nature that longed for love as much as her personality repelled it. She was hardened by the bitter memories of her youth, and long years of brooding had emphasized her fierce devotion to her faith, so that she was prepared to take any measures necessary to turn England into a "garden of the Lord" once more. The subjects had strayed from the fold and must be brought back for the salvation of their souls. This was the ruling motive of her life. One of her bitterest disappointments was her inability to have a child; for she desired a child of her own, who could later carry on the great work in which, as she realized as time went on, she was destined to fail. Her maternal instinct and her jealous love for Philip are infinitely pathetic. All that a child, above all, a son, would have meant to her is visualized in Mary's dying hours, when the author describes her vision of children dancing about a little golden-haired child bearing a circlet of *fleur-de-lys* set with

blue jewels, her dream son, who would have won the love of a Catholic England and reigned a glorious King.

In the other historical novels of Benson the historical element forms the background for a story. In "The Queen's Tragedy" the main theme is the chronicle of Mary's life as Queen and its bitter failure. Benson shows how she carried through her plans for persecution in spite of the opposition of Parliament, of Philip and of her cautious Catholic counsellors. It was Mary's will and not that of Cardinal Pole that Cranmer should be sent to the stake. Mary's position was complicated by the fact that the new Pope, Paul IV., of the Caraffa family, would stand no compromises with rebellious England and no catering to the House of Austria. The submission which the English Parliament had made to Rome on condition that the nobles' ownership of the monastery lands remain undisturbed was utterly rejected by Paul, who demanded complete restoration of the ecclesiastical property. The reconciliation between England and the Papacy came to a standstill, Philip dragged England into the war with France, and in January, 1558, Calais, the "chief jewel of the realm," was taken. In November Mary's unhappy life was over.

Robert Hugh Benson has been accused of inaccuracy in his presentation of Mary by a writer in the *Dublin Review*.⁹ In "The Queen's Tragedy" she is represented to have been no scholar, to have been unable to read even the Breviary without instruction and to have understood Latin "only here and there." Monsignor Benson's critic, who signs himself "J. M. S." declares this statement to be false, for all the children of Henry VIII. were noted for their learning. When Mary was only twelve, Lord Morley declares that she was rarely versed in Latin. "Of Mary it is recorded by Ludovicus Vives that she delighted at a very early age in the Epistles of St. Jerome, in the Dialogues of Plato, in the works of Seneca, Cicero, Plutarch, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine."

Elizabeth appears in "The Queen's Tragedy" as a glowing contrast to the sad Queen. She is represented as a consummate liar and hypocrite who would stop at nothing to gain her ends—a clever, sensuous young woman with all the Tudor charm and magnetism. In "By What Authority," the first Elizabethan novel, she is already established on the throne and the recusancy laws are in force.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY.

"By What Authority" is in many ways the finest of Benson's historical works because of its superb presentation of the beauty of the Catholic faith. It was written in the summer of 1903, after

⁹ *Dublin Review*, V. 139, p. 423.

the author had left the Mirfield community and had fully made up his mind to become a Roman Catholic. Arthur Christopher, his brother, says: "He was steering in a high wind straight to Rome . . . not creeping in, under the shadow of a wall, sobbing as the old cords break, but excited, eager, jubilant, rejoicing."¹⁰ Feeling as he did, it was with the keenest pleasure that he threw himself into the work of writing a Catholic historical novel of the age of Elizabeth.

It was in the early part of her reign, "when the menace of the Spanish Empire brooded low on the southern horizon, and a responsive mutter of storm sounded now and again from the north where Mary Stuart reigned over men's hearts if not their homes." The people of England, as a whole, had little sympathy with the constant changing of religion. Those who were irreligious treated the whole matter with indifference; those who were religious saw with a deep regret the passing of the old faith, but policy and a sense of loyalty to the sovereign held them quiet. The Catholics who could afford it paid the recusancy fines for not attending the service of Her Grace's Established Church. In the loyal North the flames of rebellion broke out in Northumberland and Westmoreland under the banner of the Five Wounds, only to be sternly suppressed by Lord Sussex.

Elizabeth is represented in the novel as the "incarnate genius of the laughing, brutal, wanton English Renaissance." As the young nation began to awake and feel its power, it longed to try its skill along every line—in art, in literature, in the exploring of new worlds, in the whole realm of human knowledge, until, as the pride and belief in England's future developed, the idea of a national religion, an English Church, grew apace with it, and the ambitious Englishmen of a material age felt that an English Church for Englishmen was a very patriotic and very correct institution. Monsignor Benson had come to realize when he wrote this novel that there was no Church of England in pre-Reformation days, and he expresses this conviction by the naïve comments of the country people on the recusancy laws, on the tearing down of the statues and the prohibition of the Mass. "If it is all the same Church, why all this fuss about it; and why can we not worship in the old way?" There is a great deal of religious controversy in the book and the Catholic arguments are ably presented; but better and more convincing than mere arguments is the effect of their conversion on the characters of the brother and sister, Anthony and Isabel Norris. Protestantism with its endless mangling, its purely individual, intellectual attitude, seems very barren and comfortless by the side of

¹⁰ Hugh, p. 118.

a religion which produces such reverent devotion, so deep a love of God and a sense of His sacred Presence which is so real that it makes the dullest life very glorious. Altogether, the book is rather dangerous reading for an Episcopalian, and the best kind of a novel to put into the hands of lukewarm Catholics who have not grasped the nobility and historical continuity of their heritage.

Between 1571 and 1577, with the establishment of the English Church, the various parties developed along their respective lines, becoming more bitter and less compromising. Frequent plots were formed against the Queen. The Puritans grew bolder and greater in number, the Catholics more determined, while the Church of England became the haven for all those who desired political ferment and advancement at court. There were numbers of the old Catholic families who conformed in order to secure a future, but the majority remained loyal to the faith and paid the heavy fines, though their halls were crumbling in ruins.

There is a stirring account of Sir Francis Drake's voyages and the effect they had in developing English nationalism. Pride in the nation rose to a high pitch the day the citizens crowded to see the Pelican, drawn up in a little creek on the south side of the Thames, and the Queen made Francis Drake her loyal knight. Benson would make us realize that the men of the day did not draw the distinction between the "things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's," and that in making religion a national matter of blood and boundaries, they were cutting themselves off from the great world Church that knows no distinctions of race and who calls all nations her children.

The last half of the novel is devoted to the persecution of the Jesuits and the coming of the Spanish Armada, which destroyed the hopes of the Catholic cause by identifying it with that of the enemies of England. Elizabeth feared the Jesuits, and with the news of their coming the laws were made very drastic. It became high treason to reconcile or be reconciled to the Church of Rome and overwhelming losses in fortune and liberty were promised to all who heard Mass or would not go to the Established Church. The Government, however, realized that it was bad policy to slay a man for his religion. If it were possible, accusations of treason were always made as prominent as possible.

The novel gives excellent portraits of Campion and Persons, the famous Jesuit fathers who brought so many back to the Church—Campion, the "angel of the Catholics," and Persons, "who knew human nature as an anatomist knows the structure of the human body."¹¹ Their daring, their talent, their hairbreadth escapes and

¹¹ "By What Authority," p. 362.

the heroic death of Campion are unforgettable episodes. The deaths of the Jesuit fathers did not serve the government's purpose, as their courage and sublime faith in the hour of death always called forth the admiration of the crowd, and men wondered if it were justice that led a State to send men to their deaths for their conscience's sake. The dawn of religious freedom was foreshadowed.

Cardinal Gibbons in his "Faith of Our Fathers" (p. 300), in speaking of Elizabeth's persecutions of Catholics, Puritans and Anabaptists, says: "Why are these cruelties suppressed or glossed over, while those of Mary form the burden of every nursery tale?" He continues: "Mary reigned only five years and four months. Elizabeth's reign lasted forty-four years and four months. The younger sister, therefore, swayed the sceptre of authority nearly nine times longer than the elder, and the number of Catholics who suffered for their faith during the long administration of Elizabeth may be safely said to exceed in the same proportion the victims of Mary's reign." Catholics' refusal to subscribe to the oath of supremacy made them liable as traitors, and the question, "Do you believe in the Pope's deposing power?" was used in difficult cases to secure conviction. Protestant historians are not apt to dwell much on this phase of Elizabeth's reign. After all, few writers of history can be other than partisan. "Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well," says Lowell, "for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her, sees his own image."

With the Spanish invasion, the Catholic party suffered from the division of its supporters into two groups, the religious and the political. The latter, who were very much in the minority, regarded themselves as justified in plotting to take the Queen's life as a usurper, and the party which remained loyal to the Crown suffered from the fanaticism of these men, for the government made no distinction and treated all Catholics as traitors. Monsignor Benson wishes to emphasize the fact that practically all the priests counseled loyalty to the Queen. They taught the doctrine of "the things of Cæsar," but Elizabeth could not or would not realize this and was relentless in her persecution of them. Their devotion to an ideal and their loyalty to their religion in the face of death won the admiration of the Queen in spite of herself, although it inspired her to renewed efforts to crush them.

"COME RACK! COME ROPE!"

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" met with favorable criticism from the *London Times*, which said it had efficiently taken up a long

neglected page in English history, the tale of Catholic recusancy. Its subject is the history of Catholics in Derbyshire between 1579 and 1588, and much of the material is taken from Dom Bede Camm's "Forgotten Shrines." Nearly all the families mentioned were real Devonshire names, as for instance, the famous Fitz-Herberts, who suffered much for the faith with the one traitor of the name, Thomas Fitz-Herbert. His was the case of a weak man, none too devout, whose spirit was broken by prison fare and who consented to betray his fellow-Catholics. Some of the book is devoted to the adventures and capture of the three Jesuits, Garlick, Ludlam and Simpson. All three died gallantly, even Father Simpson, who was sorely tempted and very nearly recanted. Campion and Persons also appear in the novel, which is chiefly a narrative of the work of the Jesuits in England and of the devotion of the Catholics through all their persecutions. The Jesuits brought many back to the Church who were in danger of falling away through long inability to receive the Sacraments. "Faith blazed up anew from its dying embers, in the lives of rustic knave and squire." Benson offers a great and stirring tribute to the courage, the loyalty and deep fervor of an order which has suffered much from slander.

In the narrative of Babington's plot, he makes it clear that Mary Stuart was innocent of any attempt against the life of the Queen, and that Babington represented only a small and fanatical part of the Catholics, the majority of whom were completely loyal to the Queen even in the face of the Pope's bull excommunicating her. They had no wish to see the Armada triumph. Benson's Elizabethan novels represent the tendency of the English Catholic mind at this time to divide its spiritual and temporal allegiance. Nearly three hundred years before the end of Papal temporal power, they felt that the realm of the spiritual and the realm of the world were two very different and uncombinable things.

"ODDSFISH."

In his last historical novel, "Oddsfish," Monsignor Benson gives a chronicle, rich with historical detail, of the main events in the reign of Charles II. significant to the cause of Catholicism. Perhaps the events are not of themselves dramatic enough to warrant such a wealth of detail; the novel lacks both the thrilling interest and the spiritual passion of the "King's Achievement" and the Elizabethan books. It is, however, a fine piece of historical work and is chiefly valuable because of its very vivid study of the character of Charles II. The description of the dying hours of the King, "that greatest of all sinners," as witnessed by Mr. Mallock

from the little door behind the royal bed, is a piece of canvas work as convincing and artistic as that of Macaulay's description of the same scene.

"Oddsfish" deals first of all with Titus Oates and the Popish plot, the execution of the five Jesuits, Monmouth's plots and the struggle over the exclusion bill. Then comes the impeachment of Lord Stafford, the ridiculous farce of his trial, and finally his execution, which brings the reader to Part III. In all the arrests of Catholics accused of conspiracy, the King, in spite of his solemn promises of aid, allowed them to go to their death without a word of protest. To have saved them or to have declared his own belief in Catholicism would have lost him his crown, and Charles Stuart was no idealistic hero to endanger his position for the lives of others. There was a general feeling that Catholicism was anti-English and utterly idolatrous and treasonable, so the King had to go with the tide.

All through the novel his disinclination to persecute the Catholics is shown, but always the danger of his own position made him forget them. He would have saved the Jesuits if he could, and questioned eagerly when the verdict of guilty was reported to him.

"How did the people take it?"

"They applauded a great deal, sir."

"They applauded, you say. At the end only or all the while?"

"They applauded, sir, whenever any of my Lords made a hit against the Catholics."¹²

That settled it. Charles had felt the pulse of the people and dared not do otherwise. The author makes us realize all through the novel the truth of Macaulay's statement: "In his few serious moments Charles was a Roman Catholic."

A differing opinion is that expressed in the English history of Dr. Lingard and Hilaire Belloc, who believe that Charles was never fully convinced in his beliefs, and it was only the knowledge of his approaching death that forced him to look facts in the face and make his supreme decision.

Part III. of "Oddsfish" shows the loyalty of the King towards his brother James in his further struggle with the supporters of the exclusion bill, the passage of which would have barred James from ever ascending the throne. After dissolving three obstinate Parliaments, Charles' persistence won the day. A popular reaction set in against the exclusion bill because of the people's dread of another civil war. "Oddsfish" describes in great detail the rye house plot, which was discovered at this time, and established the

¹² "Oddsfish," p. 101.

King firmly in popular favor. All opposition to the succession of a Catholic was ended by the utter discrediting of the exclusionists, the exile of Monmouth, the suicide of Essex and the executions of the noble Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Part IV. is a graphic narrative of the last days and death of the King. Benson has described Charles' death in a more intimate personal way than has Macaulay. It is a picture on a smaller scale as the repentant sinner's reception into the Church is seen by Mr. Mallock from the small room adjoining the royal bed-chamber, but the details are substantially the same.

Charles' conversion is an event that had little influence on the history of England and is chiefly interesting as showing the one serious conviction of a frivolous worldling. He will always remain one of the most vivid characters of history, and Monsignor Benson has made very real the great charm and fascination of the man with his many weaknesses and "the air of strange and lovable melancholy." The author accentuates such details as the King's "lean brown hand set with rings," his petting of his spaniels, his charming smile. Perhaps he makes him seem too attractive; but the hero Roger Mallock sees him as one who "knows the good and doth approve it, too; he knows the wrong and still the wrong pursues."

A prominent character in the novel is the Duke of York, afterwards James II. In spite of his lack of tact, his pompousness and stupidity, his religion is shown to be the dominating influence of his life. It was a faith which, however poorly practiced, was always the unseeing bigotry which afterwards lost him his throne, and it was this faith which later, purified by humiliation, helped him to bear his misfortunes like a man and die a Christian life. Then, as afterwards, James was in the hands of too ardent Jesuit advisers; he refused to heed the Pope's warnings to go cautiously and not to antagonize the people. Monsignor Benson shows how this unwillingness to compromise and be tolerant, as in the case of Mary Tudor, could not do otherwise than result in utter failure and ruin the Catholic cause in the eyes of the masses of the English nation.

Robert Hugh Benson depicts an England under the influence of the new learning awakening so eagerly to the possibilities of this world that it was beginning to forget its spiritual duties. There was no indignant revulsion of feeling against the religion of their forefathers; the English Reformation offered the example of an arrogant King, impatient of authority, planting a national Church over a materialistic, religiously indifferent people. These would have preferred to have had the Church continue in the old way,

but the majority were confused by the endless controversies of the learned and lacked the religious fervor to make any great protest. The nation was becoming great, the people were growing more prosperous, and if the King would have a national Church and be head of it, why so be it, His Grace knew best. Concerning the feeling of the nation at the time of the break from Rome, Charles Beard, of Columbia University, says: "The evidence thus far adduced has not been conclusive that the teachings of Wycliff were widespread."¹⁸ The Reformation in England was of the King's and Cromwell's making. Benson, partly because of the unkind treatment he received after his conversion from some of its members, was always rather bitter against the Church of England. Its smug respectability irritated him, and every one who reads the historical novels can realize that he thought of it only as an impudent interloper, which had dashed out the old lights of faith in England, driven the sacrament from the holy shrines and seized with a marauding hand Westminster, Canterbury, Durham and countless other hallowed sanctuaries of the faith.

In the novels succeeding "The King's Achievement" the author shows the unfortunate train of circumstances by which the Catholic religion was lost to England—the blundering bigoted rule of Mary Tudor, which antagonized a people willing enough to return, and following her, the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, in which people and ruler were drawn together by the excommunication of the Pope and the attacks on the national existence by the cruellest and greatest Catholic power of the age. Protestantism and national existence became identified and Catholicism came to be considered a weapon of foreign tyranny. This classification grew into a national prejudice and became a fixed idea with the masses of the people that centuries has not eradicated. He contrasts with this feeling the deep devotion on the part of the loyal Catholic families and their sufferings for their principles, and emphasizes the great work of the Society of Jesus in reclaiming many of the indifferent.

Robert Hugh Benson has made no great contribution to history, but he possesses a wonderful power of making forgotten times seem very real by his skillful use of old descriptive fragments, his life-like character drawing and his real ability to create a given atmosphere. The historical background of the time is chiefly conveyed by the conversations of the characters—the gossip of courtiers and pages, the anxious talk of a family gathered about the fire in a great country house, the rumors heard at a tavern or the serious discussions between hunted priests. The novels abound with pictures of the pageants, the street crowds, the revel-

¹⁸ Introduction to the "English Historians," p. 274.

ries of court. Above all, his main motive in his writing was to make an exposition of the beauty and deep significance of the Catholic faith, and his greatest talent lay in the presentation of religious emotion. In his history of the Catholic persecutions in England, in his analysis of all that the faith meant and always will mean to a real Catholic, Monsignor Benson has done a piece of missionary work far more powerful than any preaching tract. He represents history from the Catholic standpoint, but the historical element is accurate and lacks the violent bias of the ordinary partisan writer. Few non-Catholics can read this series of historical novels without getting a fairer view of the Catholic attitude than they had before and they will be left with a more sympathetic feeling for the Church which was for a thousand years the Church of their forefathers, while Catholic readers will be strengthened in their devotion and will come to have a keener appreciation of the value of their spiritual heritage.

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THE CONTROVERSY CONCERNING BAPTISM UNDER ST. BONIFACE.

WHEN St. Boniface left Rome to betake himself to the field of his missionary labors, Pope Gregory II. furnished him with an apostolic letter by which the saint was officially appointed Roman missionary. In any difficulty that might occur he was to have recourse to the Sovereign Pontiff and he received some general regulations for his work. One point only was strongly emphasized: St. Boniface is to follow exactly the Roman way of administering the sacrament of baptism. The Roman formula with the rubrics is handed to him: "We will that in administering the sacrament thou follow carefully the formula of the office of this Apostolic See which thou hast received."

Obedient like a child in all other matters, the saint no doubt carried out this solemn injunction conscientiously and saw to it that the same was done by all those who assisted him in his great task. St. Boniface always kept in close touch with the Head of the Church. Numerous were his inquiries chiefly on matters of discipline, which he sent to Rome, and detailed answers came back to him from the Eternal City.¹ For about thirty years just this point, the sacrament of baptism, is never mentioned. But we have a lengthy letter of Pope St. Zachary to him, written in 748 A. D., half of which is filled with answers to the various reports of the saint concerning errors about baptism, its nature and the ceremonies by which it is to be accompanied. One Sampson, a "Scotus,"² went so far as even to deny the necessity of baptism for salvation. This reveals to us that among the almost countless heresies, erroneous opinions and superstitions against which the apostle of Germany was obliged to combat, those about the first of all sacraments were frequent and of a very dangerous nature. Nor is there any reason to presume that these errors did not originate earlier than this. No doubt they were rampant before, but at this exact time the question had become acute and thus forced both the apostle to report about them in detail and the Pope to answer his inquiries more extensively.

¹ Many of his letters have been lost. Their contents, however, can often be gleaned from the answers of the Popes.

² At St. Boniface's time the terms Scotia and Scotus referred to Ireland. This meaning is retained in the German word "Schottenklöster," literally Scotchmen's monasteries, which, until about a century ago, existed in about a dozen German cities. These Irish foundations were for long periods recruited from Ireland. After doing incalculable good they were swept away partly in the "Reformation," partly in consequence of the confusion caused by the French Revolution and Napoleon I.

We are not at a loss to find what this occasion was. Three years before the same Pope directed another letter to him, which it is advisable to give in its entirety.

"Virgilius and Sidonius, two pious men who live in the province of the Bavarians, have sent us letters and intimated that thy venerable fraternity orders Christians to be rebaptized. This intelligence has troubled us very much and caused us to wonder whether this be really so as it is related. They reported that there was a priest in the same country who was entirely ignorant of the Latin language, and in baptizing, being unable to pronounce Latin correctly (*nesciens Latini eloquii infringens linguam diceret*), enunciated in a broken Latin: 'Baptizo te in nomine Patria et Filia et Spiritua Sancta.' And for this reason thy venerable fraternity thought it necessary to rebaptize. But, most holy brother, if he who baptized did not introduce any error or heresy,³ but out of ignorance of the Roman tongue merely pronounced the baptismal formula in this broken way as we said before, we cannot consent to rebaptism, because, as thy holy fraternity is well aware, whosoever is baptized by heretics in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost must not be rebaptized, but merely reconciled by the laying on of hands. Therefore, most holy brother, if it is as related to us, let no longer such things be told to them by thee, but what the holy fathers teach, that thy Holiness may try to preserve. May God keep thee in His protection, most holy brother."⁴

Let us notice that Sidonius and Virgilius did not plead their own cause, but championed that of some very ignorant priest, who evidently had been rebuked by the Apostolic Legate. Possibly the two had been ordered to see to it that the priest's neophytes were rebaptized. This would explain as very natural that they reported the matter to Rome and appealed from the Legate to the Pope directly. But whether this be the case or not makes no difference for our considerations.

According to this letter, the fact that St. Boniface ordered rebaptism in certain cases cannot be doubted. But on what ground did he do so? Unfortunately this is not very clearly stated. Nor is it probable that the letter of the two priests which carried the charge against him to Rome was any too clear.

But soon after Sidonius and Virgilius' complaint, another letter

³ "Non errorem inducens aut heresim;" this can only mean an error concerning the nature of baptism in such a way as to make a right intention impossible. The chief subject of this letter is to insist that the baptisms of heretics are valid, on the evident condition that their intention be correct.

⁴ Harzheim, "Concilia Germaniae," I., p. 59.

of the apostle of Germany reached Rome, which told of the disastrous influences which two certain heretics succeeded in gaining for their fantastic teachings. They had already been condemned by a German synod.⁵ But the matter appeared so important that the Pope saw fit to call a council of a number of Bishops and other ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. In three sessions this council took up and discussed the charges against Aldebert, a Gaul, and Clemens, a Scotus, which St. Boniface presented both by letter and through his envoy, the priest Denehard. Their doctrines were indeed monstrous. Aldebert, for instance, allowed chapels to be erected in his own honor, because he placed himself above the apostles of the Lord. His hairs and finger nails he distributed as relics. The people who came to confession to him were told no accusation was needed since he already knew their sins. Needless to say, the Roman synod confirmed the verdict of the Frankish council and ordered the severest measures against the heretics.

The case of Aldebert and Clemens is the most flagrant of the heresies which troubled the life of the apostle of Germany. But it does not stand alone. Endless is the list of similar and other errors and superstitions against which St. Boniface was obliged to combat. He himself complains that the field of his labor was covered with thistles and thorns. Many a letter of his and many of the Papal replies consist of enumerations of these heresies and errors. Very important in this regard is the epistle referred to before, which treats chiefly of false doctrines concerning baptism. In it the saint is expressly reminded of the instructions received from Pope Gregory and exhorted to adhere to them faithfully.

This, then, is the background on which the affair of Sidonius and Virgilius appears. That under such circumstances the "Roman" Archbishop should grow alarmed at everything that looked suspicious is easily understood, and the more so if there was question of the sacrament of baptism, the correct administration of which had been so earnestly recommended to him on his first visit to the Eternal City.

In this same letter the Pope again returns to the complaint of the two "pious men," but in a very different way. They are indeed not to be treated like that Sampson, whom Boniface is ordered to excommunicate without delay. But they must submit to the Legate. Kindness and persuasion is to be employed first. Should this fail, however, severe measures, even excommunication, must be resorted to. They

⁵ This was the period of the active Frankish reform synods held by St. Boniface to improve hierarchy and clergy north of the Alps.

may eventually be cited to Rome, and although the Pope will listen to their pleadings, the Legate's words will be given more credence.

"And concerning the priests Sidonius, above mentioned,⁶ and Virgilius, we have taken notice of what thy Holiness writes about them. We have written to them a threatening letter, as the occasion requires, but more credence will be given to thy fraternity than to them. If it pleases God and we live long enough (*vita comite*), we shall summon them by apostolic letters to the Holy See. For thou hast instructed them and they have not accepted thy words. It has happened with them as it is written, 'He that teaches a fool is like one that glueth a potsherd together. Sand and salt and a mass of iron is easier to bear than a man without sense that is both foolish and wicked. He that wanteth understanding thinketh vain things, and the foolish and erring man thinketh foolish things.' (Eccl. xx., 7, 18; xvi., 23.) Therefore, brother, let not thy heart be provoked to anger, but where thou findest such persons, admonish, beseech and chide them, that they may turn themselves from error to the way of truth. If they become converted, thou hast saved their souls; if they remain hardened, thou wilt not lose the reward for thy exertion. But avoid them according to the apostle's words."⁷

Yet although this settled the question in favor of St. Boniface, it gives us no definite clue as to the precise reason which prompted him to order those converts to be rebaptized. Certainly such a barbarous mutilation of the form in a sacrament so necessary may have been the cause. I dare say there are not many of us that would not be seized with the gravest doubt were they present at a baptism administered in this worse than slovenly way, not many that would not immediately advise at least a conditional repetition of so important a sacrament. The fact that after more than eleven hundred years this controversy is still mentioned in our handbooks of dogmatic and moral theology shows how well founded St. Boniface's doubts were. To omit the last words, "Spirituæ Sancta," which one perhaps might pardon more easily, is there not an essential difference between pater and patria, between filius and filia? It might, therefore, well be questioned whether these corrupted words are in fact still an *objective expression* of the mystery of

⁶ As a matter of fact, Sidonius' name is not mentioned before in the whole letter. This phrase, "above mentioned" (*Pro Sidonio autem supra dicto et Virgilio, presbyteris*), evidently refers to the first part of the letter where the Pope treats of the questions regarding the sacrament of baptism. This part is meant to cover the charge raised by Sidonius, and, of course, Virgilius.

⁷ Harzheim, "Concilia Germaniae," I., p. 86.

the Blessed Trinity. The only saving feature was the man's total ignorance of the Latin language. For him there may not have been any difference between those words. St. Boniface, however, may have had good reason to doubt another essential point, the intention to do what Christ prescribes, a presumption which, in view of the religious confusion of the time, was not at all unlikely.

It is in fact incredible that a man like St. Boniface should have been ignorant of the true doctrine of the Church concerning baptisms administered by heretics. He had been educated in a Benedictine monastery, in the same circles in which the great St. Aldhelmus had moved and at a time when his contemporary, St. Bede, wrote immortal books. He had been a famous professor himself, had been called to other monasteries on account of his learning. All his life he had remained ardently attached to study. Nobody was more anxious to procure the works of the Fathers of the Church and the pronouncements of the Sovereign Pontiffs. Nobody was more docile than he. His visits to Rome always meant a long sojourn and numerous conferences with the Popes and other learned dignitaries. He was now more than sixty years old. It is inconceivable that during this long time a question which became practical every day in the field of his missionary labors should never have been broached, never discussed, should never have come up in his conversations, never have been the object of his private studies.

There is therefore no foundation for the presumption that in this matter St. Boniface acted from lack of theological knowledge and that Virgilius and Sidonius were the better theologians. Had this been the case, the Pope would not have ordered his Legate to make an attempt at converting them. The only conclusion is that they must have represented the case one-sidedly. St. Boniface by this time had been in Germany nearly thirty years. He knew its needs and knew the opinions current among its good and bad priests. The letter sent by Sidonius and Virgilius had evidently shocked the Pope. But after hearing the other side of the question, he heartily and vigorously, though at the same time with fatherly mildness, supported the position his Legate had taken.

Postscript—No attempt is made here to establish the identity of the two priests. Was Sidonius, the holy Bishop of the same name, a native of Ireland, who was an ornament of the episcopal See of Constance? Was this Virgilius the one who tried to rouse enmity between St. Boniface and the Duke of Bavaria, who falsely claimed he had been appointed Bishop, directly by the Pope himself over the head of the Apostolic Legate, who taught that "there

is another world and another mankind below the earth" ("quod alius mundus et alii homines sub terra sunt?") Is he the Saint Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, the apostle of Carinthia and Styria? Or are there several men of each of these two names? Most probably these questions will never be decided to everybody's satisfaction.

F. S. SERLAND.

THE ALEXANDRIAN PHILOSOPHERS OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

WERE there two dominant features in the strong personality of Clement: "A deeply religious temperament and a burning thirst for knowledge."¹ To his mind, philosophy and theology, running on parallel lines, blend their aims and associate their aspirations. It has been truly remarked that two different types of Christianity, the rational and the mystical, are delineated in the theological system of Clement. That in it which is purely rational and bound in with intellectual metaphysics has been drawn from philosophy; its mystical utterances, on the contrary, are the genuine offspring of Christian religious feelings.²

As a mystic, Clement of Alexandria is variously appreciated by the expounders and historians of Christian mysticism. Miss Underwill declares that mystic tendencies received a brilliant literary expression at the hands of Clement, who first adapted the language of the pagan mysteries to the Christian theory of the spiritual life.³ Dr. Inge names him "a founder of Christian Mysticism;" Dr. Rufus Jones, "a profound thinker, hitting upon elemental facts of universal religious experiences."⁴ According to Dr. Bigg. "Though the father of all the Mystics, he is no mystic himself; he did not enter the enchanted garden which he opened for others."⁵ As Fleming truly remarks, "Clement's personal mysticism has been carried too far. Cultivated, cheerful and serene, he was certainly no mystic of the cloistered or ascetic type, nor would one suppose his soul had ever been scarred by some devastating experience. Nevertheless, in his thought of God he shows that his own approach to the subject was that which became common to a vast school of Mysticism in later days."⁶ There is some truth in the statement just quoted. The mysticism of Clement is cheerful, too; it does not insist on the crucified love and the craving for death, as that of St. Ignatius of Antioch; in it the ascetic element is overshadowed by the ethical. No doubt Clement teaches us the method to lift the soul to heaven; he lays stress upon the purification of the heart as a preliminary step to the higher knowledge of God; but he

¹ J. Patrick, "Clement of Alexandria." Edinburgh, 1914, p. 7.

² De Fay, "Clement d'Alexandrie." Paris, 1906, pp. 316-317.

³ E. Underwill, "Mysticism." London, 1912, p. 543.

⁴ R. M. Jones, "Studies in Mystical Religion." London, 1909, pp. 83-84.

⁵ C. Bigg, "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria." Oxford, 1886, p. 98.

⁶ W. K. Fleming, "Mysticism in Christianity." London, 1913, p. 56.

avoids preaching a severe asceticism, which a people, like the Alexandrian, devoted to all forms of luxury and enervating pleasure, had sneered at.⁷ To use a very modern word, Clement was the follower of a liberal opportunism in his mystical views. He was a Christian of the purest water, who, in his mystical experiences, did not renounce the intellectual wealth inherited from pagan ancestors. I cannot call him one who from the outside lays down the laws of inward religious experiences, a mere theorist of the mystical life. Suffice it to peruse the sixth and seventh books of his "*Stromateis*" in order to be convinced that his marvelous description of the gnostic or the perfect mystic does not at all look like a mosaic, laboriously wrought with precious stones gathered from the writings of previous writers, Christian and pagan. The portrait of the gnostic traced by Clement is so vivid, drawn with so masterly a hand, as to give the impression that he reproduces in it some of his own spiritual experiences, that he himself passed through the stages he distinguishes in the rush of the soul toward God; that on earth he tasted beforehand the supersensuous joy of being nearer to the divine Reality by means of a deeper insight into the Supreme Beauty.

Clement is a systematizer of religious experiences even in the sequence of his writings. They represent the three stages to be passed through in order that a Greek pagan may be initiated into the spiritual life of the Christian religion. The "*Protrepticus*" is a warm appeal to the heathen world to listen to the New Song of the divine Singer, the Word of God; it marks the entering into the road of perfection, the purgative life. The "*Paedagogus*" continues the work of purification and introduces the purified soul into the second stage of the mystical life. "It exhibits the training and nurture up from the state of childhood, and prepares beforehand the soul, endued with virtue, for the reception of gnostic knowledge." (*Strom. VI., I.*) The third and highest stage of the spiritual life is set forth in the "*Stromateis*," which conducts the more advanced Christians into a conscious fellowship with God and a moral assimilation to Him.

The chief characteristic of Clement's mysticism is the naturalization in it of pagan mystery-language. Some passages of his writings sound as the voice of the Hierophant of the Eleusinian mysteries: "O truly sacred mysteries!" he cries out, "O stainless light! My way is lighted with torches, and I survey the Heavens and God. I become holy whilst I am initiated. The Lord is the Hierophant, and seals, while illuminating, him who is initiated, and presents to the Father him who believes." (*Protr., XII.*)

⁷ Patrick, op. cit., p. 3.

Even the terms used to mark out the phases of the ascent of the soul towards God are derived from the Greek mystery-lexicon. In doing so, Clement roused objections from the "*Orthodoxasts*" of his age (Str., I., 9), but he could appeal to St. Paul, who also borrowed mystical terms from the Greek mysteries.

Likewise, some elements of Clement's mystical experiences are drawn from Greek philosophy. The teacher of Alexandria did not taunt philosophy with the gibes of Tatian and Theophilus of Antioch. To him philosophy is a work of Divine Providence (Str., I., 1), a shower falling down from heaven on good land. Greek philosophers have been pilferers, plagiarists from *barbarian* (Jewish) philosophy (Str., II., 1; V., 14). Moses and the prophets have taught them their chief dogmas.⁸ Clement's mysticism has been especially influenced by the mystical modes of thought of Platonism, for Plato has really been a disciple of the Hebrews (Str., I., 8, 15), of Moses, above all (Str., I., 25; V., 11).

In his scheme of the inner life Clement distinguishes several stages. First of all, mystical perfection is the outcome of a spiritual elevation of mind and of a moral holiness of the soul. (Paed., I., 7.) The mystical life runs over, between its purification and its deification, the lowest and the highest rung of the *scala perfectionis*: "Being baptized, we are illuminated; illuminated, we become sons; being made sons, we are made perfect; being made perfect, we are made immortal." (Paed., I., 6.) The stages of the mystical life are represented by faith, hope, love. (Str., IV., 7.) The first stage begins with faith, which excites within us repentance for our sins and gradually leads us from ignorance to knowledge, from foolishness to wisdom, from licentiousness to self-restraint, from godlessness to God (Protr., X). Purified by faith, we raise our eyes from earth to the skies, we look up to heaven. Having wiped off the sins which obscure the light of the Divine Spirit, the eyes of the Divine Spirit are free, unimpeded, full of light. Going nearer to God, the soul needs a teacher, and it finds him in the Divine Word, who changes sunset into sunrise, and through the cross conquered death by life, and having rescued man from destruction, raises him to the skies, transforms mortality into immortality, translates earth to heaven. (Protr., XI.)

In a striking passage Clement portrays the Word of God as a physician who works out the purification of souls before raising them to the summits of divine contemplation: "Some men He mourns over, others He addresses with the voice of song, just as a good physician treats some of his patients with cataplasms, some

⁸ Strom., v., 1.; vi., 2, 8, 17. Merk, "Clemens Alexandrinus in seiner Abhängigkeit von der griechischen Philosophie." Leipzig, 1879, pp. 3-4.

with rubbing, some with fomentations; in one case cuts with the lancet, in another cauterizes, in another amputates, in order, if possible, to cure the patient's diseased part or member. By threatening He admonishes, by upbraiding He converts, by bewailing He pities, by the voice of song He cheers." (Protr., I). Thus, He becomes the Paeonian physician of human infirmities.

The purification of the soul being accomplished by His soothing and saving power, He confers upon us true riches, He fills our minds with light (Protr., XI), and by enlightening us He transforms us into gnostics.

The gnostic is the type of the perfect man in the mystical scheme of Clement. He is the man trained, according to the mysterious influence of Christ (Paed., I., 12), who imitates God as far as possible, deficient in none of the things which contribute to the likeness of God (Str., II., 19). God is enshrined in him (Str., VII., 5). He is very closely allied to God (Str., VII., 7), being a living image of God and the symbol of His power. (Str., VII., 9). God shapes his physical, logical and moral life by righteousness, wisdom and holiness (Str., IV., 26).

The gnostic reaches the measure of perfect manhood (Str., VI., 12), becoming a lover of God (Str., IV., 25; VII., 1), and living in an uninterrupted converse and fellowship with the Lord (Str., VII., 3). He is the man of perfect contemplation (Str., VII., 3).

The highest degrees of the ladder of perfection are reached through knowledge and love. The knowledge of God is the highest thing, the most perfect good. (Str., II., 1). It is a light shining in the hidden parts of man, revealing and irradiating them. (Protr., XI). It is the Divine Word Himself. "Our knowledge and our spiritual garden is the Saviour Himself, in Whom we are planted." (Str., II., 1). It is a higher speculation granted to the believer by faith, a speculation which initiates us into the beatific vision of God. (Str., VI., 12).

Knowledge conveys man through the mystic stages of advancement till it raises the pure in heart to the crowning place of rest, teaching them to gaze on God, face to face, with knowledge and comprehension. (Str., VII., 10).

Knowledge warmed by love perfects the mystical man. "Let us become God-loving men," says Clement, "and we shall obtain the greatest of all things, those which are incapable of being harmed, God and life," (Protr., XII). The gnostic must be a martyr of love (Str., IV., 21). By love he enrolls himself among the friends of God (Str., VI., 9; Protr., IX); by love he enters into a conscious

fellowship with God (Protr., XI), and God takes His abode in him. The mystical contemplation ending in the vision of God is beautifully depicted in the following passage: "The gnostic's soul, that surpasses in the grandeur of contemplation the mode of life of each of the holy ranks, embraces the divine vision not in mirrors or by means of mirrors, but in the transcendently clear and absolutely pure insatiable vision which is the privilege of intensely loving souls." (Str., VII., 3). The gnostic's life is prayer and converse with God (Str., VII., 12), a holy festival by which he unites himself to the divine choirs. (Str., VII., 7). His prayer is an ecstatic one. He prays without any mixture of material life; he utters his cries of love without voice, by concentrating the whole spiritual nature in the effort within for expression by the mind, in undistracted turning towards God (Str., VII., 7), crying inwardly, by speaking in silence.

The effects of the highest mystical life are thus pointed out by Clement: "A divine power of goodness clings to the righteous soul in contemplation and in prophecy, and governing it, impresses upon it something, as it were, of intellectual radiance, like the solar ray, uniting the soul with light through an unbroken love. Thence assimilation to God is the aim of the holy man." (Str., II., 22).⁹ Such an assimilation, which is to be realized in the contemplative life (Str., IV., 23), consists in a participation in the moral excellence of God. (Paed., I., 12; Str., VI., 17). By contemplating God and by perpetually conversing with Him, man becomes like an angel (Paed., II., 9; Str., VI., 13), the partaker of the divine will (Str., VII., 12). He becomes God Himself.

The idea of deification in the writings of Clement has been drawn not only from Christian sources, but also from Plato, whose saying, "The man who contemplates God lives as a God among men," is quoted by him. (Str., IV., 25). "The Word of God," says Clement, "became man, that thou mayest learn from man how man may become God." (Protr., I). The gnostic is a deified man. (Paed., I., 12; Str., IV., 23; VII., 15).¹⁰

Here it may be noted that for the gnostic immersed in divine contemplation Clement claims the gift of impassibility, the "He who devotes himself to contemplation, communing in purity with the divine, enters more nearly into the state of impassible identity." (Str., IV., 6; VI., 13; Protr., X). But from the quietistic tints of some of his expressions it does not follow that Clement asserts a state of passiveness of the soul that has reached the apex of the divine contemplation. For in the mystical conceptions of Clement

⁹ Hort, "Clement of Alexandria Miscellanies," Book VII. London, 1902. pp. 203-204; "Inge," pp. 356-358.

the contemplation of God is not a spiritual laziness, but a real activity, (Str., IV., 6).¹¹

ORIGEN.

In the history of the Mysticism of the Greek Fathers the name of Origen is closely associated with that of Clement of Alexandria, his genial master. But the renown of the great Alexandrian exegete in the annals of Christian Mysticism is not due to a vivid picture of his inward religious experiences or to the depth of his mystical truths. As Inge truly remarks, Origen's mind was less inclined to mystical modes of thought than that of Clement.¹² He is to be considered as the least of the mystic, states Bigg. It is, therefore, elsewhere that we need to find the reasons for the qualification of mystic granted to him by posterity.

In fact, Origen is a mystic in this sense, above all that he submitted to a mystical treatment some portions of the Holy Scripture which seemed to be in a sharp antagonism with any spiritual interpretation whatsoever. In the literature of the Greek Fathers he appears to us as the first mystic-commentator of the Song of Songs, as the searcher after a deep religious sense in the passionate outbursts of a love which seems to blaze up in the glaring features of an exalted sensualism. The *spiritual marriage* of the mystics, the loving ardor of the spiritual bride, that is of the soul immersed in the vision of God, towards her Divine Bridegroom, the Word of God, found in Origen its first poet and singer. Thus Origen created a new mystical terminology and procured a new delicious food for the insatiate yearnings of mystical souls. But we should be greatly mistaken if we considered Origen as a master of mystical experiences. He is the reformer rather than the originator of new mystical expressions. In the dazzling imagery of his style his heart does not beat so vigorously as do those of the true emotional mystics. His positive mind holds him steadily within the sphere of reasoning and forbids the heart to wing its flight heavenward. Origen is first of all a philosopher. In his literary inheritance mysticism takes a very subordinate place. He writes without losing the control of self; he is always displaying dialectic subtleties, even when he is wandering in the mysterious regions of mystical heights. The highest manifestations of the Spirit indwelling in the believing soul, the charismatic endowments of the men of God, excite his scientific curiosity. He compares them with psychological facts, and strives to illustrate them by the natural light of the

¹¹ Capitaine, "Die Moral des Clemens von Alexandrien." Paderborn, 1903, pp. 287-288.

¹² Op. cit., p. 89.

human reason. In the writings of Origen, when there is question of mystical truths, speculativeness chills emotionalism; allegorism charms the imagination without touching the inmost recesses of the religious consciousness. In short, Origen descants upon mysticism as a mere spectator who stares at heaven without letting earth go out of his sight. "Origen," says Denis, "severs himself from the mystics by his unshaken reliance on reason. The words *illumination* and *inspiration* are of frequent occurrence in his writings; the term *enthusiasm* is not omitted. But that light, which comes to us by the grace of God, is so little at variance with the reason as to become identified with the light of the reason itself or of the Word. Inspiration flows out from the Holy Spirit, Who is Wisdom Himself, and Who, as a Vicar of the Word, receives from Him the gifts bestowed upon us. As to enthusiasm, by this is meant only the presence of God within us, that natural communication between the Creator and the creature in the reason and by the reason. Without it the soul would not get even the notion of God. This enthusiasm, this inspiration, this illumination, whilst raising up the soul above itself, yet does not break down the barriers encircling it."¹³

In his mystical theories Origen lays a great stress upon what he calls a divine sense, an expression the precise meaning of which has not been clearly defined by the expounders of his system. According to Denis, the *divine sense* points out the highest stages of the mystical life, applies to the soul indwelt by the Holy Spirit and quickened with the effluence of His grace.¹⁴ Origen mentions it when he marks the difference between the sensual and the spiritual life: "There are within us two kinds of senses—the one immortal and intellectual, which is termed by Solomon a divine sense. By this divine sense, therefore, not of the eyes, but of a pure heart, which is the mind, God may be seen by those who are worthy." (De Princ., I., 1, 9).

In a passage of the Preface to his Commentary on the Song of Solomon, Origen distinguishes three stages in the mystical life. The first, following the version of Rufinus, consists in *emendandis moribus mandatisque servandis*; the second in *renuntiando mundo et omnibus quae in mundo sunt*; the third in *contemplandis et desiderandis eis quae non videntur et aeterna sunt*. Therefore, to enter into the spiritual life, a Christian soul ought to undergo a process of inner purification; then by ascetic labor it will separate itself from external things, and at last, inflamed with love, it will gaze on the Supreme Being and immerse itself in the

¹³ "La philosophie d'Origène." Paris, 1884, pp. 245-246.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 243.

ocean of His uncreated light. This highest rung of the ladder of perfection is to be reached by yielding to the Word of God, Who lifts our soul up to the sunlit heights of the Eternal Wisdom.

Elsewhere Origen distinguishes in the spiritual life childhood, when the believing soul smells the perfume of the grace from above; youth when the soul, strengthened by grace, does not bend under the weight of tribulations and temptations, and maturity when it lives in the radiance of the divine light and fully enjoys the fragrance of the Divine Being. (Cant., ii.; De Princ., III., 1, 21). It is God that takes away all ignorance and implants knowledge in our hearts, (De Princ., III., 1, 15). But the knowledge of God may be considered in its initial stage or in its full possession. Thence we meet with the simple faithful and the perfect man who pierces the veil of the divine arcanum (Joh. xx., 27). Here comes also the famous distinction of Origen between the somatic Christianity resting upon irrational faith and spiritual Christianity, which lifts man up to the clearer vision of God.¹⁵

It is only by spiritual men that God may be seen, even in the mists of earthly life, and it is God only that makes us worthy of His vision, (De Princ., I., 9). The process of this lifting up of the Christian soul to the vision of God is wonderfully described in the following passage: "Rational creatures of the third order are those who, mortifying their members on the earth and rising above not only their corporeal nature, but even the uncertain and fragile movements of the soul itself, have united themselves to the Lord, being made altogether spiritual, that they may be forever one Spirit with Him, discerning along with Him each individual thing until they arrive at a condition of perfect spirituality, and discern all things by their perfect illumination in all holiness through the Word and Wisdom of God (De Princ., I., 8, 4).

The perfect knowledge of the gnostic in the conception of Origen consists in the vision of the Father, face to face. In his teaching the person of Christ does not play the foremost role, as is the case with the teaching of Ignatius of Antioch. To Origen the belief in Jesus as Redeemer is the note of the lower life. "We must rise above the sensible to the intelligible, from obedience to love and knowledge, from Jesus to the Word. Redemption is forgiveness and healing discipline, and the true Christian has ceased to need these." Hence the startling phrase that *to know* Christ crucified is the knowledge of babes; or, again, "Blessed are those who want the Saviour no longer as Physician, Shepherd, Redeemer."¹⁶

¹⁵ Harnack, "History of Dogma," v. II., p. 347.

¹⁶ Bigg, op. cit., p. 171.

The highest knowledge of God cannot be attained without love. The soul athirst for God is wounded for its good by Him and burns in the flames of His love: "*Salutare ab ipso vulnus accipit, et beato igne amoris eius araebit,*" (Joh. xiii., 67). The soul burning with love for God enters the inmost sanctuary of the divine wisdom in the depths of His life. (Exc. procop., P. G., XIII., 200). By knowledge and love together the gnostic draws nearer to God and becomes as like to Him as possible. (De Princ., III., 6, 1). "Man received the dignity of God's image at his first creation, but the perfection of his likeness has been reserved for the consummation, namely, that he might acquire it for himself by the exercise of his own diligence in the imitation of God, the possibility of attaining perfection being granted him." (Ib.) By this perfection men become the children of the light, and are assumed into the order of Angels.

God Himself chooses the souls of which he purposed to make the *habitacula sapientiae* (Cant., iii., P. G., XIII., 181). These souls are taught by the Divine Bridegroom, who opens to them the treasures of His arcana, the invisible things, the secrets of the divine Intelligence, the horizons of the spiritual kingdom, and rejoices them with the delicacies of the celestial banquet. The souls taught by the Word of God need no longer human teachers, *ut sole illucenti vis lunae et stellarum illuminandi obscuratur*, Joh. i., 24). They become the seers of the Word of God. (Joh. xiii., 52). The divine mind shines for them as a wonderful mirror that reflects all created things, that focuses all the beams of human knowledge and at which gaze the spiritualized disciples of Christ. The kernel of the mystical teaching of Origen might be summed up in the following truism: "*Per hanc viam quae est Christus, pervenire possumus in hoc ut facie ad faciem comprehendamus ea quae prius quasi in umbra et in aenigmate videramus*," (Cant., iii., 153).

And possessed of such, the highest, knowledge, the gnostic ceases to speak to God in a material voice. In his state of self-communing in a mystical silence only the fibres of his heart praise God and magnify His supressential beauty (Ps., iv., 4; P. G., XI., 1141).

In this final stage of the mystical experiences, body is entirely subdued to soul. "It no longer serves as a hindrance to a virtuous life; for to that which we call the lust of the flesh it has died. The divine Spirit mortifies the deeds of the body, and destroys that enmity against God which the carnal passions serve to excite," (Contra Cels., VII., 4). It is quite evident here that as a result of the attainment of the supreme perfection, Origen with Clement

of Alexandria admits a state of "apathy," which hardens the gnostic against the allurements of earthly passions.

An interesting page of Origen's mystical teaching is that which describes the mystical phenomena produced in the mind or in the senses by the inrushing tides of divine light and grace. "There is a kind of general divine perception which the blessed man alone knows how to discover, according to the saying of Solomon, "Thou shalt find the knowledge of God," and as there are various forms of this perceptive power, such as the faculty of vision which can see things that are better than bodies, among which are ranked the cherubim and seraphim, and the faculty of hearing, which can perceive voices which have not their being in air, and a sense of taste which can make use of living bread that has come down from heaven and that gives life unto the world, and so also a sense of smelling, which scents such things as lead Paul to say that it is a sweet savor of Christ unto God, and a sense of touch, by which John says that he handled with his hands the word of life; the blessed prophets having discovered this divine perception and seeing and hearing in this divine manner and tasting likewise and smelling, so to speak, with no sensible organs of perception and laying hold on the Logos by faith" (*Contra Cols.*, I., 48).

But by relating these psychological phenomena of the highest stages of the mystic life, Origen's genius stands faithful to its method of searching, to its inclination for illustrating religious truths and facts by rational arguments or analogies. "It is not absurd to say," he declares, "that the mind which receives impressions in a dream is impressed also in a waking vision, and as in a dream we fancy that we hear and that the organs of hearing are actually impressed, and that we see with our eyes, so there is no absurdity in believing that similar things occurred to the prophets when it is recorded that they witnessed occurrences of a wonderful kind, as when they heard the words of the Lord or beheld the heavens opened."

With Origen, therefore, Christian mysticism takes a step backwards. It becomes, so to say, less divine, less spiritual, less ecstatic. Its heavenly summits have a hold on earth by human reason. Mysticism as a supernatural life of the believing soul evaporates under the influence of philosophical dryness. It exiles itself from the common life and shuts its yearnings within the walls of monasteries. Asceticism takes a more prominent place in the development of the inner life and claims not only the fulfillment of the precepts of Christian ethics, but also heroic deeds and sacrifices, the heroism of those who made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Origen's mystical teaching begins the period

of monastic mysticism (see Bornemann, *In investiganda monachatus origine, quibus de causis ratio habenda sit Origenis*, Göttingen, 1885) and clears the ground for one of the bitterest adversaries of the great Alexandrian, viz., Methodius of Olympus.

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REFORMATION WITHOUT REFORM.

HOW long it seems to look back to the historic scene at Wittenberg when Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the castle church. It is a vista of only four centuries, yet they are so crowded with events that they may well seem longer to us than double or treble the number over which Luther looked back to Charlemagne or Constantine.

When Luther, in 1505, entered the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt as a youth of twenty-two, the world on which he turned his back was ripe for change. Apart from religious considerations, the age was one of adventure. Scarcely had the Renaissance unveiled the past and stimulated the imagination by exhibiting forgotten civilizations to view, when Columbus opened a way for the future, leaving behind him a wake into which a horde of adventurers rushed headlong. The achievements of the navigators are typical of what was going on in the world of thought. At infinitely less risk to themselves, but with great danger to society and religion, whole crews of clever wits were embarking in airy vessels of classic rhetoric upon a boundless sea of speculation. At the opportune moment, when new ideas were teeming in the minds of men, came the printing-press to spread these ideas broadcast in every village of Europe. Here was a condition of affairs. When we add to all this the widespread discontent at the surrounding evils—moral, social, economic, agrarian, civil, religious and whatever else—we can understand that only a push was needed to fulfill the dreams of the Humanists and turn the world topsy-turvy.

Without such an advantage even Luther's indomitable character and marvelous powers of agitation would have been of no avail. Protestantism was not the cause of the awakening. It was only the expression, in one direction, of ideas that were afloat, whilst another set of ideas, in a different direction, strove to combine what was hopeful in the future with what was good in the past. But since many look upon Protestantism as the cause of the modern world, small wonder that they cannot turn their gaze from Luther, for he seems to stand like a colossus bestriding the strait between the Middle Ages and ourselves.

The sudden rise and spread of Lutheranism is not to be compared, as by some writers it has been compared, to the early days of Christianity. Mahomedanism affords a far juster parallel. With a far different doctrine to oppose to human passion than either Lutheranism or Mahomedanism and by far different

methods, the Church of the Catacombs won its way into the freedom of the upper air and gained a footing for the Church of the Councils and the Fathers. It will be necessary to say something about what the doctrines and the methods of Lutheranism really were; but in considering them there must never be lost sight of the manner in which the world was prepared to receive them. Some of the most important considerations have just been indicated, yet even of these the only ones that are essential are those which threatened the Church in a vital spot—loss of faith and deterioration of morals. The *quattro-cento* and the *cinque-cento*, alas, give abundant evidence of both. Still, if the pious reader is fain to turn over the pages rapidly because of the painful reading they make, on the other hand, he finds not a little that is consoling and edifying. As Pastor remarks, when he pauses for a moment to glance at several churchmen as conspicuous for sanctity as for love of classical studies: "It is in the nature of things that phenomena of this sort only too easily escape the gaze of history. Whilst the name of one individual that neglects his duty, especially if he be of the clerical state, is noised abroad in the mouth of all, the most estimable priests are scarcely known outside of their immediate neighborhood." The best proof that things were not so bad as they have been painted lies in the forces for good that were rallied in a counter-Reformation.

Yet, all things considered, there is no denying the fact that reformation was sorely needed. For several generations before Luther the clamor for it had been making itself more and more plainly heard. This in itself was a healthy symptom. But true reform is not an easy thing to bring about, as our age should not need to be told. In the age of Luther the problem was peculiarly difficult. Hildebrands are not born every day, but a whole succession of them would have been necessary to keep the clergy in every parish of Europe purged of the vices to which they were solicited by the evils of the times, and the laity from adding ever fresh attractions to the already existing materials of corruption. Alas, the Papacy was not now what it had been previously to the time between Avignon and Basle. In those sad days, rather than in the days of Luther, was the time when in human probability it ought to have perished. Then Luther was made possible; but by the time he appeared the crisis of the danger was passed. Still, in its weakened condition, a Hildebrand was the last thing to be looked for, and, with the lamentable outcome of certain attempts at reform before his eyes, the strongest character would take thought of prudence. Unfortunately, one of the worst of the Popes sat upon the Chair of Peter during the days of Luther's ad-

lescence, and the Pope with whom he began his struggle was not one of the noblest. Whatever was the neglect of duty by those in whose hands reposed the interests of Christ—and it was certainly great, from the highest to the lowest—the Church has been made to rue it most bitterly, and the lesson should not be lost on ourselves.

But, at any rate, reform was not to be effected by the destruction of the old and the substitution of something new; least of all by such a thing as Luther had to offer. In Luther's own lifetime the reform was begun in earnest; and this much of thanks he deserves that he forced it on, and that through his efforts a large part of the most deeply infected mass was separated from the body of the Church. On his part, Luther aimed at nothing short of the destruction of the Church, and his work was characterized by the deadliest hate.

When were the seeds of this hatred first sown in his soul? Not, certainly, up to the moment when he donned the cowl. He had not been hanging loose upon the Church like those of the Humanists who, pagans in life and teaching while bearing the name of Christian, attacked the ideals and the institutions of Christianity. Neither was he led by the existing evils to join in the abuse of monks and clergy and Popes, of which pre-Reformation literature is so full. In a crisis of his soul it was to a monastery that he turned his steps, seeking there the highest prize of life. The course may have been ill advised. Luther was the creature of impulse, and it may very well be that his entrance into the monastery was the effect of impulse rather than the answer to a vocation. Perhaps his old father, whose open expression of misgiving marred the festivities of the First Mass, saw more clearly than the son. Still there is nothing to show that his early years in the convent were a disillusionment. On the contrary, his utterances at the time serve to check the partisan and often inconsistent misrepresentations of his later years. The portrait of Luther as a monk was the one that pleased Tennyson best of all. It is not until the tenth year of his religious life, in his *Lectures on the Romans* (which in our own day have been added to our knowledge of Luther by Denifle), that a change becomes apparent. Here appears for the first time Justification by Faith, with its corollary, the Uselessness of Works. In this doctrine we have the cardinal idea of Luther. This it was, and not the Bible, nor Indulgences, nor anything else which used to be thought, that led to the break with Rome. This created the issue, Shall Luther be taught by the Church or shall she allow herself to be instructed by him? The significance of this doctrine will appear presently; at this point it is enough to ob-

serve that two years before he draws the eyes of the world upon himself Luther has ceased to think with the Church.

How did this change come about? It is easier to show that Luther's own accounts are untrustworthy than to be certain about some other explanation as the true one. Whether through moral causes, as Father Denifle undertakes to show, or, as Father Grisar inclines, because he had become fascinated with the German mystics whose writings he misunderstood, or for some other reason or reasons, Luther, just before the Indulgence controversy, was so far from being the monk whom Thomas à Kempis depicts that this ideal had become positively distasteful to him. The change, in itself, need excite no surprise. That state of soul which finds disgust in striving after personal holiness and in all that such striving implies—prayer, self-denial, frequentation of the sacraments, and the like—is no extraordinary phenomenon. It is only when, as in Luther's case, or in such cases as the Quietism of Molinos, spiritual inertia is worked out into a system, that it has more than an individual interest. Above all, when the development of such a doctrine is not only accompanied by a change from fervor to tepidity, but also starts an historical epoch, are we curious to know something of the manner of life of him who puts it forth.

There are, in fact, some ugly rumors connected with Luther's life as a monk; but as none of them are better than doubtful, and some of them are clearly false, they afford no sure ground for a judgment. What we are sure of is that he failed to protect himself against a danger against which all spiritual writers hold out a warning. He had allowed himself to become immersed in distracting occupations to the neglect of the care of his soul. His spiritual life ran low. Days of negligence were followed by days of spasmodic fervor. In such a life it is easy to understand that there was little room for that joy and peace in the Holy Ghost which Scripture holds out as the possession of the fervent, and concerning which spiritual writers before, during and after his day are so eloquent. Whatever the genesis may have been, there is no doubt about the final result. Luther abandoned all effort after personal holiness, and provided a substitute in *Justification by Faith*.

This was the doctrine which Luther asked the Church to adopt as her own. She could not receive it without proving false to her divine mission. Luther was not the man to recede. The outcome was a struggle the echoes of which will never wholly die away. In different conditions he too must have failed as others had failed before him. But his vantage ground would have availed him little had he been other than the man he was. Of all men

then living, perhaps of all men that ever lived, no one was better fitted to carry on such a struggle than Luther. It is true that in certain qualities of mind he loses by comparison with other personalities of the Reformation. Calvin, for instance, surpassed him in powers of organization, Melancthon in analysis. In scholarship, save for knowledge of the Bible, for which even in his Catholic days he met with applause, he has nothing to distinguish him. Of originality of view he had little; as a Protestant writer has pointed out, his doctrines, down to the "Bible the Rule of Faith," can be found in the ages before him. His intellect was assimilative rather than creative, practical rather than speculative. But in qualities that fit for popular leadership he stands supreme.

Yet even in this respect some qualifications must be made. He was better able to fight the battles than to plan the strategy of a great campaign. If the illustration may be allowed, nature had fitted him to be a great leader, like Stonewall Jackson or Phil Sheridan, rather than a field-marshall. A man of restless energy and iron will, with a prodigious capacity for work, full of resources to meet every new turn in the situation, he was perfectly at home in the midst of the turmoil which he had himself created. No man understood better than he the arts of winning the populace to his side. An imagination extraordinarily vivid and an emotional nature which prevailed over the reflective supplied him with images and ideas for a remarkably copious flow of words. Whatever he said was uttered with an assurance that bore down all opposition and brought conviction even against better knowledge. Above all this, or including all this, was a personality—that indefinable something without which popular leadership is out of the question. How great this was in Luther's case, or how strong its power of attraction or repulsion, is testified to by those who fell under or resisted its spell. One trait that is remarked by both friend and foe is the light in the deep-set, piercing, quick-glancing eyes, which, on the former worked like a charm, to the latter seemed something uncanny.

At this point we are prone to ask ourselves, what if Luther had used his splendid gifts in the cause of a real reform? What if he had been another St. Bernard? Or, since that is to ask too much, another Savonarola? The suggestion will raise a smile on the lips of those who rejoice in what he accomplished. Nevertheless, regret for the rent which Luther made in Christendom is not confined to Catholic circles. The same lament can be found in the pages of Protestant writers.

In the religious sphere, how far Luther's work was from being an unmixed blessing belongs properly to our subject. But

Lutheranism was more than a religious movement. Christianity had been woven by the ages of faith into the very texture of society —its literature and art, its morals and politics. It had already taken hold of the new materials and was busily employed with them when Luther laid violent hands upon the web and snapped all the threads of continuity. To fanaticism even what was good in the past became an object of hate. This is in accordance with what Charles Lamb notes as quite the usual thing in “converts from enthusiasm”—“who, when they apostatize, apostatize all, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths with which they had been mingled, not implicated.” This certainly fits Luther. The mere fact that anything belonged to the old Church was enough to condemn it in his eyes. He himself tells us that he felt like throwing the Eucharist overboard merely to spite the Pope. To say nothing of the positive harm that was done, even the stopping short and beginning over again was a loss of precious time. All in all, wherever the Reformation breathed upon the soil of the Renaissance its immediate effect was to parch the growing fruits. It is a matter of familiar knowledge that the New Learning, which in spite of all the extravagances of the Humanists had a healthy growth under Catholic influence, met with a check from the Reformation. In the arts we have the appeal of Hans Sachs to God against Luther. In politics, a Protestant authority tells us that down to the nineteenth century the nations were engaged with problems of Luther’s making, for which he himself showed slight comprehension, and whose solution he even rendered more difficult.

Luther by splitting up a united Christendom into fragments did more than “reform” religion, and those to whom the prospect of “one fold and one shepherd” brings no delight have discord to their hearts’ content. At any rate, but for Luther thousands to-day who, because they have no faith and no hope and no charity, are pulling the world this way and that would be able to live in something like peace and harmony. But it was as a religious reformer that Luther came before the world, and as such he must stand or fall.

That upheaval in the sixteenth century which came about when, by an historical occasion, a state of soul was brought into conjunction with a state of affairs has succeeded in getting itself called by the name of “the Reformation.” Like other names for comprehensive ideas, it can be understood vaguely, and even when a definite notion is attached to it, it can mean different things to different minds. Whatever we take the nature of the movement to be, Luther’s share in it, though the principal one, is not exclusive, or even paramount. That he was the one who set free certain gigantic

forces in the social, political, moral and religious worlds is certainly true; but it is no less true that, like the jinn in the tale, once out of the bottle, these forces completely gained the mastery over their liberator. Whither they led he was forced to follow. Once fairly launched on his career he becomes the creature of circumstance—not steering his course whither his principles would have guided him, but dragged violently, now to the right, now to the left, forward and backward, upward and downward, the sport of the winds in that outrageous storm from the violence of whose fury the world is yet rocking. His doctrines, his exegesis, his policies, his exhortations are all likely to prove upon examination as occasional as his outbursts of rage, his abusiveness, his slanders, his inconsistencies, nay, even flat contradictions. Hence the search for the real Luther has been a game of hide and seek, and it is possible for the champions of rival camps to quote Luther against himself. To nothing can we liken him so well as to Phaeton, borne headlong by the horses of the sun, mounting majestically into lofty regions of thought, only to tumble of a sudden into depths of mystification amid the foul atmosphere of ribaldry and indecency.

To follow him up and down and round about would make a chronicle of moods rather than a review of opinions. But in all his vagaries Luther remained true—not as far as consistency required, but as far as fate would let him—to the set of ideas with which he began. These were to work a reform. But before glancing at them it will be well to consider what the Church of Christ (or, as a Protestant of our time would rather say, religion) actually stood in need of. This was a quickening of the conscience which would make men turn with horror from their evil ways, a strengthening of the moral fibre and a stimulus to effort in works of piety and zeal—all of which should find its impulse in a vivid realization of the truths of faith and its mainstay in the means of grace with which Christ had supplied His Church. This one would think was the essential. Excrescences upon the beliefs and practices of Christianity could be dealt with more at leisure or would disappear of themselves with a return of health and vigor. Such was the manner in which real reformers set about their work. The effect upon morality produced by such great men as St. Bernardine of Sienna, Gerhard Groot and St. Charles Borromeo was as different from the outcome of Luther's reformation as the difference in method would lead one to expect.

Luther began by sweeping away the very basis of morality—human responsibility. According to him the commandments of God are impossible of observance. He goes so far in his more violent moods as to treat Moses with words of scorn, and he even includes

the natural law, which the Creator has engraved on the heart of the savage, in his sweeping statements. In fact, the will is helpless in the domain of morality. One of his most important works—one of the two which he thought worthy the admiration of posterity—was his *De Servo Arbitrio*, "The Will in Bondage." The will he compared to a saddle into which God and the devil leap by turns to drive man one way or the other. Concupiscence is the original sin; it can be neither eradicated nor controlled. It not only makes man a sinner, but it plays its part in his very best actions, vitiating them and rendering them sins. Nay, since man cannot help himself, God (Luther says so in plain words) is the author of sin.

But why did God command the impossible? The answer is, to show man that he (a logician would have said "that *He*") is a sinner. It is idle, then, to expect that holiness, virtue, justice can be found *in* man, and still more idle to work to establish it there. The plain fact is that man cannot become just. Properly speaking, he is always a sinner, and a sinner he must remain, do what he will. The sin is in his very nature and there is no getting rid of it. But though *we* cannot fulfill the law, Christ has fulfilled it in our place. Whoever, then, turns to Christ with confidence—let his life be what it may, and continue to be what it may—will find everything done for him which he is unable to do for himself—forgiveness, satisfaction, merit, the fulfillment of the law. Thus our sinful nature can be covered over by the merits of Christ, and so there remains an exterior, an imputed justice. Hence the just man is not really a just man, but only one to whom the justice of Christ is imputed. His sins being cloaked over by the merits of Christ are as though they were not, and he is not looked upon by God as the sinner he actually is. This is Luther's justification by faith. Faith, the confidence that Christ has fulfilled for me, the law which I am unable to fulfill for myself—faith, not charity, is man's greatest obligation; nay, not only the greatest, but the sole.

A comfortable doctrine, surely, for weak human nature as could possibly be thought out—if only it had not its difficulties. On experiment it proved anything but easy for the sinner to quiet his conscience with the reflection, "I am saved by the merits of Christ." Luther testified repeatedly to the difficulty he himself found in doing this. The remedy he proposed was to crush down all misgiving, and to make his meaning clearer, he used language which, though not meant as a direct invitation to sin, had an awful sound and led to awful consequences. More than one statement of the kind was heard from him, but the most startling of all and the best known is the advice to "sin boldly and believe more boldly still." But then what was the use of trying? The

human will, a slave to sin, powerless to do the least good—how was it capable of this “faith,” compared with which all else in Christianity is of no account? And if every action of man is sinful, how is this act to escape the taint? And if the act belongs wholly to Christ and man coöperates not at all (as Luther explained), how is the act a vital one? It might just as well have been fashioned in heaven and be put ready-made into the soul of the justified.

When urged by such difficulties, Luther cut all discussion short by ruling reason out of court. He grows loud in his denunciation of “the sophists,” who would cite the “gospel” before the tribunal of human reason. Thus he dealt a serious blow to religion, a blow which is working pernicious results down to the present day, since it left his Christianity defenseless against rationalism and infidelity and a prey to emotionalism in the hearts of its followers.

But some grounds for his faith man must have so long as he is a rational being. What answer, then, was Luther able to return to those who demanded to know the grounds on which his religion should be embraced? His final answer was that his word should be taken for it; he should be looked upon as a messenger from God. He did, indeed, appeal to Scripture; but, as practically he allowed no one to interpret it in a sense different from his own—neither a church for the faithful nor an individual on his own account—his word had to settle the matter. This will become clearer while we follow him, as we now proceed to do, over the zigzag course of his wanderings.

It would be wrong to conceive of Luther’s mind as moving in an orbit. Mathematicians find the problem of more than two sources of perturbation insoluble. The perturbations set up in Luther’s system were manifold, but we may fix our attention upon Scripture, the masses, the civil power and the Catholic Church as the most important.

Luther had no intention of following his doctrines up to the bitter end of their logical conclusions. But the crowd has a rude sense of logic, and once it is “drunk with new truths,” it proceeds to draw inferences with a merciless rigor at which its teachers stand aghast. This Luther had to learn. He furnished the principles; the crowd drew the conclusions.

However, before his principles passed out into the possession of the crowd, Luther was constrained to enunciate them clearly. They were soon forced to take shape in his mind. Every authority he was confronted with he brushed aside until no authority remained. When the Pope withheld him he appealed to a council; when the councils were quoted to him, he fell back upon Scripture; when the condemnation of his doctrine was pointed out to him in Scripture, he

rejected the passages which he could not explain away. This was his position at the Diet of Worms. In the writings which at this period he scatters broadcast he stands forth as the fugleman of evangelical freedom. According to him, a seven-year-old child that has the faith can interpret the Scriptures better than all the Popes and Cardinals and councils, etc. Here was something that even a seven-year-old child could understand, and soon the land was filled with sectaries thronging after preachers who were putting the maxim into practice.

Nothing was further from Luther's mind than such a carnival of gospellers. All that he meant was that everybody was free to think for himself so long as he did not differ from Luther. A disintegrating principle, however, had been set in operation, and there was nothing powerful enough either in the harmony of his doctrines or in his eloquence to hold together the Church which he had founded. If his work was not to go to pieces in his own lifetime, a cohesive force must be found somewhere. The power which he himself lacked was possessed by the State, and so in Saxony, just as soon after in Geneva, England and Scotland, and in fact everywhere where the Reformation was introduced, Protestantism began its career by a repudiation of its fundamental principle—freedom of conscience.

The preservation of his doctrines was not, however, the only, or even the first, motive that forced Luther into the arms of princely patronage. Indeed, it was to the princes that in the first instance he had directed his appeal for the extirpation of Popery and all that thereto appertained. But finding his incendiary language fallen upon deaf ears, he turned to the mob, and for a time he appears in the rôle of a popular leader. The pun which Burke twisted out of Horace's line to Pindar into a description of an English demagogue suits Luther at this stage:

*numerisque fertur
Lege solutis—*

"he is borne along by *numbers* released from law." Enraged at the nobles for their apathy in dealing with the Papists, he incites the masses to fury against nobles and Papists alike. He was taken at his word. But the horrors of the Peasant War caused Luther to pass from one extreme to the other. His language increased in violence, but it was directed now against those whom he had incited to insurrection. To his dying day Luther had a contempt for the common people, often expressed in his own characteristic way, whose origin is doubtless to be found here, but which in general he must have conceived from observing the ease

with which he drew the masses after him and the ease with which others enticed them away. He once asserted that in two or three sermons he could lead his followers back into Popery. At any rate, when the tumult subsided and the nobles returned to the smoking ruins of their castles to set their heels on the necks of the peasants, Luther's place was found with the victors, not with the vanquished. Thenceforth his success depended on princely favor.

To hand the "gospel" over to the State cost Luther the sacrifice of his original conceptions of the Church, the State and the relations between the two. The Church he had conceived of as the union of true believers—those who were predestined, who were justified by faith; and, since no one could tell who these were, they formed an invisible society, without hierarchy or government of any kind save the preaching of the "Word." The State was to busy itself with secular concerns alone. So widely separated were the two spheres that the Christian—and he alone was a Christian who had the "gospel"—lived at the same time in two different worlds, with two incompatible sets of duties. The teachings of the Gospel simply could not be made to work in the society of men, as men go in this world. Coercion is unchristian, but the Christian ruler must perforce exert his authority. Christians are to be ruled by the "Word" alone, but the Christian subject must submit to authority and so be coerced of his liberty. This was the form his theorizing took when he was pleading for the liberty of his new gospel. When, however, that liberty, once gained, failed to manifest itself in results that were to his liking, then, feeling himself supported by the arm of the State, he is no longer content to leave the Word to speak for itself, nor the State to keep within the bounds he had marked out for it. The secular prince is changed into a spiritual potentate. The Church ceases to be a mere union of the souls of true believers and becomes a visible society, with laws of Luther's making and doctrines of Luther's formulating. State functionaries, called "visitors," who receive their instructions from Luther while they derive their authority from the civil ruler, use main force to compress everything into the shape which he desired. He never, it is true, altogether ceases to use the old phraseology, but henceforward liberty must be understood as a permission to read out of the Bible or into it what he expounds. Luther is a champion of religious liberty for Lutheranism and for nothing else.

What, then, is to vouch for the truth of the views thus enforced? Not reason—that is mere sophistry. The authority to which Luther appeals is Scripture. But if anywhere he shows himself arbitrary it is in his treatment of Holy Writ. There is no exaggeration in saying, as has been said by a Protestant critic, that he approaches

Scripture with the determination of making it say what he thinks. By the most drastic methods, whatever can be made to favor his pretensions is dwelt upon to the exclusion of other passages which would furnish light for interpretation; what has no application to his views, or an improbable one at best, is violently twisted into one; what is adverse and will not admit of being explained away is rejected outright. All proceeds in the spirit of the words with which he justified the foisting in of "alone" in Romans iii., 28; "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.*" Because I will have it so, and there is an end of the matter.

Not only does he apply this method to isolated passages, but he stretches the canon itself on a procrustean bed. To him belongs the illumination to see which of the books contain the Word of God, and in what measure; the touchstone being, of course, the encouragement given to his personal views. He even arranges something like an order of excellence. Very low down are the Epistles of St. Peter, which are unworthy of an apostle; whilst the Epistle of St. James is an epistle of straw.

Certainly it was far from his mind that every one should be free to treat the Bible in this way; but there were his own words, made to reverberate in thunder when it suited his purpose, such as that a seven-year-old child can interpret Scripture as well as the Pope. Having provided the principle and set the example of renunciation of authority, it was expecting too much of human nature to hope that others would stop where he left off. The claim that Luther was a friend to the Bible is answered by the fate of the Protestant Bible to-day. But Luther in his lifetime had a foretaste of what the future held in store. The splinters he was hewing from the tree which Christ had planted were flying about his ears, and all his coaxing and scolding could not call them together into a new trunk. He had as much success as Lear when he railed at the storm.

That he of all men should lay claim to infallibility, setting himself up to replace the authority he had undermined, makes an ironical commentary on his denunciation of authority in general, whilst at the same time it shows the effrontery of the man. But this aside, he was of all men the least fitted to play the part of a Pope. There are dark spots enough in the Papacy, but where can we find in all its long history a Pope playing such fantastic tricks in the Church Catholic as Luther during his brief span played among his little handful of followers? Nothing could be more unlike the calm, clear, unwavering voice which has sounded through the centuries from the Chair of Peter than the arrogant, violent self-assertion of Luther. He was able to understand Scripture, whilst Zwingli, Carlstadt, Schwenkfeld, Agricola and the rest could not.

They, unlike him, neither were raised up by God nor had undergone those interior experiences without which there is no knowing what Scripture means, and so on, and so on. And this is really the last word which Luther has to give for his doctrine—an *ipse dixit*. Nor had he any other answer than louder railing when he was charged to his face with setting up the Inquisition and a Papal chair at Wittenberg. Even the intimates of his own household had much to endure from his autocratic sway—how much. their correspondence remains in part to show.

All this would be bad enough if Luther had himself been sure of what he said and held to it firmly. But it is vain to look to him for an honest attempt to follow out to its logical conclusion any statement for which, with all the solemnity of which language is capable, he puts himself forward as a witness, raised up by a special providence and speaking with the sanction of heaven. To a certain extent, indeed, it can be conjectured beforehand what he is going to say; not, however, by glancing to the constant light of truth, but to the veering winds of circumstance, which caused him to say and unsay, to recover his old ground, and then to desert it again. Either on the principle of expediency or according to mood, the Bible is so clear that a child can understand it and so obscure that it is beyond the comprehension of all save a very few; the Bible is the rule of faith and treated contemptuously as a "heresy-book;" tradition is rejected outright, appealed to in support of the Eucharist against the Zwinglians, and set aside, merely out of hatred to the Catholics, to introduce his doctrine of Impanation; good works are useless, good works are necessary, the grounds of which necessity are made to shift again and again; the civil ruler is to keep his hands off the affairs of religion and to order the religious life of his subjects. And so one might go on with a long list of contradictory statements, to say nothing of contradictions between statement and practice, as, for example, between denial of free will and exhortation to a right choice, between freedom of conscience and its refusal to those who will not accept his views.

Thus it is possible for men of widely different opinions to make Luther their spokesman. Orthodox Lutheranism does so, unmindful of the principles by which it came into existence. It has no difficulty in quoting Luther in its favor. But neither has Rationalism, which, with better logic, throws one-half of Luther overboard as not worth saving, and keeps the other half to use in its own favor. And it is with the latter view that the taste of the present day is most in accord. Between the claims of individualism and authority it decides for liberty; for, apart altogether from the attractions of freedom, on the plain grounds of reason it has become clear that

the old faith alone can plead before man's intelligence with a claim based on logic and consistency to be heard. Luther thus regarded as the assertor of freedom is hailed as a champion by men of all beliefs and men of no beliefs, many of whom care very little for what he otherwise said or did. It is enough for them that he showed the world how to get rid of the Catholic Church. As Browning puts it:

"Pray, does Luther dream
His arguments convince by their own force
The crowds that own his doctrine? No indeed!"

Whether the Church should have been thrown off as a universal nuisance is a question which would lead us very far afield. It is answered in the affirmative by many who take for granted that nothing is to be said for the other side; who reflect little upon how much they owe to her, and how much she is saving now for which future ages will find some use. Nevertheless, instead of suggesting a corrective of the popular notion, it will be more in keeping with our subject to point out Luther's share in its genesis.

To instill a hatred of the Church of their fathers into the minds of his proselytes was an indispensable condition of Luther's success. Even apart from considerations of policy, his hatred of the Church knew no bounds. Hatred of the Pope was the legacy which he bequeathed in express terms to his disciples. When the heads of the saintly More and Fisher fell under the axe of Henry the Eighth he gloated over the deed and longed for more such kings of England to cut off the heads of Pope and Cardinals. Erasmus has left us a picture of a Lutheran congregation issuing from church after a sermon, "like men possessed; with anger and fury in their faces; walking like soldiers that have just been harangued by their general." Luther, being the man he was, could not hate the Church as he did without wishing to make her hated by all the world. Perhaps some of his disciples have hated her as much as he, but to equal his explosions of rage they must have joined to equal capacity for hatred equal powers of vituperation.

No headway was to be gained with the masses by fairness in

controversy; for, whatever may be thought of the Catholic Church, she is not like vice, a thing "which to be hated needs but to be seen." Many outside of her fold have spoken—some sympathetically, some in warning—of her seductive power. No denunciation of real abuses would have availed aught against an honest presentation of her beliefs and practices. So Luther proceeded according to the familiar method of drawing a picture of all that is abominable and christening this monster by the name of his enemy. There never has been in the world a collection of human beings possessing the qualities which he ascribes to the Catholic Church. But, thanks to him, at the mention of the name "Papist" an image made up of accumulated horrors has come into the minds of many generations of Protestants. The campaign of slander against the Church has him for its father, as Dryden says with truth:

"Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows."

Already in his writings the catchwords of Protestant controversy, used as bugbears to scare the timid away from Popery, have made their appearance. The Papacy is Antichrist, as is clearly stated in Scripture. Another of the pet names that he finds for it in Scripture had best be spared to modest ears. The changes are rung on monks and monstery, superstition, idolatry, Popery, slavery, the Bible kept in darkness, the people kept in ignorance, and other such high-sounding nonsense. Though the diffusion of intelligence has driven these creatures of darkness from the sight of men, such is their vitality that they still creep forth to meet us in the pages of the ignorant or the malicious.

Some of these were due to ambiguous wording, which Luther was not averse from having understood in the wrong sense, for example, that he "discovered the Bible," meaning his justification by faith, or that he "never heard of Christ when he was a Papist," alluding to his doctrine of imputation. But he did not stop short at amphibiology.

There is a passage of Carlyle where, in his characteristic manner, he strains the English language to express Luther's abhorrence of a lie. This represents things as they ought to be. But a phrase has slipped in which awkwardly reminds us of the pun which passed between Hamlet and the gravedigger; and a sufficient reason for noticing it is that it furnishes a hint which comes nearer the mark than all the rhetoric. There we read the words, "Lies under a sacred duty." Now, if Luther may be allowed to speak for himself, he approved of lying "under a sacred duty." To him we owe a notorious, pernicious maxim to the effect that there is a virtue in

a good strong lie told for the sake of the "gospel." On this principle, and on the principle that the end justifies the means, he shapes his conduct when he has a point to gain. Not the Catholic Church only, but Erasmus and every one else with whom he came into conflict found this out by bitter experience. Honesty and fair play! They are two admirable virtues, easy to blame in the breach and praise in the observance. The inconveniences of the practice are demanded from the wicked Papists; but not even the principle of them can fairly be called Lutheran.

This campaign of defamation was not confined to Luther's Saxony. Father Denifle has unearthed the figure of a chapman on his way to the Netherlands in Luther's day, his pack stuffed with broadsides of Luther's calumnies. If there were time for the curious and by no means unprofitable employment of following the footsteps of this worthy, we should find that one place to which they would lead us would be to the early English theatre, soon to win for itself, besides a halo of imperishable fame, an influence which enabled it to mould contemporary opinion. Through Bishop Bale, Shakespeare himself comes into contact with Luther. But we have more than enough to occupy our attention with Luther directly, and one characteristic of his calumnies more revolting, if not more criminal, than their unconscionable mendacity is their unblushing indecency.

The saying of Bentley, that "no man was ever written down except by himself," has its application to Luther. It seems never to have occurred to him that when he was carrying out his threat "to hold up the filth of the Papacy to their noses" he was furnishing history with the opportunity to say, *de te fabula narratur*. Nor was it only his enemies that he bespattered with filth. The most sacred subjects are not kept free from it. Nothing short of his own unquotable words could convey an idea of the mingled foulness and buffoonery with which the name of God and things that are holy are trailed through the slime. Indeed, estimable as are many passages of his writings, it is no exaggeration to say that one has to wade through a *cloaca maxima* to reach them.

No words are too strong to characterize this skullduggery of the reformer. Attempts have been made to explain it away, but they are all futile. We are told that it was a habit contracted in his Catholic days; but the farther he gets away from Catholicism, that is to say, the older he grows, the worse things become. Indeed, the language of his Catholic days is comparatively innocent. Or again, that it was an age of plain speaking; but it is on record that his contemporaries, Protestant and Catholic alike, were scandalized and amazed. And even if there were more in this explanation than

there is, Luther as a religious reformer should have risen above the common level, not sunk below it.

And this brings us to the correct standard by which he is to be judged, for in his own day there were men earnestly striving for reform. Needless to say, if there were to be found in the writings of these servants of God anything resembling the obscenities which disfigure Luther's pages, anything like the cartoons which could only proceed from one lost to all sense of shame, they would have forfeited every right to be held up by the Church for the example and encouragement of her children. Neither is this the only particular in which Luther loses by contrast with such men. Both in ideals and practical conduct, his words and example tend to make broad and comfortable that road which the Saviour pronounced to be hard and narrow.

It needs no sympathy with the ideals of the cloister to measure the scandal he gave by his exhortation to monks and nuns to forswear the life of voluntary self-denial and close imitation of the Master to which they had voluntarily pledged themselves; the example set by himself, a priest and a monk, of marriage with a nun; and his coarse jest, in allusion to the number of such ill-sorted unions (for which, by the bye, he paid the price of very teasing embarrassments), that, like Abraham, he was the father of a great people. What had he in the way of reform to set over against the ideals of the cloister, which before a champion of the Gospel could at least plead the invitation of the Master to leave all and follow Him, and before a licentious and unbelieving world held out the protest of a life of self-renunciation in striving after better things? Nothing except his own doctrine of faith and works, so comfortable to our lower nature, which is proverbially inclined to the easier, that is, to the downward course—and his own example.

Let it be so that his life was too filled with strenuous labors to be called epicurean; still it exhibits in too great a degree the gratification of instincts which pagan sages, to say nothing of Christian saints, have taught should be curbed. Not prayer and such like means, but self-indulgence, is the remedy which he counsels his disciples in their hours of temptation and sadness. When he appeals to his own experience as a proof that the remedy is efficacious, some reliance is to be placed on his words. The worst of the stories connected with his name must, indeed, be rejected as untrue or exaggerated; but about the evil report in general which was busy with his reputation, the least that can be said is that he gave cause for gossip. Indeed, his own statements about himself furnish grounds for it. Nor can all specific charges be lightly dismissed.

However much exaggeration there may be in the stories about his fondness for the flowing bowl, the *Catechismusglas* is one of several strong testimonies to the depth and the frequency of his potations. The snatch attributed to him about "wine, woman and song" seems to be apocryphal as to its form; but though the wording be not his, the meaning can be found in his correspondence, in his Table Talk, and, worst of all, in the spiritual counsel just alluded to, which he gave to his disciples. This trait also has been apologized for and even praised as a healthy love of life. But who will dare to say that, even in as far as it might be called innocent, it is an expression of the teachings of Christ, and not rather the hoisting of a pagan standard to supplant the sublimity of the Cross.

But what are the legends of his private life compared with that episode of his public career which has left a blot of infamy on all the rest of his labors, were they as glorious as those of St. Paul? The corruption of the flesh, of which there is so much directly connected with the rise of the Reformation, was not absent from the *incunabula* in Saxony. As though to stamp Luther's work with an unmistakable character came the malodorous bigamy of Philip of Hesse. To this, of a surety, is applicable the *bon mot* of Erasmus concerning the monastic marriages, that a marriage used to be the end of a comedy, and now it is the end of a tragedy. Here we see the "gospel" depending upon princes, the end justifying the means, and in particular Luther displaying himself as the defender of bigamy, hypocrisy and lying, not merely as expedients to which weak human nature is fain to have recourse, but explicitly on principle clearly formulated. Nothing will serve to sweeten this nasty chapter in Luther's checkered career.

To such means had Luther brought himself in his efforts to reform Christianity. He has left upon his name the stigma of some reproaches which would bring a blush to the cheek of an honest, self-respecting man, and compared with which, in the eyes of a real hero, death and even failure itself would be a thousand times more welcome. Had he in his Catholic days been confronted with this picture of himself he must have started back in horror. Did it cost him no pangs of conscience to undergo that change?

Into the secrets of the soul it is not permitted us to enter farther than our knowledge of human nature can lead us, unless the person himself take us into his confidence. It is not in human nature that Luther in his moments of calm reflection should have felt no twinge at his disregard of the most solemn obligations, no misgivings about the course of action into which he had plunged with such headlong precipitation. That such doubts did occur to him we know from his own words, and on the same authority we know the means by

which he tried to set them at rest. He strove resolutely to crush them down.

It is no picture of contentment over the past and of complacent outlook upon the future that his closing years afford. The world around him, even his own world of Protestantism, was a frightful spectacle in his eyes—worse, he says, than in the days of the Papacy. A larger and larger part is played by the devil in the views he takes of all that concerns him. The end of the world, he thought, could not be far away. He even went so far as to fix a date for the catastrophe—1548.

Before the prediction could be falsified he had passed away. But he lived to see what chagrined him more than anything else could have done. The old Church, to which he had thought to deal a mortal blow, was showing signs of renewed life and vigor. The Council of Trent had begun, and it provoked him to his last paroxysms of ungovernable fury.

The character of Luther still awaits the artist who will be able to picture him to the life in a few bold strokes which the discerning will approve of as just and adequate. Certain traits stand out strikingly enough, it is true, to let us catalogue them with ease; but to unite these into a picture that will win instant recognition as belonging to a type of human nature will task the hand of a master. Contradictions almost as great as in his teachings exist in his character; but they remain contradictions, whether we think that they are disappointing in one of so much promise, or redeeming in one that could sink so low. If we except his hatred of the Church, nothing is visible to give direction to the impulses by which he was driven for better or worse—no definite ideals, no singleness of purpose, no lofty aims. His conduct is the counterpart of his theology. As the one, for want of the logic which he treated with such lordly disdain, is a medley rather than a system, so the other, having no fixed principles to guide it, often remains a labyrinth without a clue. He was consistent neither in embracing nor in eschewing his distinctly Lutheran maxims of conduct. The influences of his Catholic days, nay, his natural rectitude, were too strong in him to let him do the former in a whole-hearted way; his hatred of the Church and the causes which led him to this kept him from doing the latter. Powerful currents of feeling seem to meet in his soul to toss and struggle without ever gliding at last into a stream of energy or into a surface at rest. Perhaps he remained a puzzle to himself. His comparison of the will to a beast of burden driven alternately by God and the devil must have been furnished in the first instance by introspection, and if it can be fairly thus interpreted it amounts to something like the perception

of a dual personality. According to this, seen through his own eyes, he would appear as a *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And indeed he has his moments when he seems to be sitting for the portrait of an old Satyr grinning with cynical leer over his flagon at all pretensions to virtue. His worshippers, naturally, avert their gaze from all that is shocking to seize upon him in his more amiable moods, and they can find no words strong enough to paint him as the hero of religious liberty, the patriot of the Fatherland, the loving husband and father at the domestic hearth, the prophet of a new religion. Enough of good is to be found in his life to prevent us from saying that such accounts are all a figment of the imagination, but the evil which is so lightly passed over is no less a part of the man and gives to the good an entirely different aspect. No picture which excludes either the one or the other can present us with the real Luther; no picture which does full justice to both can let us think that he was of "the seed of those men by whom salvation was brought to Israel."

But did Luther experience in himself and did he give to his followers what he promised them, that most precious of earthly gifts, interior peace of soul? The question is an important one, for over and above the general consideration that religion ought to tune the spiritual nature of man, and the particular consideration that the Gospel is the "tidings of great joy," Luther makes this peace the badge of his new religion to distinguish it from the old. Against all history, against all the testimony which the servants of God have left of their inward experience, he depicts the God known to the ages of faith as a sombre Deity, only to be placated by crushing down every glad motion of the soul. Nowhere else does he so persistently and so groundlessly calumniate the spiritual life of the generations which built up Christendom. We are asked to believe that it was the revelation made to him that the "justice" of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was not, as all the doctors had thitherto taught in the schools, the justice of an angry God, that led him to the knowledge of his "justification by faith." This misrepresentation of Catholic exegesis has been buried by Father Denifle beneath a mountain of learning such as was never before piled on so wanton and baseless a charge. Nevertheless it served Luther's turn, as did many another falsification to the same effect. But just as all authentic records—the *Imitation*, for instance, which is in the hands of so many Protestants—belie the accounts which Luther gives in order to make Catholicism pass for a monstrous system for robbing man of his peace of soul, so, conversely, are the rosy promises of peace to be found in the new doctrines belied by the facts of history.

Nor is the reason far to seek. The order of nature and the order of grace have been delicately adjusted in their workings by the Divine Author of each, and it is only by keeping close to the teachings of Christ that we can preserve them in harmonious co-operation. Luther's attempt to make a fundamental change in their relations gave them a violent wrench, set up discord in the spiritual nature of man, and so was bound to fail in the attainment of that peace which "surpasseth all understanding." Such, at least, is the explanation which would satisfy many a soul that has found in the faith which Luther rejected the peace which he sought in a way of his own devising, and sought in vain. But there is another explanation which will be more satisfactory to others. Multitudes, thanks to Luther, have no consciousness of those relations which have just been alluded to. Human nature, however, is within the ken of all, and it is not hard to see that his system does violence to human nature.

Theoretically, it may be allowed that, if the conditions were possible, peace would come to the soul of one who could say to himself with unhesitating confidence, "I am one of the elect." But to a reflecting man salvation is a serious matter, and, if this confidence is not to be foolhardy, it must rest upon some solid grounds. "What reason have I," an earnest Lutheran might have said to himself, "to be assured that I am saved without any effort on my part, while my Catholic neighbor, who is trying to use the means appointed by Christ to work out his salvation, is hopelessly lost?" Luther's answer to this pressing difficulty was not calculated to bring consolation to a soul in doubt. On the one hand, his doctrine that the law of God cannot be observed, taken by itself, would have plunged the whole human race in despair. But then his other statement that Christ has died for us all (which he admits to be plainly in Scripture) and that He has fulfilled the law in our stead might have led to the conclusion that all are saved, and so proved comforting to those who would have been ready for such sanguine optimism. But Luther was no Universalist. There could be no hope of salvation for Papists, Turks or Jews. Why, then, are not all saved, since Christ died for all and God wills it so?

His way out of the difficulty was only a plunge into deeper confusion. He distinguishes between the will of God manifested in Scripture, which may be only apparent, and the secret will of God. This clumsy and blasphemous subtlety, which leaves Scripture a mere enigma to mystify us, could be made to serve his turn only on the supposition that he had been admitted into the *arcana* of the divine counsels to learn what was real, what only apparent, in the Scriptural manifestation of the divine will. Actually, God does not

wish all men to be saved. Multitudes misled into this mistake by the words of Scripture go hopelessly to their doom, and in the meantime God picks out whomsoever He wills to be saved by the merits of Christ. Hence the needs of Luther's "faith," that supreme act of confidence, that leap in the dark, at whose boldness he is himself amazed. And it is important to notice that Luther is a Predestinarian, less obtrusively, but not less decidedly than Calvin. For in his efforts to keep his "act of faith" clear of all appearance of "good works" and all appearance of "merit," he paradoxically represents it, as we have seen, as not a human act proceeding from a human faculty, but produced directly by God. And yet, on the other hand (error owns no obligations to consistency), he cannot suffer it to remain in the hands of God, but in season and out of season he is instant in calling upon his followers for this "work" at least, never ceasing to exhort them to arouse in themselves this confidence.

He failed to do so. Nay, on his own confession, he was unable to keep his own soul in the calm and steady possession of such a confidence. A struggle arose within him which he would have been better justified in attributing to the voice of grace, or the voice of conscience, than to the devil. At all events, the annals of the Reformation furnish anything but a picture of tranquil possession of God and a confident outlook upon eternity. A book has been written upon the *Melancholy of the Sixteenth Century*, and another upon its *Suicides*. Luther's assurances could weigh little with one that pondered the answer of Christ to the young man who came asking, "Good Master, what must I do to have eternal life?" And even the voice of nature could not but be raised. For the teaching of Luther, stripped of all ambiguity, is a systematic effort to stifle the voice of conscience. But after all is said and done, the conscience will still utter the cry of Robert Burns:

"God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be."

Despite all, *Everyman* at the summons of *Death* will wish to go before the Eternal Judge accompanied by good deeds. To this debt of responsibility Luther only added. For the notorious degradation of morals in the camp of Luther is directly traceable to his teachings.

The problem which Luther in trying to solve botched in so painful a manner had been solved long before him by the theology which he misrepresented and taught others to misrepresent, until it has become a byword in the mouth of those who know less about it than he did, which is saying a great deal, for Luther was not well seen in theology. Or rather, Catholic theology, in a spirit different from

Luther's by sitting humbly at the feet of Christ to learn, and not to dictate, understood what place He assigns to grace, what place to nature, in the economy of man's salvation; that "without Him we can do nothing," while "we can do all things in Him who strengthens us." It did not, as Luther so slanderously blames it for doing, detract one tittle from the debt we owe our Saviour for our redemption, or for the grace which lends us the power to do so much as give a cup of cold water in His name. Neither, on the other hand, did it blasphemously cast aside Christ's exhortations to virtue as meaningless, or shirk the responsibility for sin by making God its author.

That there are deep mysteries here, as impervious to brightest intellects as to the budding intelligences of a child, all save a few proud spirits, such as Abelard, had no disposition to deny. But the practical truth—which is the important matter—was perfectly clear, and equally so to the budding intelligence of the child as to the brightest intellect of the best-trained theologian: The grace by which we are saved is a gift of God, but with it we must work out our salvation in fear and trembling; or, as St. Augustine expresses it, "He who redeemed us without our coöperation will not save us without our coöperation." And these two truths, the goodness of God and personal responsibility, were not at war in the soul, but worked together in harmony for the production, outwardly of deeds of devotion and inwardly of peace of soul in those who really took Catholic doctrine as something to live by.

That peace in God and holiness of life are unknown outside of the Catholic Church would be unjust to say. But the way to them is not the doctrine of Luther. Indeed, Luther himself when hard pressed had to color his doctrine with a dash of Catholicism to preserve even the semblance of Christianity. The details of his doctrine have not occupied our attention; nor is there any cogent reason why they should. His theology now, even as patched by the synergism of Melanchthon, is little more than a curious study in psychology and in the history of human thought. For no one will assert that at the present day the Lutheranism of Luther is the religion of any man. Orthodox Lutheranism in whatever shape is a thing of little and fast waning strength.

The same is true of orthodox Protestantism in all its multitudinous forms. A bewildering number of sects still exists, it is true, each of which bears a name to call up associations of a man by whom or a movement by which within the last four centuries some new rent was made in the seamless garment of Christ, and thus they still bear witness to the chaos which Luther created in Christendom. But the practical workings of his principles have at last

been recognized as a *reductio ad absurdum*, so as to bring all but a very few, and these the least influential in Protestant circles, to a conclusion which is the death of sectarianism. Convinced that its own claim to be the Church of Christ is untenable, that any other sect could put forward the same claim with as much show of reason, every sect has quietly dropped the claim, and there is pretty general agreement that what no one is individually they all are together, with their history of mutual bickerings and their contradictory doctrines witnessed to in the name of Christ. The old names and, to a certain extent the old forms, are kept up, but historical associations are more potent in perpetuating them than religious convictions. The Bible is still the rule of faith, and every one is free to interpret it for himself, but the fact that a book out of which has come such a medley of beliefs has proved, in Luther's phraseology, a mere "heresy-book" has resulted in a loss of that which alone makes it different from other books—the supreme reason for interpreting it—the acknowledgment that it is in very truth the Word of God.

And so the reasons for sectarianism have disappeared. With their disappearance the way is open for unity. But this unity can be on no other grounds than those of rationalism, however much tinctured with a flavor of Christianity this may be; not on the grounds of revelation. He who according to Luther did everything in our place has been shorn of His divinity, and being only a better and wiser man than one of ourselves, can do no more than may become a man. His Gospel has met the same fate. It is still found in the hands of the sects, still printed, still scattered broadcast by the hundreds of thousands, still spoken of in terms that reecho the words of the early days of Protestantism. But the same minister that expounds it to his flock and sends it out to the heathen holds views about it which rob it of its original virtue, without which the reverence paid to it partakes of idolatry and superstition. This Protestant Rationalism is Lutheranism carried to its logical conclusions. If, then, to reform Christianity be to rationalize it, Luther, however unwittingly and unwillingly, wrought a reform.

But if Christ and the religion of Christ are all that He claimed for Himself and for it, then Luther has been the ruin of religion for countless thousands. Not, however, for all. He who gave that solemn testimony of Himself before the Roman Governor foretold that His words should not pass away. His words have not passed away. They are still heard, taught in their entirety, the hard sayings along with the consoling maxims, the sublime doctrines along with the "sweet reasonableness," just as before Luther began his work of destruction.

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CARDINAL GUIBERT.

II.

THE episcopal city of which Monsignor Guibert took ecclesiastical possession was primitively part of the ancient capital of Helvetia, the *Alba Augusta* or *Alba Helviorum* of the Gallo-Roman epoch. It is a city with a history, the remnant of an older one destroyed by the Vandals. Under the name of *Vicus Albae* it had survived the ruin and desolation which marked the progress of the fierce warlike tribes who broke up the decadent Roman Empire when the conquerors of the world had themselves to submit to conquest by barbarians. It was an important place during the middle ages, its Bishops being feudal lords, landowners on a large scale, who received special concessions from the Kings of France and Emperors of Germany. They were counts and princes, and the barons of the Vivarais were their liegemen. They were churchmen who wielded the sword as well as the crosier; who had their armed retainers; who would doff the cassock to put on a coat-of-mail and lead their little army to battle against whoever dared to contest their rights; maintaining a long contest with the Counts of Toulouse and only yielding to the *force mayeure* of Philippe le Bel. His dual character of the mediæval prince-prelate seems to us incongruous; but it originated in the needs of an age when men in power recognized and obeyed no law but the law of the strongest hand uppermost; when they had to be forced to respect the rights of the Church—the only power that stood between oppressor and oppressed. These warlike Bishops were the protectors of the people against the tyranny of nobles as well as against highway robbers and rogues. When famine and pestilence ravaged the country, one of them, Aymar de Lavoulte, drew so largely upon his resources to succor his flock that he became as poor as any of them himself and had to have recourse to the charity of other dioceses or churches to come to his assistance.

As in Corsica, upon his arrival in Viviers he had to evolve order out of chaos. At the time of the Concordat the ecclesiastical territory of Viviers had been merged into that of Mende, the episcopal see being only restored in 1821. It was ruled for two years by Monsignor Molin, who was sixty-four when nominated. His successor, Monsignor Bonnel de la Brageresse, was still older, very pious, but weak in health and character, and who, unfitted and unable to reform certain abuses and saddened by the restless spirit of a clergy he had not well in hand, resigned the see in 1841. His resignation, signified by himself to the chapter, was accepted by the minister. He had much reason to say "Save me from my

friends." One of them, who was archpriest of the cathedral, told him that the two vicars-capitular, elected by the canons, had not been taken from the partisans of his administration; that as the Government had not yet notified his resignation to the chapter, he could regard it as premature and invalid. The aged prelate adopted this view of the situation and ceased to consider his resignation as an accomplished fact. Two new vicars-general were appointed by him. Out of this arose a conflict of authority, two diocesan administrations keeping up a crossfire of antagonistic censures and interdicts.

Monsignor Guibert when he came upon the scene resolved to select a vicar-general outside the diocese. He had a large diocese to reorganize, with a restless clergy little accustomed to live under rule and who had long been left to themselves without any direction. Failing to induce Père Courtès, one of his Oblate brethren, to accept the office, he conferred it upon M. Bicheron, a learned Marseilles priest. The choice was not a happy one. The new vicar was afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and a letter of his reflecting on Monsignor Guibert happened to fall into the hands of the latter; so, hearing of this, he hastily packed up his traps and returned to the south without venturing to take leave of the Bishop, as he might have done; for the latter, too charitable or high-minded to harbor resentment, took a noble revenge by subsequently securing him the chair of professor of history in the theological faculty at Aix. Second thoughts, they say, are best; so, without looking elsewhere, he made the Abbé Martin, a priest of the diocese, his vicar.

However vexed his sensitive soul may have been by these initial difficulties in putting things in order, he was more than compensated by the enthusiastic reception he met with everywhere when he made a pastoral visitation of his extensive diocese, with its 150 parishes, and got more into touch with priests and people. His zeal, prudence and *savoir faire* in administration gained all hearts, particularly those of his clergy, who were proud of having at their head such a Bishop. As to the rural population, he writes: "These poor people, who had never seen a Bishop among them, are so glad that it would have been cruel to deprive them of this happiness. They cannot separate themselves from me; the inhabitants of a parish come *en masse*, despite my entreaties, to accompany me as far as the borders of the next parish, where again I find the people assembled. . . . My visit has been a long procession from one end of the diocese to the other." His route was a difficult one and lay over the mountains and through the deep ravines of the Vivarais to almost inaccessible regions, where in the memory of man they had neither seen nor heard a Bishop. During the second year

of his episcopate he was more than forty days continually on horseback in all weathers. He was very touched by the simple faith of the people. "We are truly here in the times of the apostles and of the primitive Church," he told Monsignor de Mazenod. "It is not unusual," he said, "for the curés to be unable to point to a single inhabitant who has not fulfilled the Easter duty. All these good people come to communicate during my passage; and as they believe that we have inherited all the privileges of the apostles, they bring their sick children for me to cure them. Judge of my embarrassment, as if I were a man to perform miracles! I get out of it by sending them to St. Francis Regis, and that great saint, protector of this diocese, supplies for what I cannot do, for he works many cures at Louvèze." At the finish of an autumnal visitation, he wrote: "There is no one in Ardèche now who knows the diocese as I know it. I have administered the sacrament of confirmation to 18,000 persons and Communion to 30,000." After resting during the winter he resumed the visitation in the spring, for it took him five years to thus traverse the whole diocese. On December 6, 1847, he records: "I have just finished the general visitation of my diocese; there is not a parish, however small it may be, or situate in the most inaccessible mountains, where I have not spent twenty-four hours and discharged the functions of my ministry." He was unsparing of himself in the help he gave the priests. "Thus," he says, "I identify myself as much as I can with the ministry to which I was vowed, or rather I have never been more a missionary than to-day."

Cardinal Bourret, in his *Souvenirs*, gives us the key to the influence he exercised, how it was that he drew clergy and people to him. "It is not precisely that Monsignor Guibert was what is called a popular man," he says; "very open-minded or very communicative. No, it was the representative of religion they saw. What was most striking about him was dignity, bearing, reserve, a certain austerity of aspect which well became a man in habitual intercourse with the Divinity; he imposed more respect than aroused enthusiasm; one felt thoughtful in his presence more than carried away or allured. The sentiment of episcopal dignity, such all his life, and particularly at the opening of his episcopal career, was one of the qualities of Monsignor Guibert." As the Abbé Boullay, of Tours, said of him, "He is a born priest, a born Bishop from his mother's womb."

Few dioceses in France were then so religious as the Diocese of Viviers. It was his episcopal first love, and he was always faithful to it. It has been said that he was Bishop of Viviers all his life, and that neither Tours nor Paris could make him forget the first years of his episcopate.

Monsignor Fuzet, Bishop of Beauvais, tells a good story of Monsignor Guibert, which shows the manner of man he was, his resourcefulness, energy and resoluteness. It had been decided to build a church in a hamlet of the Ardèche, situate on one of the highest mountain plateaus, in time for confirmation. At the date fixed, the masons had not yet put a hand to a trowel. On the arrival of the astonished prelate the workmen told him that work was impossible, because sand was wanting. What, messieurs," he said, "you can't build here?" "No, Monseigneur; there's no sand." "But there is in the river at the bottom of the hill." "No doubt, but there's no way to get it up." "And that pathway that leads towards the plain?" "And if Monseigneur was a tradesman he would know well that it could not be brought that way; it is too steep." "Well! I'm going to show you that it can." And the Bishop got a basket and, to their great astonishment, descended by the abrupt pathway to the river, filled his basket with sand and reascended with the alert step of a mountaineer carrying his heavy burden. After that the church was built.

While Monsignor Guibert was thus busily occupied in pastoral visitations, missions and church-building, his predecessor was living in retreat in a very modest dwelling, where he observed with perfect punctuality the rule of life he had laid down for himself. His exactitude was so well known that he was as good as a living time-piece to the inhabitants. When they saw the old prelate, bent with the weight of years, slowly ascending the steep street that led to the cathedral, they said, "It's surely four o'clock, for here is Monseigneur going to pay his visit to the Blessed Sacrament." He died in June, 1844. Monsignor Guibert administered extreme unction on the 13th of that month, the day when in the Sulpician seminaries they keep the feast of the priesthood. Then, kneeling before the saintly old man, he begged his last blessing for himself and the flock confided to his care. On the Sunday following he brought him the Viaticum. The dying prelate exclaimed in transports of joy: "It is the feast of love, it is the feast of love! *Venite ad me, omnes qui laboratis!*" After uttering these words Monsignor Bonnel expired.

Both his predecessor and himself labored much and were heavily burdened, the former during the close and the latter during the beginning of his episcopate. The Church in France had been passing through an epoch of transition. The system of ecclesiastical administration that had existed under the Bourbons had given place to a new procedure since the Concordat. The relations between episcopal authority and the clerical rank and file became the subject of heated controversy which lasted for several years. While it was ad-

mitted that there was much in the new administration that needed rectification, some unquiet spirits, impatient of reform, sought by presbyterianizing and democratizing the Church to remodel its government. It was not satisfactory, in their opinion, that the Bishop should be judge in his own diocese. It was not, they contended, conformable to natural equity that the same man should have in his hands administrative and judicial powers; they wanted a new kind of official executive composed of persons independent of the Bishop—a kind of ecclesiastical jury to try clerical causes. The priest, they said, ought to be judged by his peers. Adopting the plan followed by the Jansenists which led to the civil constitution of the clergy, they would have the curés or parish priests nominated by the people, limiting the Bishop's rôle to a simple canonical institution. As these "reforms" were not possible under the Concordat régime, they demanded the separation of Church and State. The chief fomenters of this movement, which threatened a schism, were two priests of the Diocese of Viviers, the brothers Charles Regis and Augustin Allignol, the creators of what came to be known as Allignolism. As the episcopal tribunal would not pay heed to their vagaries, they appealed to the tribunal of public opinion. With this end in view they jointly wrote and published a pamphlet on "The Present Position of the Clergy in France," in which they urged "a return to ancient discipline" and strove to reduce, to the point of extinction, the judicial authority of the Bishop. It sounded the tocsin of a long newspaper war, some journals supporting and other journals opposing them, the bad press eagerly profiting by it to give an impetus to anti-clericalism. They found themselves all at once leaders of a party in revolt against the existing order of things, and, carried away by the current they had set in motion, got out of their depth and went farther than they originally intended. Removed from their positions by Monsignor Bonnel, they appealed to Rome, where the book or pamphlet was examined by two doctors designated by the Congregation of the Index, who detected a certain number of errors in it, one of them, Father Perrone, criticizing it severely in a separate report, extracting therefrom three propositions impregnated with Presbyterianism and analogous to the three propositions condemned by the Bull *Auctorem fidei* as false, temerarious, contrary to the apostolic constitutions to the obedience due to the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and tending to favor schism and heresy.

Such was the state of affairs when Monsignor Guibert was nominated Bishop of Viviers. "I find myself at the front in this battle," he wrote to Father Courtès. "Despite my feebleness, I accept this painful post, and I hope God will give me the grace not to fail in

my duty." He did not fail or falter. It was mainly due to his prudence and firmness, never dissociated from charity, that a danger which threatened to divide the French clergy was averted and peace and order restored. But his patience was sorely tried and it cost him many a pang before this happy termination was reached. M. Savin, archpriest or administrator of the Cathedral of Viviers, an ambitious man who sought to have himself nominated Bishop in place of Monsignor Bonnel, headed the malcontents whom the brothers Allignol gathered round them and became Monsignor Guibert's inveterate enemy. Insulting letters to the latter were found outside the door of his room, and even under his serviette in the refectory. They even descended so low as to make wicked and odious insinuations against his own family. He could not conceal the grief it occasioned, for his altered countenance betrayed it. He was often seen on his knees before his crucifix with his eyes full of tears and heaving deep sighs and heard to say in anguished tones: "My God, Thou knowest I never wished to be a Bishop!"

Most of the priests of the diocese were then in retreat, to the number of more than three hundred, and at its close gave indignant expression, on the occasion of the renewal of the clerical promises, to their reprobation of the unworthy conduct of a dozen of their confrères which "only inspired disgust and contempt." This address was sent to two journals which paid a tribute to his indefatigable zeal, his evangelical meekness, his gracious affability and his charity which caused him to be often compared to St. Francis de Sales. "He is none the less admired," said the writer, "in his private life and even in the seclusion of his episcopal palace, which resembles a regular religious community in the order that reigns there, the spirit of piety one breathes in it and the amiable hospitality extended to every one."

When compelled in the exercise of his episcopal office to withdraw their faculties of preaching and hearing confessions from the brothers Allignol, to restrict those of M. Savin to the city of Viviers, and remove M. Hilaire, a curate in Meylas, with complete deprivation of faculties, he would have wished to go no farther; but the offending priests obliged him soon to adopt other severe measures. "With God's help," he wrote, "I hope I shall purge my diocese of this bad leaven of schism. Unfortunately there are other dioceses where the evil is perhaps still greater. I have written to the Pope to draw his attention to this new sect and given His Holiness to understand that a few words from him would be enough to put it down, as his encyclical stopped the progress of Lamennasianism. I have got several Bishops, who have asked me for information about this party to similarly approach the Holy Father." On

January 6, 1845, he issued a pastoral "on the dangerous tendencies of a party forming in the Church in France against episcopal authority," in which he wrote: "They want to throw off the yoke of episcopal authority; they don't conceal it, the 'emancipation of the clergy' is the object they are pursuing. The emancipation of the clergy! . . . Others have proclaimed the emancipation of reason, and we know what they mean by that. These words 'emancipation of the clergy' are very strange in the Church; they are those 'profane novelties' which the apostle recommends us to avoid. One would understand the use of this expression, if it was a question of rescuing the clergy from the oppression of a foreign and inimical power. The Catholics of Great Britain wished to be politically emancipated from the tyrannical laws with which Anglican Protestantism oppressed them through intolerance worthy of a merely local religion. But here, what emancipation do they demand? That of priests in regard to their Bishops, whose power is thus likened to the unjust domination of heresy! They want to emancipate the priests from what they dare to call 'the despotism of the Bishops.' In that language alone there is a complete revolt against the authority of the Church."

After some further pastorals, in which the Bishop's action was strongly supported by pronouncements of the Holy See, quoted therein, the brothers Allignol submitted, retracting all the censured doctrines in their book. The incident had a great effect upon the Church in France, and the resolute action of the young Bishop was applauded by his episcopal colleagues. Unwilling to proceed to extreme measures, he left the erring priests time for reflection in retreat and humiliation. Their reconciliation was the work of two holy Bishops, Monsignor de Mazenod and Monsignor Devie. Monsignor Guibert's action was as prompt as it was prudent. Only ten months after he had condemned the rebellious priests and seven after the issue of his pastoral the party was broken up and its leaders and supporters restored to favor. Under the previous administration indecision favored the growth of errors; the new Bishop's clear, sound doctrine and vigorous action had restored order. Monsignor Guibert's justice was seasoned with mercy; the inculpated but penitent priests were pardoned and restored to the ministry. This procedure received the high approval of Pope Gregory XVI., who on November 26, 1845, sent the Bishop of Viviers a laudatory brief, containing some words of encouragement to the brothers Allignol, praising the example which their submission had given to the clergy.

When, after the revolution of 1848, another swing of the political pendulum substituted for the "citizen monarchy" the second

Republic, Monsignor Guibert, in agreement with the majority of the French episcopate and clergy, gave his frank adhesion to the new order of things. In a letter to his diocesans counselling a respectful attitude towards the new Government and in a *mandement* for the elections of 1848, he made his position clear and definite. He had not been satisfied with the monarchy, which was weak in its defense of religious interests, insincere in its relations with the Church and too timid in regard to the university monopoly and freedom of education. The Republic started with the declaration of freedom of worship and that "Religion and Liberty are two sisters interested in living on good terms with each other," proclaiming, as its maxims, principles which the Church has professed and practiced from its origin. Liberty, order, fraternity, equality, he reminded them, are words borrowed from the Gospel, upon which all preaching from the pulpit has been only one long commentary. "The new Government," he said, "has only entered upon a path which we have trodden for eight centuries. . . . A republican constitution, broad and generous, strong as well as moderate, is what all good citizens desire. . . . If the Church is not opposed to any form of Government, it must be admitted that the application of the principles of the Gospel cannot find under any Government a larger sphere than under a Republic based upon the eternal foundation of right and justice. . . . It is true," he goes on, addressing his flock, "that you would not wish for an irreligious, violent, anarchist Republic; but is it not the Republic that France wishes? No, assuredly; this noble country wants a Republic made to its image—that is to say, a Christian, pacific and moderate Republic." These words are applicable to contemporary France as they were to the France of 1848. It is to be hoped that when the country, chastened, purified and renovated by sufferings shared by all alike, shall emerge from this terrible war, it will present before the world the realization of Monsignor Guibert's ideal. Addressing himself to the commissioners of the new Government, he said: "The Republic has need of religion." The third Republic needs it just as much or more. Among its gallant sons on the battlefield were thousands of priests—combatants whose heroism, inspired as much by religious as by national sentiment, consecrated and consolidated the union between religion and liberty, between faith and patriotism.

He was not, however, over-sanguine, although he regarded the result of the elections as "marvelous," the Abbé Sibour being elected deputy by a very large majority. Still the political horizon was clouded. Subordinate officials in the provinces, village tyrants, who had exaggerated notions of their self-importance and of Republican independence, were already assuming an attitude of hos-

tility to ecclesiastical authority. A petty persecution, foreshadowing the anti-clericalism of later days, broke out here and there. There were encroachments of the municipal authorities on the rights of the clergy. In one locality, having deprived the employes of the church, such as the bellringer and beadle, of their offices, and taken possession of a portion of the curé's garden, Monsignor Guibert, with characteristic decision, immediately withdrew the two priests who ministered there. The deprivation of religious services, a practical interdict, brought them to their senses and led to a reaction.

When the fateful moment came for the election of a President, he foresaw that France was about to become the prey of adventurers. He did not like any of the candidates, but leaned to General Cavaignac as the best of the bad. It seemed to him a choice of evils. "The future appears very dark to me," he wrote. "It is the whole nation which is diseased, corrupt, without faith, without virtues, and it is the philosophers and sophists who have plunged it into this abyss." In counselling his clergy to act with a prudence, moderation and dignity befitting their priestly office, not to sink the priest in the citizen in such a way that the citizen should lower the priest in the people's eyes, he says:

"The time will come when minds, enlightened by experience, will recognize that the remedy for evils is not where they have sought it up to this. The great plague of modern society is the want of faith, unbridled cupidity, hard selfishness, the love of physical enjoyment, the absence of common principles and the infinite diversity of human opinions. There is the immense, profound evil of our time. The remedy is in our hands, since we are the depositaries of truths which form the only foundation upon which it is possible to reestablish disturbed social order. Sooner or later they will look to religion for the necessary elements of national vitality. The force of events will one day lead minds back to this sacred source of the good and the true."

Meanwhile the Church in France, availed of the liberty given it to reassemble its provincial councils, Monsignor Guibert took part in that of Avignon which condemned several modern errors, including naturalism, indifferentism, Communism and the doctrine of the brothers Allignol on the importation of laity into the government of the Church. The Sovereign Pontiff was petitioned to proclaim the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and it was decided that the Roman liturgy should be introduced into the five dioceses of the province. Monsignor Guibert, who presided over the commission on discipline, urged professors to devote special attention to subjects to which the trend of modern thought had given a new importance, such as philosophy, history, physics and mathematics. Forestalling or anticipating what Leo XIII. was to make the subject of his special solicitude, he formulated a scheme for the higher

and broader education of aspirants to the priesthood—a central institution to which each Bishop would undertake to send two students every year, the realization of which was postponed to a more favorable time. That time came twenty-five years later, when, in 1875, he was enabled to carry out in the capital the plans he had unfolded in the Council of Avignon. Another remarkable circumstance which his biographer notes was that the fathers of the council crowned their labors by consecrating their dioceses and their resolutions to the Sacred Heart, a distant prelude to the great Catholic and French movement which later, under the guidance of Cardinal Guibert, was to lead up to the erection of the basilica of the National Vow of Montmartre.

A few years afterwards the French episcopate was involved in an agitation for freedom of secondary education, initiated, or rather reopened, by the important law of 1850. Under the monarchy the Government was on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, it did not wish to alienate the clergy, and on the other, it was afraid of Voltaireans in the university which officially controlled public education. Louis Veuillot, in his opposition to the loi Falloux, as it was called, contended that it offered them a share in the educational monopoly instead of the freedom of education which they demanded. Monsignor Guibert, although he abstained from public discussion, wrote privately to the Minister of Worship, telling him that the State has no right to teach, because it has no aptitude for it; that all the trouble arose from the official system of education, and begged him to modify or rather suppress the clauses which provided for the inclusion of a representation of the episcopate on the council, as a large number of Bishops would refuse their concurrence. He recognized in the bill a good and bad element; the good was that it gave greater freedom to voluntary schools (*établissements libres*) and fathers of families; the bad, the concurrence in official teaching which it demanded of the Church. When it was passed, he wrote: "There are two clauses in this act which inspire me with a repugnance I cannot get over—it is the inspection of our *petits séminaires* and an intervention in the superior council. Is it not a supremely indecent thing that laymen should inspect the *morals* in houses under the direction of Bishops who are appointed by the Church and paid by the Government to teach Christian morals? It is we who have the right and the office of teaching morals to these inspectors. There is in that an incredible forgetfulness of what is becoming and even of sound logic; under pretext of equality and common law, they put Bishops on a par with those speculators who take it into their heads to open educational establishments.

True legal equality consists in treating every one suitably accord-

ing to his status and position. And then what would our four delegates do in the upper council in the midst of a gathering of Jews, Protestants and rationalists? In seeing them there, would we not consecrate in the eyes of the people that baneful principle of indifference in "religious matters?" When reproached for keeping silent, he openly wrote to the Minister of Public Instruction, protesting against the inspection of seminaries and declining to make any arrangements with the inspectors about their visits. "It is requiring too much," he wrote indignantly, "to want me to regulate with these officials the day, hour and manner of this humiliation which, in the name of the Government, they will come to inflict upon my sacred character. It is enough that I should submit to it with Christian resignation and place it at the foot of the Cross of Him Who has left us as our inheritance opprobrium and contempt." In other letters he strongly opposed the system of mixed education adopted by the State, pointing out the unsuitability of associating children of different creeds and the official indifference which their teachers are obliged to profess. He also protested against the inspection of boarding schools taught by nuns. In taking up this attitude he was in complete accord with the whole French episcopate.

The unity on these questions, which made the French episcopate a compact force to be counted with was speedily broken when the opposition to the *Univers* and the body of opinion it represented, that of the most militant section of French Catholics, divided them into opposite camps and a polemical paper war was waged by the religious press. It is now evident to any impartial student of contemporary history that Monsignor Guibert and those who thought and acted with him took the wrong side when they hotly assailed the able editor of that journal, who, from a small local organ, made it a power, and who was the foremost, most vigorous and most chivalrous of the lay champions of the Church in France. Had he not been a man of strong faith and of unselfish devotion to the great cause he so ably advocated he might have been driven into the ranks of the anti-clericals or relegated to lay journalism, where all his powerful talents would have been lost to the Church. But he appealed to Rome and Rome defended and protected him against formidable adversaries, animated though they were by what they conceived to be good reasons. Had they succeeded, they would doubtless have alienated from the service of the Church many excellent laymen whose concurrence, though not essential, is valued by all broadminded ecclesiastics. Pius IX. by his encyclical to the French Bishops terminated this regrettable episode, exhorting them to favor writers who in books or papers defend and propagate sound doctrine, support the rights and acts of the Church and com-

bat opinions opposed to its authority. "Your charity and your episcopal solicitude," wrote the Pontiff, "should, then, stimulate the ardor of those writers animated with a good spirit, that they may continue to defend the Catholic cause with zeal and knowledge. But if in their writings they should be lacking in many things, you will admonish them, but in prudent and paternal terms." It would have fared better for French Catholics then and since if there had been more lay Catholics of the type of Louis Veuillot—men of strong convictions and with the courage of those convictions, men of backbone and resolution, not timid or time-serving sycophants of this or that dynasty or government, men who would not "sell the truth to serve the hour," who would resist oppression at every point, and by united action prevent the accession to office of the avowed enemies of their religion. In three words Pius IX. outlined for Veuillot the policy he was to pursue—"charity, firmness, truth." The great Catholic publicist faithfully observed the Pope's injunction, which was to him what the word of command is to a soldier in action.

Monsignor Guibert endowed his diocese with many valuable institutions, the principal being the Seminary of Aubenas, domiciled in an old college built by the Jesuits before the Revolution, which he enlarged at a cost of 400,000 francs, until it was capable of housing 150 students. He was justly proud of it. When later he formed the project of building a *petit seminaire* in the neighborhood of Paris, he often repeated: "It must be a very good one, large, lasting and commodious as at Aubenas." It was the realized ideal of his last years. The Aubenas Seminary is larger than that of St. Sulpice. In 1844 he increased the number of religious orders by introducing into his diocese a community of his own congregation, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who were given charge of the pilgrimage of La Blanchère, a shrine of Our Lady dating from the last quarter of the seventeenth century, where the Blessed Virgin is invoked as Our Lady of Good Help. Twenty-five years later, when he was almost an octogenarian and Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, he returned to place, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, a crown on the brow of the statue of Our Lady of La Blanchère.

The clergy of Viviers were very much impressed by the administrative ability he displayed. His biographer quotes the following appreciation from a manuscript memorandum by M. Actorie, a Basilian, who was the first superior of the *petit seminaire*: "Monsignor Guibert is a man of merit, rare among the rarest. What appears to us to distinguish him is the union and balance of eminent qualities which seems absent in most men and which, in him, blend and balance in a way that none remains inactive and all, far from clashing with one another, as generally happens, contribute

to the success of a long and glorious administration. This prelate has decision, perseverance, strength of mind to stand the test of every trial; but he knows when to listen to advice, to retrace his steps at need, never stumbles against difficulties and gets round the obstacle when he cannot confront it. He has a high opinion of the episcopal character, never lets his authority be infringed upon and holds in his hand the thread of all affairs; but he is not infatuated about governing and doing every little thing himself; he is content with giving the impulse to a uniform administration, of laying down general principles to serve as a rule to the members of his council and leaving to them the care of matters of secondary importance and seeing that they are attended to. However, while supervising things from a higher point, Monsignor Guibert knows, too, when necessary, to concern himself with the smallest details with an ease and a facility which seem foreign to minds of that order. He writes with the purity and elegance of a professional writer and with the most exquisite taste, and brings to all he undertakes a calculating and foreseeing mind, a practical sense and a knowledge of men and things hardly met with among *litterateurs*: Finally, that nothing may be lacking in these contrasts, the prelate is of a delicate constitution, which he only preserves by the help of a strict regimen and endures better than any one desk work and the fatigue of the external functions of his ministry. It was fortunate for the Diocese of Viviers to possess such a man for fifteen years; the diocese, administered by two old men after its restoration, in some sort did not exist; it was Monsignor Guibert who put life into it, for he has given it the *petit seminaire* of Aubenas."

When, in 1854, the cholera ravaged his diocese, he hurried back from Paris and visited the most afflicted parishes, going with his vicar general to the bedsides of the sick, organizing relief and spending all he had, from 2,000 to 3,000 francs, upon it. In the first parish he went to, the parish priest was dead and he found five corpses in the public square. When his secretary told him that there would not remain enough money to pay for their return to Viviers, the charitable Bishop replied: "Give, give always, for I want funds for the building of my *petit seminaire*, and there is nothing brings them in so well as being generous oneself."

It was in his diocese, in 1853, was inaugurated those annual retreats for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, now so general. More than a hundred gentlemen belonging to the various conferences made a retreat in his seminary and gave great edification. He presided at all the exercises and heard their confessions. "It is a marvelous thing," he said; "one cannot calculate the effect which these retreats may produce if the attraction spreads. I believe the work

of these conferences, which are rapidly multiplying and being established even in the country districts, may regenerate our unhappy France. Religion was first established by the preaching of the faith; now it will be restored by the practice of charity." When, in 1883, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul celebrated its golden jubilee, Cardinal Guibert recalled with emotion this retreat of 1853, and told how afterwards on one occasion they had 150 retreatants, on another 200 and how the members went on increasing to 250.

"After fifteen years of episcopate at Viviers," says M. de Follenay, "Monsignor Guibert had then a great position in the Church of France. His clergy regarded him with sincere admiration; the Government willingly listened to him; a movement in his favor was influencing public opinion, which, at first slow and timid, went on increasing to the point of investing him with a high reputation. To get at the source of the qualities of wisdom, firmness and kindness which gained for him such brilliant success, we must look into the prelate's heart. We there find the treasure, already admired, of his religious virtues, blossoming in the sunshine of life, ripened by contact with men and affairs, strengthened by struggle, elevated by the sense of heavy episcopal responsibilities, but always the same, growing out of abnegation and the purest supernatural spirit. It is easy for us to discover the secret of this treasure. Remaining simple and faithful as on the morrow of his novitiate, the Bishop of Viviers has nothing hidden from his friends, Monsignor de Mazenod and Père Courtès; the letters he wrote them are monuments of his profound humility and the exquisite delicacy of his sacerdotal soul. . . . In regard to Monsignor de Mazenod, he was always the novice of former years, an affectionate and confiding child who asks advice from his father and whose whole ambition is to resemble him. Monsignor Guibert's soul, to its inmost fibres, was the soul of a religious." When Monsignor de Mazenod called him a model Bishop—*modèle des évêques*—he replied: "That hardly suits me; if there is some little good in me, it is because I strive to reproduce as well as I can the features of another model I have constantly before my eyes, and whom God, in His goodness, has given me to serve as a pattern. In this respect I have only the merit of being a weak and pale copy. But, model of filial love and devotedness, oh, yes, I accept it, for I feel that these sentiments are in my soul and that I wish to be thus all my life. I cannot understand how one can be otherwise. It is in that, after what I owe to God, consists the happiness of my life." He was very detached and unworldly, or other-worldly, looking upon this passing show with the half-averted gaze of one who realized the truth of St. Paul's words that we are strangers and pilgrims. "My dear

friend," he writes to one, "the closer I look at things, the more I perceive that everything is very little in this lower world—men, ideas, pretensions—and that petty passions are mixed up with everything. Great souls, uplifted hearts that seek the glory of God and the good of the Church absolutely before all, are very rare." Referring to the promotion of Monsignor Sibour to the Archiepiscopal See of Paris, he wrote: "For my part, my dear friend, I shall remain where I am. You know that I do not frequent clubs, and, besides, God has given me the grace to know myself and to be convinced that I cannot mount higher without signal temerity." He refused the Archbishopric of Avignon in 1848, the Bishopric of Grenoble in 1852 and the Archbishopric of Aix in 1857. Humility was his chief characteristic. When his sisters came to see him at Viviers, after bestowing special pains on their toilettes, he refused to receive them until they had resumed the simple and modest costume in which he had known and loved them at Aix.

But his was a light that could not be hidden under a bushel. In January, 1853, he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and in the spring of 1857 he was translated to the See of Tours. It has been assumed that the reason he declined the Archbishopric of Aix was because it would have made him the titular superior of his superior, for as metropolitan he would have had Monsignor de Mazenod as his suffragan. But the real reason is given in a candid letter to a Government official, in which he says: "I was born in that country, as you know; I belong to a family rather numerous in that city and of very humble station; my father lived by the cultivation of a small holding, the slender revenue from which now maintains my mother, whom I have the happiness of still possessing. In that old capital of Provence there is a numerous aristocracy, proud of its titles, disdainful like all provincial aristocracies, who would think themselves humiliated in having as chief pastor a Bishop without fortune and of obscure birth. This sentiment may not be just from the point of view of the Gospel, for the apostles, in going among the people, were not wont to produce titles of nobility. But still prudence requires that one should take into account such a prejudice, especially on account of the particular position in which the Diocese of Aix is at present. That see needs a holy Bishop, a capable man of real worth, who could repair all the evils you know, but at the same time it needs a Bishop who at the outset would not come in contact with unfavorable prejudices calculated to paralyze the action of his sacred ministry."

Then he goes on to give his views as to the state and needs of the Church at that epoch: "I am really touched by His Excellency's solicitude to uplift our Church of France, so abased and so dimin-

ished in these latter times. No one is more afflicted than I am at the evils to which it is a prey; I deplore them every day at the foot of the holy altar. Division has invaded our ranks; a spirit of exaggeration and imprudence has taken hold of a certain number of minds, and has thrown us into the most dangerous ways. One must have lost the sense of the commonest wisdom not to see that in presence of universal opinion, such as brought about by successive events for more than a century, the only means left to ministers of religion to bring back people consists in holiness of life, in evangelical mildness, in unbounded charity. It would be an inexcusable anachronism to think nowadays of the efficacy of violent measures, which might have succeeded in other times, but which now would produce the contrary effects. I should be happy to lend my weak help to such a desirable result. The minister, whose judgment is so sound and just, will think as I do that it is not at Aix my good will and my devotedness should be put to the test." He came to this decision without, as customary with him, consulting Monsignor de Mazenod. "It is the first time in my life," he wrote, "that I ran counter to the wish of one whose will has been my rule of conduct. But here the question was too grave, and I feared with reason that I would not belie the proverb which says that no one is a prophet in his own country."

His departure was the cause of sincere and poignant regret on the part of clergy and laity. "At Viviers," says his biographer, "they were proud of Monsignor Guibert, of his talents, of his masterly style, of the consideration he enjoyed in the Catholic world, of the elevated place he occupied in the episcopate and of the dignity of his character. They sincerely loved him as the benefactor, better still as the founder of the diocese, where on his arrival he had found no live work, neither institutions nor traditions, nothing but the sad memorials of a senile administration and painful divisions; he left at parting wise laws for the sanctification and instruction of priests, a fine house of ecclesiastical education, habits of respect in regard to authority, and the edifying spectacle of the union of minds and hearts. Those fifteen years had been productive. They had produced not that premature vegetation which lasts as short a time as it took to grow, but robust plants destined to brave the destructive forces of time."

It was a pain to him to sever the tie that bound him to priests and people. He was not a prelate who kept aloof from his flock and only went among them on set occasions when some ecclesiastical function called for his presence. He visited the smallest hamlets, he trod all the paths that led up the mountain heights, he sought out the people in the most remote country districts. His greatest

happiness was to find himself in the midst of the simple country folk whose faith and religious spirit were akin to his own, and whose familiar confidence constantly reminded him that he was their spiritual father and they his spiritual children, as they eagerly sought his blessing, which he never wearied of imparting to young and old. Loving and beloved, he would have preferred to spend the remainder of his days among them. But it was not to be: to him were to be addressed the words, *Amice, ascende superius*, which were to bring him glory, if not gladness. Writing to the Bishop of Chartres, he said: "I only wished one thing—it was to end my days in the midst of my mountains with these good and simple people who inhabit them. Several times I refused a change of see; things have shaped themselves in such a way as to render a refusal impossible. Since the news of my translation, which I knew on the eve of the day when it was made known to the public, my priests and I are weeping like children."

About the 4th of May, 1857, Monsignor Guibert left Paris for Tours to take possession of his new see, accompanied by the Abbé Bourret as private secretary, later Bishop of Rodez. As he entered his cathedral, wherein were assembled all the ecclesiastical, civil and military authorities, people were much struck by his grand air, the dignity of his bearing and the gravity of his countenance. His long, thin, austere features resembled those of the canonized Bishops portrayed in stained-glass windows, recalling St. Gatien, St. Germanus and St. Martin, or St. Basil returning from the desert. A lover of holy poverty like them, his first act on the day after the imposing ceremonies was to order the removal of the shrubs and rare plants that in great profusion lined the stairs of the episcopal palace, as they had done in Cardinal Morlot's time, saying: "Take away these flowers this very day; the money they cost might be more usefully spent on the poor." Another act which gave them the measure of the man who was appointed to rule the diocese took place after his reception of the pallium. His predecessor had left him an enormous accumulation of debts to discharge, amounting to over 300,000 francs, and an empty exchequer. It was characteristic of his thoroughness and decision to at once close, permanently or temporarily, some institutions that were a source of expense in order to liquidate the diocesan debts, in which he was aided by voluntary gifts from priests and people, subsidies from Government, liberal donations from Cardinal Morlot and a personal contribution from the Emperor, who on one day remitted to the Archbishop of Tours a sum of 15,000 francs, 10,000 of which were offered in his own name and 5,000 in the name of the Prince Imperial.

Four or five of the first years of his episcopate were spent in a general visitation of the diocese, which led him to this conclusion: "Our people here greatly need to be stimulated and renewed in the spirit of faith. Material well-being, which is the great preoccupation of our time and the only object with which Governments concern themselves, deadens souls, stupefies people and renders them insensible to all that raises one above the physical world."

Ultramontane on principle, like Monsignor de Mazenod, he made the adoption of the Roman liturgy obligatory in accordance with the wishes of Pius IX. Roman to his heart's core, the Pope's will was a law to him. "He has received from God power and jurisdiction over the Universal Church," he wrote in a pastoral letter dated February 15, 1859; "it is he who has his hand on the rudder of the vessel; perhaps he has felt one of those passing breezes precursors of the tempest, which warn him to draw closer the ties that unite particular Churches to the Church which is their mother and mistress; he is assisted by graces and light from on high; he has examined everything, weighed everything in his wisdom. We have, then, only to follow the indication that comes to us from this supreme authority. The whole strength of the Church is in the subordination of the hierarchical powers which binds together the various classes of spiritual society: therein resides the principle of its life and its perpetual triumph throughout the changes and revolutions of this world. Let us never deviate from this way: let the faithful be guided by the priest; let the priests obey the Bishop; let the Bishops be united and subject to the Pope. There is no other means of securing order and salvation in the great Christian family founded by Jesus Christ."

The next object that claimed his attention was the building of a sanctuary dedicated to St. Martin on the site of the ancient basilica in which all France had honored the great wonder-worker of the Gauls. He wished to revive devotion to the soldier-saint who had planted the faith there and under whose protection he hoped for its restoration, knowing that people are easily moved by such inspiring memories of the past. He was not the only one who had this thought in his mind. It was one of the day-dreams, and more than a dream, of Leon Papin Dupont, called "the Holy Man of Tours," the apostle of devotion to the Holy Face, well known to English readers through the admirable biography by the late Mr. Edward Healy Thompson. A native of Martinique and of a noble family of Breton origin, ever since his arrival in Tours he never ceased to think of it and pray for it. At a time when no one entertained any thought of it, or, if they had formerly done so, had not dared to revive it, imagining it to be more than ever impossible of realiza-

tion, this great Christian had already made it his fixed idea before God, looking on the rebuilding of the splendid basilica and the restoration of the ancient pilgrimage as two things not only possible, but necessary for the times in which we live; and he had no doubt but that the one and the other project would eventually be realized. Although at this epoch the position of the holy tomb was not clearly determined, the angle formed by the streets of St. Martin and Descartes had a peculiar attraction for him; he went there often in the evening or the morning or in the midst of the darkness and silence of night, to offer long prayers. Each time during the day that he passed the spot, no matter what weather it was nor by whom he was accompanied, he never failed to make a pause, to uncover his head and slowly to recite in a low tone of voice that verse of the Psalms: *Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion, ut ædificantur muri Jerusalem.* (Ps. 1, 19.)

Under Monsignor Morlot, in 1854, he was the promoter and the soul of the Clothing Society of the Poor, visited and relieved by the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which, as every one in Tours knows, gave birth to the Society of St. Martin. He was also the ardent protector and the enthusiastic organizer of the first pilgrimages in honor of St. Martin to Marmoutier, Olivet, Ligugé and Candes, which might be looked upon as the forerunners of the great contemporary pilgrimages of which we are witnesses. It was at his instance that in 1856 the novena preparatory to the feast of November 11 was kept with more than ordinary solemnity. At its close the spiritual director of the Society of St. Martin, in presence of Cardinal Morlot, expressed a wish that the scattered stones of the basilica should be gathered together and the saint's cultus revived. The proposal was well received by His Eminence, and when Pius IX. was made aware of it, he encouraged it with his Apostolic Benediction. Although the ancient basilica was immense, very little remained of it. It had survived the revolutionary crisis, but in 1806 the prefect of Tours, M. de Pommereuil, instigated by anti-religious feelings, caused it to be demolished, leaving only two isolated towers standing. Streets were made over the site, so obliterating it that one no longer knew where the saint's tomb was.

Monsignor Guibert held M. Dupont in the highest esteem. When consulted as to the credence to be accorded to the miracles attributed to him, he replied: "I do not know if M. Dupont performs miracles, and if all that is related of him on this point is veracious; but what I can bear witness to is that he has the virtues and sanctity of those who do." "The holy man," he later said, "had his feet on earth, but his head, his heart, his thoughts, his desires, his whole life, were in heaven. However, we were not always in agreement, and when we had well debated and discussed and I did not

give in to his opinion, on leaving he scattered medals of St. Benedict through the house; I knew it," concluded the Cardinal, smiling, "and I was edified."

It is easy to understand this divergence of views. They were not only different types of men, but their relative positions were widely different. Dupont had that rarest of rare things—the faith of the saints—the faith that moves mountains, and had no officially responsible position; Guibert had to be guided by the ordinary light of human prudence, was habitually cautious and circumspect, and, as Bishop, was invested with a grave charge. "M. Dupont," observes De Follenay, "was so sure of his own sincerity, so enlightened from on high, such a stranger to the reserve that the exercise of ecclesiastical authority imposes, that he did not understand why the Church, in the person of the chief pastor, was slow to approve of his design and still slower to execute it. It was almost to scandalize him to object to the difficulties of the undertaking. He had arguments of crushing simplicity, the charming logical excesses of children and of all those who have had the happiness not to be belittled in contact with our mediocrities."

It was a question of adapting the successive reconstructions to the plan of the old edifice. Monsignor Guibert rejected this as unrealizable. The ancient basilica was almost as large as Notre Dame in Paris. While as anxious as any one to pay due honor to a saint who shed such lustre on the Diocese of Tours, various considerations made him hesitate—the large outlay it would involve, the suspicion that Dupont and his pious friends were carried away by perfervid enthusiasm and the prejudice against lay initiative in ecclesiastical affairs. He thought of renaming the Church of St. Julien under the invocation of St. Martin and making it the centre of the revived devotion to the latter, to the regret of M. Dupont. Meanwhile several houses on the site of the ancient basilica were purchased by one of Dupont's generous friends, and, touched by the piety which prompted it, Monsignor Guibert decided to restore the pilgrimages by raising an altar to this great saint and glorifying his tomb, not in a strange sanctuary, but in the very place where fourteen centuries before he had been honored by the whole Catholic world. "Gentlemen," he said frankly to the members of the commission, "I give up St. Julien's because I recognize that your ideas are nearer to God than mine." He was strengthened in his resolution by Monsignor Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, who, in preaching the panegyric of the saint in 1858, urged him not to draw back because of the difficulties which beset such a bold undertaking, assuring him that he would be sustained by all Catholic France. Monsignor Guibert had already, on his arrival in Tours, promised, in

presence of the relics of St. Martin, which had been providentially preserved, to repair as far as possible the ruins of such a great disaster. "Of this precious monument of the piety of our fathers," he wrote in a letter to his clergy on December 8, 1859, "nothing more remains than two large isolated towers which overlook from their majestic elevation the city and the whole surrounding country. If they have escaped destruction, it is no doubt because their massiveness and solidity have discouraged the hand of revolutionary vandalism. They remain there as a protest of past times and as a solemn teaching to make known to people how cold impiety may destroy in an instant the priceless riches that the faith of thirty generations has bequeathed to them."

This letter was a formal approval of the work which he prayed God to bless, that by His grace all hearts might be moved to devotion to St. Martin, one of the most powerful protectors of France, so that princes and peoples as of old might come to prostrate themselves before the restored tomb of the wonder-working saint. "It will be the happy sign of a complete return of our country to the faith of its fathers and the beginning of a new era of happiness and peace," he said in conclusion. "Our eyes doubtless are not worthy to contemplate this enrapturing spectacle, but how consoled we would be if in dying we carried with us into the tomb the pleasing thought of having begun, with the help of the generous piety of our people, such a just and necessary reparation, which future generations will complete!"

Dupont's strong, simple faith, and the stronger because of its simplicity, had prevailed over merely human considerations. The Archbishop had at least given into the pious layman, who was convinced that the reparation of the impieties of the Revolution by the cult of St. Martin would be the condition and sign of the religious revival in France. He was, in fact, one of the first selected by Monsignor Guibert in 1860 to form a special commission for the restoration of the devotion. It is said that while they were making excavations in search of the saint's tomb they one day heard "heavenly chants full of sweetness and melody." On November 12, 1860, Mass was celebrated for the first time by Monsignor Guibert in an oratory erected over the crypt in which this search was being carried on. The Archbishop did not know that the altar at which he offered the Holy Sacrifice was exactly over the tomb, the discovery of which was made on the night of December 14, feast of the Revision of St. Martin, the anniversary of the marvelous return of his body brought back from Auxerre, whither it had been taken through dread of the Normans in 853, and where it had remained for more than thirty years. When Dupont announced to the kneel-

ing multitude the discovery of the venerated tomb, profaned by the Huguenots in 1582 and hidden for seventy years, they sang the "Magnificat," led by M. Petillault, an aged curé who had been a choir boy in the old basilica. The saintly layman who was the prime mover in this triumph of faith and zeal was in transports of joy. It made a lasting impression on his colleagues. Dreading that his long absence would cause disquietude to his aged mother, he hurried home to say to her, "Rejoice, mother. At last we have found it and possess it!"

The news of this remarkable discovery made the tour of the world and awakened the liveliest interest. Pilgrimages to the tomb multiplied and many priests solicited the favor of saying Mass there. Monsignor Guibert induced the municipal council to allocate a sum for the partial reconstruction of the old Church of St. Martin, himself tracing the plan of the portion to be restored and fixing two million as the amount to be gathered before commencing the work. This was followed by a *mandement* giving a rapid and eloquent outline of the saint's life, the sad story of the devastation of the sanctuary in 1807, an act of unpardonable vandalism, severely censured by the first Napoleon, and an account of the recent discovery of the tomb. Before appealing to the French episcopate, without whose concurrence it was impossible to embark in such a costly undertaking, he went to Rome at the close of 1862 to beg the Pope to give his solemn approbation to it. "When I was at the feet of the Holy Father and unfolded to him the object of my journey," he wrote, "what was not his astonishment at learning that there was no church in Tours in honor of the great St. Martin! His Holiness could not recover from his painful and sorrowful surprise. The Holy Father then deigned to say to me with an expression which I believed inspired: 'You will build a temple to St. Martin; it is a mission that God gives you, and I, His vicar, give it to you also.' While I was speaking of great difficulties, His Holiness added: 'God will enable you to surmount them;' and at once, in the excessive goodness of his heart, he would offer me a large sum, which I had to refuse at the risk of being wanting in deference and respect. 'How can I receive this money,' I said, 'when we, your children, should provide for the needs of our father? No, I cannot consent to take back to my diocese a part of the sum my filial love has humbly laid at your feet.' His Holiness, in terminating this interview, assured me that he would interest himself in this important affair in the presence of God and in prayer. Some days afterwards I was recalled and the Holy Father handed me a letter in Latin, saying with an amiability it is impossible to describe: 'You didn't wish for my subscription in money; here's a draft which will be better.'

I am sure it will do honor to my signature." On his return the Archbishop addressed an humble and modest appeal to his colleagues in the episcopate which, needless to say, met with a sympathetic reception. "May God be blessed!" he wrote to Father Courtès. "When I began this immense undertaking, I really did not know what it would become. I placed it in the hands of St. Martin, accepting success as well as the humiliation of defeat. This work may do the greatest good to our poor France and be the beginning, I hope, of a revival of piety; so all the Bishops think."

All war going on well, and already 400,000 francs had been collected, when opposition arose. The prefect refused to approve of the decision of the municipal council. Then pamphlets, insulting libels and caustic epigrams in verse were published against the originators of the work. Most of these attacks were treated with silent contempt, but one was so gross that the learned Abbé Chevalier, in a masterly *étude*, entitled *Figure hisitorique de St. Martin*, pulverized the pamphleteer and showed that the apostle of Touraine and Gaul had been the man of Providence, who was the guardian of France's nascent nationality and the savior of its civilization. Were it not that Montalembert was then busily occupied with his monumental work, "The Monks of the West," he would willingly have complied with Monsignor Guibert's request and lent the valuable aid of his pen in furtherance of what he called "a glorious task." Having learned from the Dowager Princess von Hohenzollern, who visited him at Tours, that the Benedictine Monastery of St. Martin of Beuron had been restored by her, he made her the medium of transmitting to the prior a relic of the great wonder-worker. Similar gifts were made to other religious houses placed under the invocation of St. Martin. In October, 1862, he issued another *mandement* prescribing for five years an annual quest for the building of the church in honor of one whom Pius IX. called "the luminary of priests and souls consecrated to God," and in the following year appealed to religious houses for their support—an appeal which was responded to with holy enthusiasm.

All this gave a great impetus to pilgrimages, preluding that extraordinary movement he was to witness at the close of his life, one of the most marvelous manifestations of faith in the nineteenth century. With remarkable foresight, his inner vision already discerned what the nearing future was to reveal when he wrote: "One will hardly see, as formerly, the pilgrim, staff in hand, coming slowly on foot from the most distant countries to kneel at the tomb of the great thaumaturgist. It will rather be numerous caravans of Christians who will rapidly arrive by rail to venerate the

holy relic, and who will return home, joyfully bringing with them abundance of divine graces. *Venientes autem venient cum exsultatione, portantes manipulos suos.*" In 1864 he was able to announce that he had in hand a sum of 825,000 francs, which he hoped would soon be increased to 1,200,000, necessary to begin the erection. In 1869 the Emperor and the imperial family subscribed 18,000 francs. In 1870 the Archbishop had banked 1,200,000 francs, the fund increasing by more than 100,000 francs annually. The provisional chapel, in the form of a magnificent shrine, was in the Roman style, which was that of the ancient church.

After the death of the first chaplain, the Abbé de Beaumont, he confided the custody of the sanctuary in 1867 to his religious brethren, the Oblates, three in number, who had as their superior Père de L'hermite, succeeded by Father Rey, who died a few years ago at Liege, and who, the Abbé Janvier says in his "Life of M. Dupont," was really the inspirer and apostle of the devotion to St. Martin of Tours. To him was due the revival in 1869 of the Arch-confraternity of St. Martin. In one year it counted more than 12,000 adherents, including most of the French Bishops.

The years which followed were years of strenuous activity. A militant prelate to the finger tips, he took a leading part in the resolute resistance to the tortuous policy of Napoleon III. which menaced the liberty of the French episcopate and the rights of the Holy See. He was the pen of the movement and wielded that weapon which Lytton said is "mightier than the sword" with consummate skill and address. In the beginning of the sixties of the last century the temporal power of the Papacy had entered into its agony—an agony prolonged for a whole decade and which only ended when the Sardinian troops entered through the breach near the Porta Pia. A firm believer in the necessity of its maintenance as a safeguard of the personal independence and freedom of action of the Roman Pontiff, he fought hard for its retention. Pius IX., by his encyclical of January 19, 1860, refused to cede the Romagnas as the price of peace, and uttered his famous "*Non possumus.*" Monsignor Guibert highly approved of this decisive action. "Let us," he said, "save honor if we cannot save the legations. Weakness would be useless; it would mean recommencing after a few months. Once on the incline of concessions, the Pope would be pushed nearer and nearer to the time when he would be shut up in the gardens of the Vatican." These words show his keen insight, and events have justified his forecast. The Popes have been relegated to "the Vatican and a garden," as Edmond About suggested. Monsignor Guibert was the chief interpreter of the views of the French Bishops, whose outspoken pastorals more and more irritated the Emperor

and his Ministers, who forbade the papers to publish them without the authorization of the civil power. Then came out the *Vicomte de la Guéronnière*'s pamphlet, "*La Pape et le Congrès*," which proposed the reduction of the Pope's dominion to the city of Rome, possession of which was to be guaranteed by the other Powers, with a revenue furnished by the Catholic States and a militia formed of the élite of the Italian army. The city itself was to have large municipal liberties, relieving the Pontifical Government of the details of administration. "Thus," said the author, "the victorious Emperor of the French may save the Papacy while freeing Italy, and reconcile the Pope as temporal sovereign with his people and his time." It was well known that the pamphlet was inspired or dictated by Napoleon. A fortnight after its publication Monsignor Guibert, in a letter to the Minister, wrote: "What is proposed is the renunciation on the part of France of the rôle of protector which it has filled since the origin of the monarchy. Its princes called themselves *extern-Bishops* (*les évêques du dehors*) and our nation the eldest daughter of the Church. Would it be honorable or profitable to our country to renounce this noble mission? See how watchful England is and how it thrills at seeing break out symptoms which seem to announce the end of this centuries-old rôle. It knows well that the influence of France in the world rises or falls in proportion to the prosperity or weakening of the Catholic Church, and that if it succeeded, at the expense of Catholicism, in extending the conquests of heresy, its universal preponderance would be assured."

When a few days afterwards the suppression of *L'Univers* marked another stage in the progress of arbitrary government, he regretted the disappearance of "that courageous organ of a considerable portion of the Catholics." Not only lay Catholics, but ecclesiastics were struck at. He felt deeply hurt and bitterly complained of the orders given to commissioners, village Mayors and *gardes champêtres*, to the intellectually lowest types of men, to note the Sunday sermons of the curés. And when new Italy, by the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, paid the price of the acquisition of the Romagnas, and the Government ordered a *Te Deum* to be chanted in all the churches, the Archbishop of Tours, while complying with the Minister's instructions, took occasion in a circular to his clergy to let it be known how he regarded it. "We declare," he wrote boldly, "that if a real connection existed between the acquisition of the new territories ceded to France and the usurpation of a portion of the dominion of the Holy See, and that we had certain proof of it, no power in the world would be able to obtain from us our prayers for an event which would be linked to a sacrilegious injus-

tice. Prayer is not destined to celebrate the triumphs of iniquity, and if we made such a criminal abuse of it, in place of the blessings of heaven, it would call down the Divine reprobation on those who would profane such a holy thing." In a letter to M. Poujoulat he said: "To obtain prayers and pastorals which have singularly contributed to make the war* acceptable to those opposed to it, they assured us by the most formal promises on the subject of the temporal power of the Pope, and when the war succeeded and peace was signed, we see the States of the Church invaded, usurpation daily consummated and all the fine promises forgotten. It is enough to tell us that they regard the Bishops as instruments of a personal policy, of whom they make use when they want them, even against the Pope's interests, and then contemptuously reject them when they have made them subserve designs which they condemn." M. Rouland, the Minister, having reproached him with attacking the Government, Monsignor Guibert replied: "When the Italian war was decided, the Government asked the Bishops for prayers for which they felt a profound repugnance, foreseeing the misfortunes that this war entail upon the Church. To calm our too well founded fears, we were promised in the most formal and solemn manner that the temporal power of the Pope would be safeguarded in its integrity. The war took place, our arms were successful, the Pope has lost a third of his States and sees the rest menaced by the revolution. In reality the prayers we offered then for the success of our arms have turned against the interest of the Church." In a pastoral on "the new excesses of the Revolution against the States of the Church," after dwelling on the indifference and inaction of the Catholic European sovereigns in view of such a violation of every principle, he besought the prayers of the faithful for "those courageous soldiers who shed their blood in defense of right and justice," the brave volunteers from Ireland, France, Belgium and Spain who formed the Pope's Brigade and reflected honor upon themselves and their homelands at Ancona, Castelfidardo and Spoleto by their heroism. The late J. F. O'Donnell ("Caviare") paid a touching tribute to their memory in a monody, in which he, too, asked for prayers for these dead heroes:

"Pray for the martyred dead. The seeming fabled story
 Of chivalry in them renewed
 Shines out with a resplendent glory
 Above that field of parricidal feud."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

*The short campaign in North Italy.

A SUMMER TOUR ALONG ANCIENT TRAILS.

THE westbound antiquary may break his ride at that ultra-modern cosmopolis we call Chicago, but things archaic are not germane to the second city of the realm, and a day or two later he is speeding across the highly prosperous farm lands of Nebraska or Kansas—lands that yearly send forth vast crops of almost every product known to man. It is in this section of the Middle West that the romanticist allows his phantasies to dwell on the old-time nation of Quivera, which, so the legendaries say, died of inanition generations before Columbus scanned the Western shore. Pseudo-archæologists assert that Quivera was a land of riches; and perchance it was, but only those of a visionary trend of thought place any degree of belief in its existence. However, Professor James W. Savage, a real archæologist, went all the way to Madrid to investigate the archives of Coronado, Castaneda and Penalosa, who traversed Nebraska about 1540 for the purpose of finding the mounds of gold said to be lying around the old-time habitations; but his researches are not convincing.

Let us pass the broadspreading granaries of Kansas and the vast coal fields of Southern Colorado, and prepare to scale the ridges that stretch from Trinidad to Raton Pass. Two compounders up ahead and a cyclopean “pusher” in the rear give tangible evidence that the next fifteen miles are somewhat difficult to negotiate, for in those fifteen miles we are to ascend nearly two thousand feet, and much of the road is as crooked as a snake swinging leisurely from branch to branch. We leave Trinidad with a flying start, and begin our circuitous flight up and around the serpentine track. Higher, yet higher we climb, while the sputtering giants convert the cerulean bay into sheolic and funereal shrouds. From the bending cars we see the dwarfish stacks soaring skyward their empurpled volumes like demons in angry mood, and the very rails beneath us transform to venomous imps that flash their fiery fangs as the “drivers” slide and whirl untrammeled on the bands of steel. But now the vitality of the belching colossals seems to wane—we are slowing down on terrific steeps thousands of feet above those miners’ huts in the gulch below. Screams of affright still the heart and shatter the sepulchral pall—the “pilot” frantically calls to cram the fireboxes to the limit and to throw the throttle to the uppermost notch. A jerk from up ahead and a jolt from the rear tell us the call has been answered—the leviathans are roaring like myrmidons to attain the goal—and an hour or so later, after passing

through Raton Tunnel, a half-mile long and 7,500 feet above the sea, we have bridged the abyss that leads to the land so dear to the heart of antiquary and archæologist, for New Mexico is a huge reliquary of a far-flung and shrouded past.

Little did Castaneda imagine that a day could dawn when a Santa Fé Railway Company would build a first-class hotel bearing his patronymic in the lackadaisical little town of Las Vegas—half-Spanish, half-American—6,000 feet amidst the most transparent blue, with 10,000 people, cozy homes and two sanitariums, St. Anthony's being conducted by the ubiquitous Sisters of Charity; while those peculiar signs and those soft-syllabled tones so familiar to the fragrant avenidas of Vallombrosa are just as familiar across the bridge that spans the “river” to the thoroughfare known as the Calle de Puente. Our friends of Hebrew blood control the important commercial establishments, and sheep grazing is the principal pursuit of the people who dwell over the hills and vales behind the town. It may have a fanciful sound, but in this warm, dry atmosphere the Gallinas Canyon annually gives up 40,000 tons of natural ice, which is made possible by the perpendicular walls of the canyon obscuring the sun's rays from the ice that forms during the nocturnal hours. This vast tonnage is distributed to ice houses over a territory six hundred miles in extent.

Archbishop Lamy did good work among the Pueblos, of whom there are at least 20,000 in New Mexico, so the early railroad builders honored his memory by designating Lamy as the junction point that connects with the capital, eighteen miles to the north. La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (the True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis) was probably quite apropos in the Andalusian days of 1606, but such cumbersome cognomina finds no place in the vocabulary of the unpoetic Yankee, therefore this venerable mother of all American cities (with the solitary exception of old St. Augustine, Florida) is now known to the world as Santa Fé. The old town, hemmed in by towering mountains, is a quaint and curious spot, with its twentieth-century buildings and adobe huts that were patriarchal ere the battle of Lepanto was fought and won. Lew Wallace was the Territorial Governor for a while, and here he penned “Ben-Hur” in the long and pillared one-story adobe “palace” of the Castilian viceroys. The structure is now a museum under the direction of the American Archæological Society. Fifty per cent. old Mexican and the other half American, we gaze on business blocks of modern mould, and then we scan tumble-down shacks of dirty clay and virgin timber; nor could Munchausen himself imagine anything more divergent in

architectural lines than the classical First National Bank, a replica of the New York Stock Exchange, and the uncouth pile of mud and wood they call the Old Curiosity Shop over yonder in Adobeland.

In this seat of legislation 7,000 feet amidst the eternal stars, where days are warm and nights are cool, and a bad place for hearts that falter, we find more contrasts, more ancients and more antiquities in ten-minutes' walk than can be found in ten square miles in any other spot in the universe; and perhaps the most sacred and most venerable of all is San Miguel Church, built in 1607, destroyed in 1680, rebuilt in 1710, and said to be the oldest religious edifice in continuous use in the United States. As New Mexico contains a heavy percentage of Catholics, Church institutions of every kind are numerous.

Automobiles take the tourist along the scenic highway to Buckmans, and here we behold thousands of lofty cliffs and subterranean caverns the progenitors of the Pueblo race called their homes. It is a wonderful region of sky-piercing mountains, bottomless canyons and waterfalls that merrily and perennially pitch earthward their foaming volumes down cascades that roll up and on beyond the clouds. A trip through this land of enchantment would be an incongruity without a visit to our archaic friend, the Taos Pueblo. It lies far to the north, but the automobile at Taos Junction in an hour or so whisked us along to the oldest settlement in the United States. The pueblo is a striking example of the "flat" style of architecture that prevailed innumerable generations before our Mayflower patricians landed on Plymouth Rock. Built of adobe, one dwelling tops the other in true Manhattan fashion until the fourth story has been reached. The second-story lodger must needs climb a rickety ladder to reach his part of the vast communal dwelling, and so do the third and fourth-story housekeepers. The Indians eke out a livelihood tending little gardens of vegetables, and the Sisters of Loretto conduct the local educational establishment.

We are now westbound from Lamy, twisting and turning around crags and canyons and zigzagging along the circuitous banks of the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, chief city of the State. The citizens number 18,000, and while the newcomers represent every habitable place on the planet, the old-timers of the old section still give utterance to those mellifluous notes uttered by the padres who came up from Mexico in the sixteenth century and founded the modest and white-coated edifice of San Felipe de Neri. Albuquerque is a marvel of up-to-dateness and enjoys a clear and

equable climate. Central avenue is lined with many large business houses, and at least one private dwelling is said to represent an outlay of \$30,000. It is chimerical to assume that the "wild and woolly West" is made up of a low grade of humanity; on the contrary, its citizenship comprises the most intelligent and the most energetic part of the Republic. Moreover, wages are higher, and living conditions are far superior to those obtaining in the crowded Eastern States. Water, however, is not very plentiful; but water is scarce all over this section of the Southwest. It rarely rains, and even then there is no way to husband the aquatic flow. The price of a few dreadnoughts would irrigate a million acres of land—land that would jump in value from thirty cents to thirty dollars an acre after the first inundation.

It is quite true that the United States Reclamation Service has consummated valuable work for the lower section of New Mexico and upper Texas by constructing the Elephant Butte Dam, which will impound nearly nine hundred billion gallons of water, sufficient to irrigate 200,000 acres, or more than enough to flood the State of Delaware to a depth of two feet! The massiveness of the structure and the capacity of the reservoir make the project not only the biggest thing of its kind in the United States, but the most ambitious in the world. The Assuan Dam in Egypt impounds only two-thirds as much water. From the lowermost point of the parapet wall the dam rises 318 feet (or about the height of a thirty-story building), and the base is 225 feet thick. This strength is needed to halt the onrush of the erratic and torrential Rio Grande and to hold the accumulated waters so that they may be supplied slowly and safely to the widespread acres reaching for 171 miles. The climate down around the large city of El Paso is agreeable, and the soil is abundantly productive when properly watered. A practical and energetic farmer with \$5,000 working capital has a splendid chance to place his family beyond the "bread line" when the sere and yellow milestone of life is reached.

Laguna is not far beyond Albuquerque, and a conveyance as ancient as the hills roundabout us jogs along to San José de la Laguna, founded in the late years of the seventeenth century. The settlement is one of the largest and most elaborate now extant; indeed, the Pueblo "boosters" claim a population of 1,600 souls, and they also assert that the elkskin painting in the local parish church is the biggest on record. As in our own cultured and civilized era of righteousness, avarice was a penchant of many of the empire-builders of the day, so the architects planned the model city of Acoma to perch on a hill 400 feet above the plain,

to be better prepared for the onslaughts of those who sought their goods and chattels. The Indians of 1629 displayed deep love for their faith by carrying up the steep mound all the materials necessary for the erection of the Franciscan edifice.

Farther west on the Santa Fé we arrive at Zuni, one of the seven cities of the alleged kingdom of Cibola; and it was at Zuni that Friar Marcos de Niza first preached the Gospel in "The New Kingdom of St. Francis." He came up from Mexico in 1539, and his diary while peregrinating through those pristine wilds would undoubtedly surpass the famous tour of Stanley when he pierced the heart of Africa on a still-hunt for Dr. Livingston. The hyphenated Welsh-American, it will be recalled, had made great preparations for his journey, and his entourage was unlimited, whereas Friar Marcos was accompanied by one companion and three or four Indians. The African explorer carried guns for game and protection, while the Spaniard traversed an absolutely unknown land, and a section of the world where game, provender and water were more precious than kohinoors.

The twentieth-century traveler who lolls in an armchair on the rear end of the fleeting "de luxe" must needs allow his mind's eye to roam back to a cycle when human feet carried the premier trail-blazer over the virgin prairies and precipitous mountains that extended from far-away Sinaloa to Zuni—a serpentine route of perhaps fifteen hundred miles. As illustrating the conditions to-day with those of even a generation ago, let us glance at the schedule of the "Overland Mail," which galloped from the Missouri River to Santa Fé, a route commonly referred to as the Santa Fé Trail. The Trail was about 800 miles long, the fare \$250, and the trip required fourteen days to consummate—if the weather conditions were propitious. To-day the same trip is made amidst palatial surroundings—the æsthetic ones may even be tonsorialized and enjoy their matutinal spray—in fifteen hours, and the railroad fare is \$23. The railway operates its own system of hotels, and the tourist is allowed to break his ride at the most obscure spot "a thousand miles from nowhere" and secure accommodations equal to the best in any city in the land.

Lest we forget, a word should be said in behalf of the missionaries who so zealously labored to Christianize and civilize the aborigines of the Southwest in the sixteenth century. Their task was fraught with many dangers, and a recent volume, "Commissary of the Holy Office and Conversions of New Mexico," is a complete translation of the famous memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides, which was prepared in 1630. Fray Benavides furnishes a striking

description of the people with whom he came in contact—the “nations which dwell along the road to New Mexico,” “people very fierce, barbarous and untamed,” who “always go totally naked and have no house and do no planting,” reminding one of the natives with whom Father Serra dealt in California; “the Mansa nation of the Rio del Norte,” who are always encountered at the crossing of the river, who, “if they see their way, do all the evil they can; but if unable, all come peacefully to seek us, that we may give them something to eat, and who likewise are naked and do no sowing;” the many tribes of New Mexico proper, of various character, living mainly in pueblos and in houses of adobe; and finally of the “huge Apache nation,” which surrounds all the nations dwelling in pueblos, and who are “a people very fiery and bellicose, and very crafty in war,” and who “do not dwell in settlements nor in houses, but in tents and huts,” moving “from mountain range to mountain range, seeking game, which is their sustenance.” In all those places where such establishments were made were the Indians not alone instructed in Christian doctrine, but to read and write and to play on instruments and sing and in “all the trades of civilization.” Like a refrain does the statement of this fact run through the whole report of Benavides, giving a clear insight into the policy of the friars. Among the Taos nation we also read that “the land is very fertile, because a religious has brought it water for the irrigation of its seed lands.”

To say the least, it is nothing short of a calamity that a nation whose wealth transcends the wildest flights of avarice should allow the abandoned missions to totter and finally perish from the surface of the earth. We should be willing—nay, eager—to restore and preserve, if only as national monuments, the humble chapels built by those zealous ambassadors of God who worked so assiduously for the regeneration of our earliest inhabitants, and whose heroic labors find fruition to-day in the high morality of a great army of peaceable and well-disposed citizenry.

New Mexico's area is somewhat in excess of the British Islands, and geologists say a hundred billion tons of coal and many other minerals are locked within its subterranean vaults; timber lands are also plentiful. It is claimed that the resources of the Commonwealth can readily support ten million people—a sharp contrast with the 400,000 inhabitants at the present time.

Like other places in other lands, Arizona bore a “hard name” in days gone by, for the censorious ones assert that it was filled to overflowing with vile men, vile ambrosia and all the vile appurtenances that coalesce with things iniquitous. But it is a long

road that has no end, and in a cycle as yet unborn, when tourists from Mars wing merrily o'er the curving banks of the enchanted Hassayampa and the fast express roars above and beneath the throbbing arteries of Cactus City, the poet shall sing of the aquatic avalanche that swept against the salacious walls of the "Three Card Monte" of Casa Grande, the "Miners' Roost" of hot Tucson, the gay "High Hat" of Mohawk town, and last—but by no means least—that rollicking old hospice wherein no true saturnalian e'er passed away unshod—the "Three Buckets of Blood" of Tombstone City! The "wets" said prohibition would blast poor Arizona's hopes forever and aye, but the Commonwealth is growing richer and more populous with every turn of the universe.

Arizona, with a population of 250,000, is somewhat larger than Italy, and its future is assured, for the soil is fertile and the mountains are vast treasure-houses that outrank the wealth of all the Indies; the lumber trade is a valuable asset, and agriculture has received a great impetus because of the conservation and distribution of the streams that flow through the various sections of the State. And just to prove that "there is nothing new under the sun," archaeologists claim to have discovered many miles of canals that prehistoric races constructed for carrying the water necessary to irrigate 250,000 acres of land.

The Grand Canyon is as familiar as household words, and the automobile has superseded the veteran stage that formerly rolled along to scan the appalling deeps, gorgeous cathedrals, fallen coliseums and titanic shafts of every hue and every form down at Grand View Point. The Canyon is a mile deep, thirteen miles wide and 217 miles long, and the man standing at the rim merely gets a fleeting view of this gigantic "grave dug by a god for the interment of the world." Airships have "made good" in Europe, and they could be used over the Canyon to great advantage, as this is the only way to survey the enormous mounds and sunken valleys that run riot all over this tremendous gash in the surface of the earth.

The Painted Desert, the Petrified Forest and the Aztec Ruins well deserve more than a transient visit. Things have not changed materially since Father Niza and Coronado introduced European ideas and the Christian religion to the Papagos and Hopis back in 1540. Adamana is the point where we leave the train to enter the chugging little "universal car" that conveys us to the Petrified Forest. From what remote epoch in the chronology of time these ossified giants—some of them are 200 feet in length—have lain prone and helpless no archaeologist cares to define; but a feeling

of awe suffuses the soul of the bewildered spectator as he scans this heaven-aired mausoleum of colossals the æons have transmuted into stone. Our ancient friends of the Aztec nation were just as restless as the nations of to-day, so they became weary of the habitations of their youth and migrated on to Mexico, but with true magnanimity consigned to posterity the débris of what were adobe dwellings of microscopic proportions. As paper famines prevailed then as now, the leading illustrators of the tribe sought out the sides of many cliffs whereon to portray the fantastic artistry that percolated through their chimerical souls. None but Assyriologists of rare profundity would care to decipher the peculiar drawings and hieroglyphics that embellish the Aztec Ruins.

There are occasions when Americans feel proud of their native heath, and this is especially true of the southbound tourist who leaves the "limited" at Ash Fork Junction. Over on the right of the track are a few Indian huts, and towards Nevada we flash the binoculars on mountains bleak and bare. A small general store and a half-dozen shacks at the rear complete the view; and the thriving copper town of Prescott is full sixty miles away. However, the Sante Fé had to have a caravansary to accommodate occasional tourists, so they built a handsome hotel at a cost of \$150,000 and emblazoned on its façade "Escalante," in honor of the padre who visited these wilds the year our Declaration of Independence was signed. Raindrops are as scarce as vegetables, but the tank cars bring water hither from a far-distant spring.

The old yarn about the Hassayampa—that those who drink of its waters will never afterwards tell the truth, never have a dollar nor dare to leave the sacred hills of ancient Arizona—may just be a romantic ebullition, but it cannot be denied that the professor of nomenclature who fashioned the titles along the zigzag route that runs from Ash Fork to Phœnix evidently felt that a gorge 170 feet deep and four times as long should be catalogued among things subterrestrial, so we hold our breath and try to appear nonchalantly blasé as the creaking train crawls over that yawning gulf of death the conductor calls "Hell's Canyon!" The engineers who built the road were builders of rare repute, for boulders of tremendous girth dot the undulating landscape in great abundance. Quite a few of these rocks are almost as big as Manhattan Island, and as the fascinated eye flashed back to the primitive age of man we saw the effulgent orb of day pale and darken as mammoth Cyclops hurtled their batteries of granite against the onrushing Titans of the Stone Age.

Six or seven thousand people live in Prescott, and the comfort-

able homes of the plutocrats and proletarians lend strong emphasis to the claim that poverty is not one of the characteristics of the community; moreover, there are several handsome business structures, with the large Mercy Hospital high up on the eminence that dominates the town, and all are kept in motion by the copper mining industry. The place is nearly a mile above the level, but we are now rapidly dropping down to earth once more, for in fourteen miles the rails descend about 2,000 feet, and this brings us into the vast irrigated orchard lands around Phoenix, the clean, handsome and prosperous capital of the State, with a population of perhaps 25,000, though the big business buildings on Adams street give it a metropolitan aspect. There is no denying the heat of the locality during the summer solstice; coats are rarely seen, and collars are likewise discarded in churches and the better-class restaurants; but the dry atmosphere neutralizes the enervating conditions that otherwise would prevail, and in late September, when Old Sol's glare begins to wane, "them rich lungers from the East" return to many rose-embowered bungalows on cultured Central avenue, a stone's throw from the stately Capitol, ensconced within a park that few can equal and none surpass.

Large automobiles are rapidly replacing the rickety stages of the good old days that penetrated the recesses of the Southwestern hinterland, and this means vast improvement in roadway and transportation. Sightseers leave Phoenix at 7 A. M., and are soon bowling along the ancient Apache Trail, which skirts the Salt River all the way to the great Roosevelt Dam, eighty miles to the east; and now we behold on every hand a series of landscapes at once entrancing and sublime. Here a gulch that rolls down to the fathomless depths of Canyon Diablo, and then we scan the rugged escarpments of the Superstition Range; from the heights of Cape Horn we swing the glass on an amphitheatre of peaks and valleys, tortuous creeks and wooded glens that call forth the plaudits of the most sang-froid.

Ah! how fleeting, how transitory is the handiwork of vainglorious man! We coax from earth and forest the minerals wherewith to mould the ambitious dream of architect and artisan; we boast of our wisdom and our skill; our works shall be impregnable bastions against the ceaseless storms that sweep in with the tides of Time. But let us leave the car and rake the chasms and the buttes of the gorgeous phantasma they style the Painted Cliffs.

Prostrate lies the grand chateau wherein once rang out imperious commands from imperial lips; broken and decaying columns of gigantic length rise high above the withered nave they proudly

held; staggering walls of a Hall of Fame enshroud in dust the niches of the great; towering aloft as Corinth towered above her Lilliputian rivals, the glass brings home a spectral temple of the pagan gods; down in the deep labyrinthine lanes we descry a moss-strewn palace of a haughty king. Now a plume of darkest jet dims the sovereign orb and floods the world with uncanny gloom. Up from the Pantheon's débris stalk hideous ogres of bloodcurdling frame; on the cracked and dust-blown steps of the fallen Capitol monstrous gilas belch out their flaming breath; on a plaza whence cavalcades proudly pranced now lurk the whining wolf and gaunt grimalkin of diabolical hue! Darker, yet darker grow the reaches of the hadean cells, and across the Stygian cauldron rolls a rumbling fanfare of ominous acclaim; Plutonian strategists flash their searching rays up and down and around the purpled Inferno; again and again the giant centimetres hurl their bursting shells against the Martian bulwarks. The world is a seething vortex of flaming swords and crimson-visaged ghouls of satanic shape! And as the stupefied eye sweeps the pits of this wretched Brocken a thousand mortars of terrific mould shatter the air and crash against the pillars uplifting the Sarcophagus of Mammon! The pulse of an empire has ceased to throb; "dust to dust" is writ in bold relief at every side; the silence appals and stifles the human heart! The Prince of Darkness has claimed his ruthless toll—pomp and power, pride and poverty, all have perished from the surface of the earth—and as the mournful "caw-caw" of the winging hawk breaks the awful silence we catch the plaintive cry: "Nought but the handiwork of God shall be eternal!"

Roosevelt Dam is not quite as big as the Painted Cliffs we leave behind, but the engineer has displayed his cunning by impounding sufficient water from Roosevelt Lake to irrigate 250,000 acres of land—land heretofore used for the sole purpose of holding the United States together. The Spillway is a younger brother of Niagara Falls, and the harnessed and foaming cascade that tumbles 300 feet down the precipitous cliffs makes us proud of our Yankee perspicacity. There are more than 250,000 acres in Arizona, but even that amount of reclamation will help to keep down the high cost of living and give several thousand families an opportunity to get away from the do-or-die methods of twentieth-century civilization. Not only is the dam to bring forth crops for miles around, but its 27,000 horse-power will illuminate towns, drive trolleys in Phoenix and keep machinery moving far and wide. Moreover, placid and majestic Roosevelt Lake is slated as a pleasure resort for the growing population of the State. Droves of anglers now inveigle the wily bass and pugnacious trout that play hide-and-seek

below the shimmering ripples of this charming replica of the farnamed Como. Very good accommodations may be had at a cozy chateau they call "The Lodge," whence we secure a commanding view of this hill-encased inland sea, four miles wide and thirty miles from end to end.

Our stay is all too short in this American Engadine, but time presses, and the following day the chauffeur heads the car along the Apache Trail that runs to the thriving city of Globe, forty miles to the east. Like the Cliff Dwelling Aztecs elsewhere, the altitudinous pagans of days gone by had a keen eye for the picturesque, so they scaled the tall escarpments to perennially gaze upon the edenic prospect to the north and east of them. The scenery along the route is a reproduction of much that has gone before, and at the summit of the Mazatzal Range the car is stopped to give the tourists a view of the entralling valley that stretches to the lake. Globe is a mining town of importance, and so is hustling Miami. Neither was known to cartographers a few months ago, but now they claim all the honors that go with the metropolitan rank, and alcoholic beverages are conspicuous by their absence. The Southern Pacific Railroad has constructed a branch line from Bowie to Globe, in order to tap the rich mineral lands of this section. The hotel system is good, several large inns being operated by the railroad corporation.

Tucson and Phœnix are now at daggers' points as to which shall become the metropolis of the State, but Tucson outshines the capital in matters antique. San Xavier del Bac, on the Papago Reservation, was founded by Padre Eusebio Kino a generation before George Washington was born, and services are held there regularly. Yuma is a big place on the main line of the Southern Pacific, and the July mercury occasionally soars up to 110, for the town is near the level of the sea, so malevolent tongues around Tucson and Phoenix relate a yarn about a reprehensible character who died and traveled unto the Avernian bourne. After a day or two he flashed a "wireless" to his friends to send down his overcoat, stating apologetically that inasmuch as he had long dwelt in Yuma the caloric atmosphere of satanic cells was far too frigid for ordinary comfort. However, cool clothing and non-stimulating diet enable the natives to live and enjoy life without the rushing and the pushing prevailing in certain animated Commonwealths not remote. Moreover, the winters are delightful, and two crops a year render touring cars absolutely indispensable to the "poor farmers" of this section of our beloved Republic.

Book Reviews

THE MASS BOOK FOR ALL: The Mass Book for every day in the year. By the Rev. E. A. Pace, D. D., and John J. Wynne, S. J. The Home Press, New York.

A love of the Liturgy, such as is spoken of in the January issue of the QUARTERLY, has until comparatively recently been impossible of cultivation among the vast majority of English-speaking Catholics because of their unfamiliarity with the language of the Missal. This obstacle no longer exists; it has been effectually removed by Dr. Pace and Father Wynne, and in such a way as to render the means of acquiring that love of the Liturgy simple and most attractive. Says the publisher: "About a year ago appeared the newest thing in prayer-books in the form of a 'Mass Book for Sundays, Holy Days and Other Days of Special Observance,' by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. In this book Catholics had, for the first time, an arrangement of the Mass which was simple enough for all to follow. The book became popular at once, and an edition of 50,000 copies was sold in the course of a few months. A departure so new and so satisfactory was bound to be followed. It gave an immediate impetus to the production of other Missals, both here and abroad, and, as usual, it found imitators. All these new editions and attempts at imitation have only proved the necessity of having on the same plan the complete Missal, a 'Mass Book for Every Day in the Year,' with the same simple arrangement, the same easy directions, and, above all, with a real English translation. The Missals already in the market are difficult to follow, overcharged with explanations, introductions and other prayers that are out of place and altogether inadequate in comparison with the prayers of the Church. Nor are the prayers in these Missals always well translated. Worst of all, the type used in all of them is so small and so crowded together, on paper of poor quality, that the reader finds them wholly unfit for use. No wonder the devotion of devotions, the Mass, is not known; and no wonder the Mass is not attended by the thousands who would frequent our churches every morning, if they had a means of following the Holy Sacrifice with the priest at the altar, through the sublime prayers of the Church. In the 'Mass for Every Day in the Year,' the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D. D., of the Catholic University, and the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., have availed themselves of all the good points of the Sunday Mass Book which Father Wynne published so satisfactorily a year ago. First of all, the type is the same, large and legible.

The ink impression is clear, clean-cut and brilliant. The paper is special India, through which no type shows. The spacings between the lines, between the prayers, between the Masses are free and open. There is no crowding. The longer Epistles and Gospels are broken into paragraphs so as to make it easy to follow them. The book is light, small in size, only 6x4 inches, and the form is symmetrical. It is, of all prayer-books in the market, the easiest and most pleasant to read. There is no other prayer-book like it. Dr. Pace and Father Wynne leave nothing to puzzle the reader. The antiphon of the Introit is repeated. The 'Glory be to the Father' is always printed in full. They also give the terminations of all the prayers in full, as much out of respect for the prayer as to help the reader. In every Mass the reader is referred by precise page references from the Ordinary of the Mass to the proper, and, in turn, from the Proper back to the precise place in the Ordinary. These directions are simple and intelligible to all. They are for the people and not for the priest. And they are all according to the latest liturgical decrees. It is all in English, with no confusing Latin references. The explanation of each part of the Mass is given as it occurs, not in an elaborate or closely printed essay which is read with difficulty, if at all. The headlines enable one to find anything in the book at once. Marking ribbons keep the place of the Mass or of its parts. The fixed Feast Days, or Proper of the Saints, begin with January, just as in the priest's Ordo, and not at the end of November, necessitating the breaking of this month into two, some at the beginning and some at the end of the ecclesiastical year. The Common of the Saints, to which reference must be so frequently made, is put before the Proper of the Saints, and not at the end of the book where it is difficult to find. Each preface is put in the principal Mass to which it belongs, so that it may be found by a page reference whenever it is to be said in other Masses. At the head of every Feast or Saint's Day is a brief explanation of the feast or a short life of the saint, freshly written, according to the very latest results of scholarship. The book is itself a series of miniature Lives of the Saints, telling when they were born, what they did, when they were canonized; for Popes, e. g., the numerical order of their succession after St. Peter is given in each case. It contains all the special prayers and services connected with the Mass: The Asperges, and Prayers after Mass; Blessing of Candles, Ashes, Palms; the Holy Week services complete; Processions, Rogation Days, Forty Hours' Adoration, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Absolution after Mass for the Dead, Various Prayers for the Dead. Besides all these good points, there are three which will make this book specially the Mass Book for all. One is

that there goes with it a calendar specifying for every day in the year the precise prayers and such changes as are required in the Mass on account of the variable days, as in Lent, or for Ember Days, and changes occasioned by the Sundays falling on different days each year. Another good point is a brief form of devotion for Confession and for Holy Communion by the use of the prayers of the Mass, showing how to employ these prayers for the pious reception of the sacraments."

HEAVEN OPEN TO SOULS: Love of God above all things and perfect contrition easy and common in souls resolved to avoid mortal sin. By *Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S. J.*, Chaplain of Fordham University and Moderator of the Theological Conferences of the Archdiocese of New York. 567 pages; silk cloth, 8vo.; size, 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ by 8 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches; net, \$2. (Postage, 15 cents extra.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Catholic theologians of our day are unanimous and outspoken and positive in teaching that acts of love and perfect contrition are easy and common in souls resolved to avoid mortal sin. The Our Father and each one of the Psalms contain acts of love, as do nearly all the prayers of the Church. Our Lord, the Holy Spirit, and the Church thus suppose that love is easy and always has been. To love God has always been the greatest and first commandment, and none of His commandments is heavy. Each human being is created by the Father, redeemed by Jesus, called by the Holy Spirit to know and love God in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the next. God gives His graces in abundance to each one any they make love easy. For all adults before the institution of the Christian sacraments and for the vast majority since, our good God has required an act of true love as the means of justification from original sin or actual mortal sin. The error that love is hard and rare has been widespread, even among Catholics who have been dupes of foolish isms. He who has any remnants of lurking doubts about the easiness of these acts will rarely try to make them and his rare trials will be ever hesitating and half-hearted. He who has no such doubts will try often and always succeed. How much merit and happiness may follow from this study and how many souls may be saved who would otherwise be lost. Such are some of the matters treated by the author, who is the first who has ever had the thought and taken the pains to put these things together. His book is in the form of a familiar chat. It is addressed not so much to theological experts as to hard-worked pastors, Brothers, Sisters, parents and other teachers of catechism, and indeed to all who have souls to be cheered and saved! It is suited for spiritual reading made in common. A number of ser-

mons or instructions can be based upon it. It is appropriate for premiums to students and for presents to friends, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. The book is made up of instructions given at ecclesiastical conferences, and it is full of consolation as well as instruction.

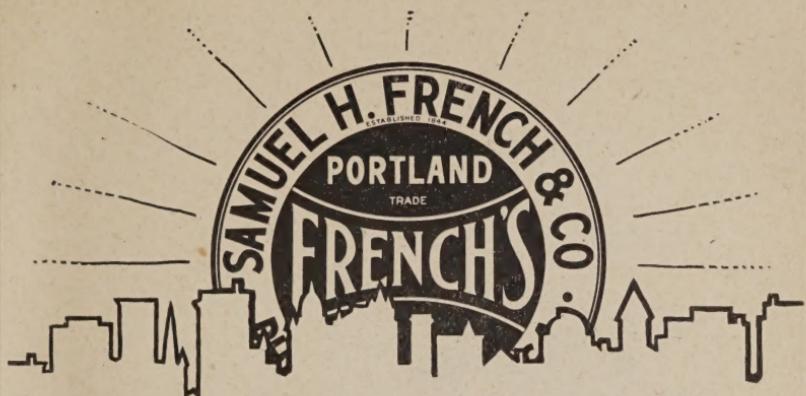
HER FATHER'S SHARE. By *Edith M. Power*. 12mo., with three illustrations, net, \$1.25. (Postage, 10 cents extra.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

Mollie Moore, securely domiciled amid the hills of Ireland, is invited to her grandmother's home in Portugal. Before she arrives, her cousin, Guida, the daughter of the black sheep of the family, contrives to precede her, and, impersonating Mollie, is received with open arms. Other relatives, however, who are also her cousins and who live in Oporto, meet Mollie, and with characteristic hospitality insist upon her coming with them. In the weeks that follow she has many reasons to be glad that she has come to Oporto. Admitted at once to the most exclusive society in the city, she has a most enjoyable visit, and the appearance on the scene of "Primo Luiz" by no means detracts from its charms, as the reader will agree. With this as a beginning, the author has given us a most enjoyable novel. The interest is retained from beginning to end, and when at the last the terrible mystery, which is the key to the entire story, is revealed, the denouement is vibrant with dramatic force. The love element is prominent throughout, and is treated in a particularly charming manner, being pictured against a background of intimate Portuguese life. The remarkably graphic portrayal of the customs of Portugal is accounted for by the fact that the author has been a resident of that country for many years, and is thus well qualified for her task.

THE MASS AND VESTMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By *Right Rev. Monsignor John Walsh*. About 500 pages; profusely illustrated. 8vo., net, \$1.75. (Postage 15 cents extra.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

Catholic literature has a plentiful harvest of pietistic works on the Mass. Both in the vernacular and translations they provide an unceasing and quickening stimulus of inspiration and suggestion for the most exacting piety. In the same field treatises exclusively educational are rare enough in our English tongue. The best of them like Cardinal Gasparri, Many and Van der Stoppelen, especially the latter, are still hidden in the Latin. English authorities of note like Fr. Gasquet (not Abbot), Palmer's "Origines Liturgicae" and Marriott's "Vestiarium Christianum" are not always accessible,

whilst Cardinal Bona's great work on liturgy is yet untranslated from the Latin and French. It is the dominant feature of Monsignor Walsh's book that it embodies the essential qualities of these eminent experts. To illustrate and explain his subject, he has sought the light from every available source, not excepting even extensive travel. The volume represents a careful study of the various phases of the Mass in rite, language and usage, and all the elements involved in its celebration. It has distinctive chapters on the altar, altar stone, chalice, incense, bread and wine. The legislation relative to Mass intentions, Mass hours and number of permissible Masses, with its interesting history and evolution, are details all dealt with in their proper place. It contains a full analysis of liturgy, liturgic places and books, of sacrifice in general and particular, and exhaustive chapters on the fruit and efficacy of the Mass—a feature entirely new in English books. It presents also an explanation based upon the most recent authorities of the origin and development of all the principal vestments of Pope, Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop, priest, deacon and sub-deacon. It is essentially a book for questioners. Its catechetical form provides a vehicle of ready information for busy people. All recent decisions of the Church are given, which will recommend it to the reverend clergy. A complete index minimizes the labor of survey and research. The bibliography at ends of chapters verifies statements and suggests authorities for reference.



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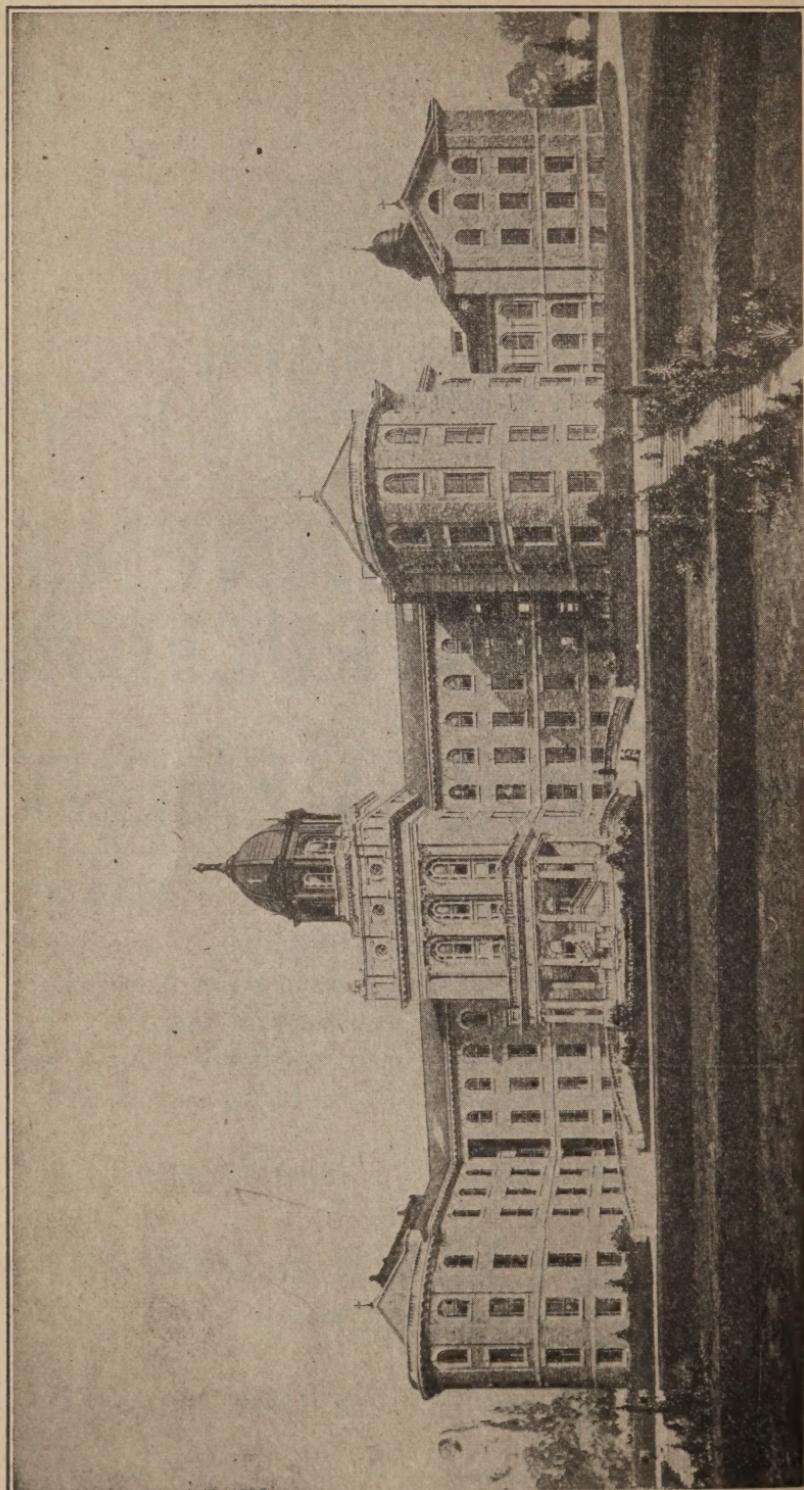
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